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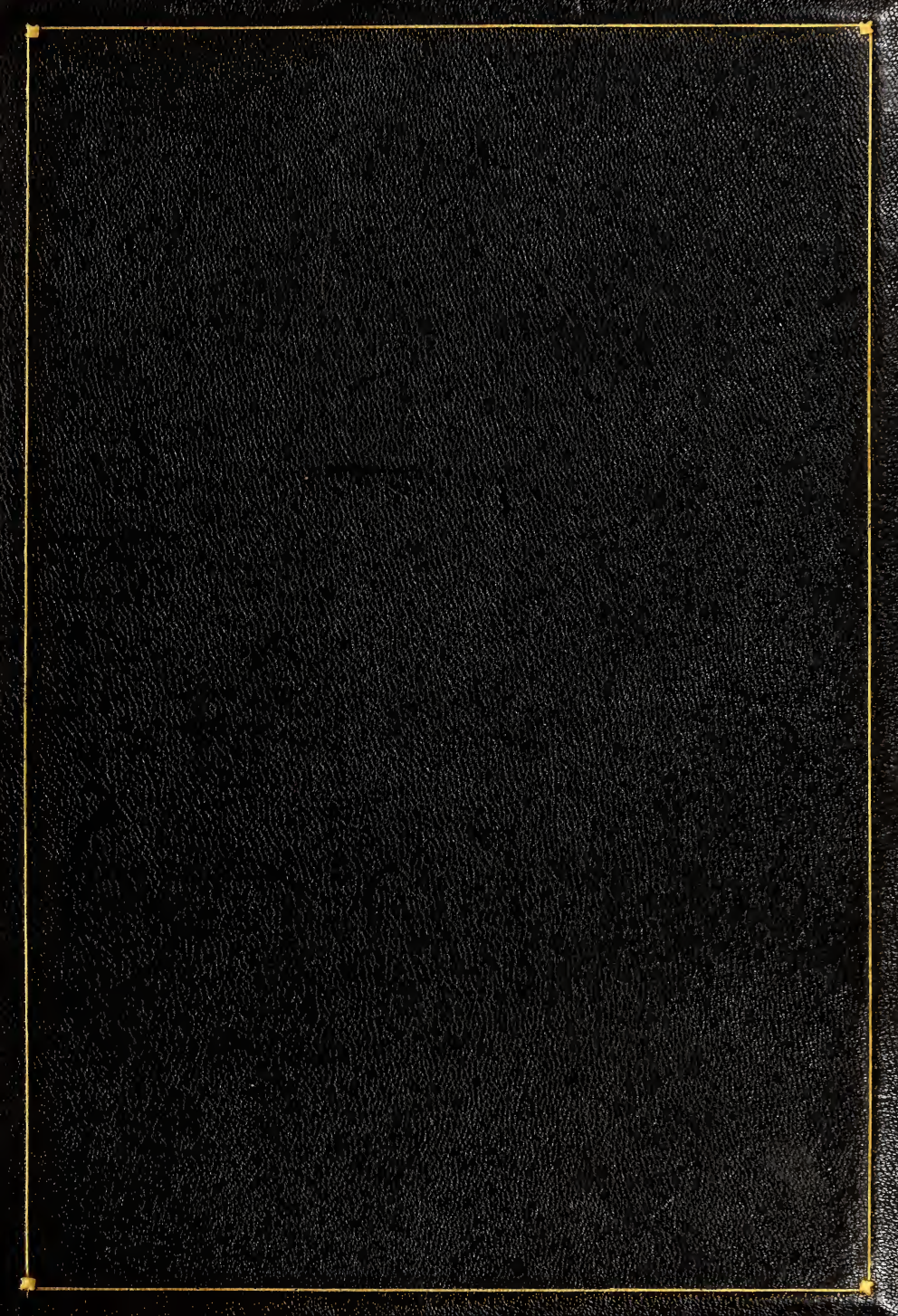


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THE REDWOOD

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Dedication

To the

Rev. Jos. H. Lydon, S. J.

Acting Rector of Santa Clara College

This Eighth Volume of

The Redwood

Is Respectfully Inscribed

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STUDENT BODY OFFICERS

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VOL. VIII.

SANTA CLARA, CAL., OCTOBER, 1908.

No. 1

SILHOUETTES

(SONNET)

*In the old mission tower of Saint Claire
I lingered as the sunset's parting ray
Suffused the west with crimson. Far away,
Along the ridges, silhouetted there
Against the reflex glory, rose in air
The forms of the Sequoian kings who sway
Forever where Hesperian elfins play
Amid the tangle o'er the grizzly's lair.
The crimson purpled into blue, and then
O'er all Eve's veil, with jewels sparkling, fell.
And now yon darkled silhouettes are men
In robe and cowl,—the Padres live again,—
While to the night, of halcyon day to tell
And glories past, leans Serra's sad-voiced bell.
Chas. D. South, A. M. '04.*

CORPUS CHRISTI AT SANTA CLARA IN 1853

"Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells"

—Tennyson.

"*Las campanas estan tocando la oracion.*" Yes, the bells, the bells of the tower of Santa Clara Mission were ringing the Angelus.

It was a soft and balmy evening of Wednesday, the 25th day of May, 1853, and the College boys to whom had been assigned the pleasing duty of ringing the bells at eventide, were watching with eager curiosity, to hear the echo respond from the Santa Clara Mountains, and to notice how the passers-by stood still, at the pealing of the bells; as singly they repeated their orisons with responses to the blessed Virgin, or two together, with bowed heads and deep reverence, as in the famous painting of Millet, announced, one to the other, "El Angel del Señor," and received the corresponding answer, each ending with the "Ave Maria."

And as the Angelus was heard in its echoes and reverberations over the Valley from the Cerritos to Los Gatos, and from Santa Teresa to Las Pulgas, the faithful in those plain, simple and innocent times, did harken to the sound of the evening bells, and wherever they were, at home or abroad, on the road or at rest, in festive joys or in sorrow, even if in wicked carousing, for the moment, they all,—priest and acolyte, master and servant, Indian and "*gente de razon*," high and low, old and young

stood still, and with uncovered heads, recited their prayers to the Virgin Mother of the Lord, until the peals of the bells ceased. But on this occasion, after the thrice repeated call of the Angelus, the bells continued with a joyful *repique* after *repique*, sending forth the happy and welcome tidings that this was Vesper Wednesday of Corpus Christi.

"Si Señor, mañana es dia de Corpus," said Doña Juana Garcia to a new arrival, who inquired why the bells were so joyfully sounding, and why there was so much commotion on the Plaza and why the gathering of so many Señoritas, and the erection of stands, and the coming and going of Indians cleaning the roads, and obeying orders.

From early morning Doña Soledad Arguello, Doña Santos Berryessa, Mrs. Martin Murphy, and Doña Juana Garcia had been busy, each attending to one of the four *Capillas* or stations erected at the four corners of the Plaza in front of the Mission Church.

The good ladies with the help of a bevy of fair Señoritas and a retinue of *Caballeros* and an army of Indians, had been at work since early morning, each vying with the other as to which of them would have the most handsome *Capilla* to receive the Lord of Hosts.

The *Capillas* were put up with green willows, covered with white cambrics and spotless linen, and then adorned with rich hangings and draperies, and

finished with costly laces, jewels, and ornaments. They were situated at the four extreme corners of the Plaza, with three sides closed, an entrance facing the Plaza and an altar in the rear facing the entrance.

Dofia Soledad Arguello, the *nuera* of Don Luis Antonio Arguello, a former Governor of Alta California, who had charge for the day of the festive army of architects, builders and decorators, after the tongues of the Vesper bells had ceased their prattle, sent word around that all was ready for the morrow; that at nine o'clock of the following morning the finishing ornaments would be added, and then, when the Procession called at the *Capillas* they would be worthy to receive the visits of *El Señor*.

With beaming countenances that joyful gathering left for their respective homes, for on the morrow the greatest and most solemn of the festivals of the Church was to be celebrated at the Mission of Santa Clara with all due pomp and ceremony.

Padre Real, the last of the Franciscan Friars had left about two years before, and the beautiful, charming and lovable Santa Clara, one of the pearls of the California Missions had been neglected and allowed to moulder until that good Bishop Alemany of blessed memory, entrusted the Church and convent and buildings to Father Giovanni Nobili coming from the Blackfeet, Nezperces and Flathead Missions of Oregon. He at once undertook to rebuild and reconstruct upon the majestic ruins of

the old Mission a seat of learning worthy of the Society of Jesus, of that army of educators organized by the hero Soldier of Pampeluna.

"But," said Dofia Juana Briones, "el Padre Nobili has announced that there is to be a *Misa Mayor, cantada y con orquesta*. A high mass like that requires three celebrant priests, and a master of ceremonies. I know it because I was at the Cathedral in San Francisco last Christmas when *Su Senoria el Señor Obispo, celebro Misa Mayor con Diacono y Subdiacono*," but here there are only Padre Nobili and the 'Francesito' Padre Veyret."

"*No tengan cuidado*," answered the matronly Dofia Soledad, "our good Padre Nobili is from Rome and he knows a great many things of which we are ignorant. He has great powers from the Pope, and he may even have power to appoint a sub-deacon when necessary. I have read in the books of my deceased *suegro*, Don Luis of blessed memory, that even a Cardinal need not not be a priest fully ordained. Now, Señoras, I will tell you in secret, that while cleaning and preparing the holy vestments for to-morrow's celebration, I have fitted one for the subdeacon, who is to be one of the celebrants at the *Misa Mayor*."

Feminine curiosity was immediately aroused, and with unanimity all shouted: "¿Quién es?" "Eso si que no, Señoritas."

"Padre Nobili requested me to keep it secret, but I will tell you this much. He is one of the oldest and tallest of the

College students, and a most devout son of our Holy Mother Church."

No coaxing could induce Doña Soledad to divulge the secret.

Thursday commenced with a very anxious and busy morning for the students of Santa Clara College, who then numbered few over fifty boarders. They were of all ages and nationalities and opposite creeds. But they were Santa Clara boys, and whether native or Eastern, Mexican or South Americans, English, French or Italians, Catholic or Protestant, Christian, Jew or Gentile, they were Santa Clara boys.

To some of them had been assigned the responsible duty of Acolyte, and they had been turning over, pressing, cleaning and arranging the red cassocks and white surplices, remnants of Mission days, gifts from the good Nuns of Guadalupe, and carefully concealed from vandalism by Padre Real, before he left the Mission.

Others were attending to the choir led by Alejandro Forbes, the sweet-voiced and warbling soprano of the College, Charley Simpson, Dolf Grimwood and myself.

The bell-ringers, with Barney Murphy at their head were privileged characters, coming and going at their pleasure, masters of the situation. Their arduous duties entitling them to be out of Church and out of doors, with free ingress to the Refectory to recuperate from their active exercises, especially that of turning the *Esquila*.

The *Esquila sonora con su voz pregonando*, was an important factor in all

high functions and ceremonials of the Mission. It was a revolving bell placed on the south opening of the tower, and turned quickly by hand, only used, with its loud voice, on great festivals and holidays, such as Corpus Christi.

The other boys were to occupy seats on plain redwood benches in the church near the railing and on the right hand side toward the altar.

The Faculty and the Powers that at the time were representing Santa Clara College, consisted of Father John Nobili and Father Aloysius Veyret, Monsieur Pascal, who was a combination of general Prefect, Master of Discipline, Mathematician, Musician and *factotum* for all emergencies, and Mr. Wm. Higgins to whom was assigned the A, B, C's, and youthful portions of the Institution, and whose favorite occupation was to quarrel with that Dutch Monsieur Pascal—to the delight of good Father Nobili, the peacemaker. With such limited resources the executive abilities of Father Nobili were taxed to their utmost, but he responded fully to all the requirements of the occasion.

Sam Middleton, the oldest and most stalwart of the boys was elevated to the position of Disciplinarian and given charge of the boys not otherwise occupied at Church and during the procession, with Harry Cobb as assistant.

To Mr. Higgins was delegated the official duty of watching over the grounds, with full supervision of order, peace and quiet, especially among the

Indians, and their liquid spiritual comforts.

Monsieur Pascal, who was a distinguished musician, had charge of the choir and its motley composites, a conglomeration of Indians and boys, a Seraphine organ, violins, violoncellos, basses, cymbals and triangles, accompanied by the timely five-minute mortars on the Plaza.

The news had spread, far and wide, long before Thursday of Corpus Christi, that the Padre who was a Roman, would celebrate the day with magnificence and splendor, and consequently the surviving Indians of the Mission, the devout and all, irrespective of religion, were coming to the Fiesta de Corpus, to add to the proper celebration of the day.

The Indian, Marcelo, chief of the Cahuillas, was coming from Almaden to superintend the firing of the *Morteros*, together with the Monterey Indian, General Toribio. Tio Jacinto, he who had stamped with his urchin foot on one of the tiles, now in the *saguan* of the Mission of San Antonio, had come on foot from the far off Mission to lead the Indian musicians, together with Ignacio, from Las Llagas, who played the basso.

The *Cantadoras* from the distant Missions of San Miguel, La Soledad, and San Juan Bautista had also come, and under the direction of Chief Inigo, the Capataz of Mountain View, were rehearsing their Gregorian music of early days. None the less sweet, because simple and plain, and none the less ac-

ceptable to the Almighty than the heavenly choir of cherubim and seraphim.

Philip also was there, the presiding genius of the culinary department of the College, black as ebony, a Prince of royal lineage, saved by Father Nobili from the pirates who had stolen him from his Cannibal Island home, and who was today arranging the entertainment tables in the Atrium of the Christian Mission. But his and that of others named here, as Kipling says, "is another story."

All morning the Alameda was crowded with Señoritas, in their rich and variegated garments, and embroidered *rebozos*, *mantillas de punto* and *aderezos*, while the *Caballeros* and *jinetes* on their fine prancing steeds, *con brio y orgullo* with silver-mounted saddles and ringing spurs, were winding their way from the Pueblo San Jose to the Mission. They were led by Juan Pablo Bernal, and the famous equestrian, Jose Galindo and Don Pedro Chabolla, who sat as a centaur on one of his famous horses of Andalusian breed. With them too, was that Spanish Hidalgo, Don Jose Noriega, on a black Bucephalus, caparisoned with the accoutrements of Don Manuel Rubio, the Mexican millionaire, with his silver-mounted saddle and embossed trappings and reins and bridle and bit and spurs of the value of ten thousand dollars, all embroidered in *filigrana*, equal to the splendors of the knights of the middle ages.

The time for the commencement of the *Misa Mayor* had arrived. The

Morteros had ceased belching forth their salutes with noisy éclat. The bells had ended their frolicsome peals and even the *Esquila* had come to silence.

In the choir, the organist, Mr. Gates, sat at the Seraphine Organ. The Indians had prepared their plain redwood stands and opened their large musical volumes of sheepskin dotted with square Gregorian notes; and the old violins and violoncellos and bassos, the gifts of years past from the College of San Fernando, in Mexico, were ready to respond to the baton of Monsieur Pascal. The Sacristy door was thrown open and twelve Acolytes leading with crosier and censors, came forth in solemn procession, followed by the three celebrants, resplendent in their gorgeous vestments and robes richly embroidered with gold, sent in the palmy days of the Mission by the Nuns of the Convents of the City of Guadalajara, as a present and tribute to the saintly Padres Junipero and Magin.

And the Master of Ceremonies in a charming white cloth cassock and surplice bordered with real Chantillis, specially made by the Sisters of Notre Dame and the generous gift of Mother Maria Cornelia, was the serious, sedate and pensive pet of Father Nobili, Charles Martin, who even then was anticipating his career like another Whittington to become the Mayor of his *quasi* birth place, the Garden City of San Jose.

The third celebrant was as Doña Soledad Arguello had said the evening

before, one of the oldest students, Martin Murphy, Jr. It was he who had been selected for that occasion and endowed with the responsibility of officiating in the capacity of sub-deacon. Father Veyret was the Deacon and Father Nobili, the priest *secundum ordinem Melchisedech*.

Martin Murphy Jr., the Sub-deacon, performed his duties nobly and grandly, with awe and reverence as became a son of the Church. He was the beloved of the College, and the third in the generation of the Murphy pioneers of Santa Clara county.

But, alas! owing to ill health, he had to give up his studies, and was called to join the Lord ere he had reached

"Nel mezzo del camin di questa vita."

I am deviating, but there is so much of the early Chronicles of Santa Clara College as to equal those of Froissart, bristling like the bayonets of the Napoleonic reserves.

The altar was decorated with a profusion of flowers, and the wax tapers burning in the main and side altars on heavy silver candelabra, sent a halo of glory throughout the Sanctuary.

Madame de Stael describes the sanctified precincts of Santa Croce, where deep meditation and holy contemplation dwell, but within the humble precincts of that Mission Church on that Thursday of Corpus Christi, the deep veneration and contemplation of the faithful therein gathered under the eye of that speaking Crucifix on the western wall of the Church, rose to Heaven and was

as acceptable to the Lord as the pomp and splendors of the Sistine Chapel.

The left side from the railing of the altar to the middle of the Church was reserved for the Señoras and their daughters, and there, as they arrived, the Indian maid servants spread their heavy and rich *alfombras* of variegated colors, on the tiled floor for the Señoras to rest and kneel upon; and from mid-church to the entrance there were rough redwood benches, without backs, for the elder male portion of the congregation while the balance of the space was allotted to the younger *Caballeros* to occupy *ad libitum*.

On that memorable Corpus Christi day, many were attracted by the magnificence of the ceremonies, the appearance of the old Mission Indians and the surviving splendors of the rituals of the Church.

The holy edifice was crowded from the altar railings to the door, where *Guilo Tonito*, the sub-sacristan with one eye winking and the other openly closed, a trick of his, stood as a faithful guardian, to see that the *Caballeros* left their spurs behind, and that no *chuchos*, nor *sinvergüenzas* crossed the sacred portals.

From all San Jose and the far off precincts of the parish, the faithful and gentiles had come to the celebration. The señoras, señoritas, caballeros, gentiles, *gringos*, Jews and non-conformists, all were there.

In a corner, in deep black, with their *rebozos* up to their eyes were to be seen two middle-aged women in pious devo-

tion, who seemed to attract particular attention and curiosity. Why should they attract the sight of others, *inter mulieres*, and be particularly noticed? Don José Bojorquez explained to the unknowing ones, that they were the Higuera Sisters from Agua Caliente, who through a freak and perversity of nature had been bestowed with full black beards like men, that they attended church only on solemn days and then covered their masculine faces with their feminine *rebozos*.

After the Asperges, the Kyrie was chanted according to the ritual. The Gloria from Lambillot was led by Alejandro Forbes, and then at the offertory came the solemn "O Salutaris Hostia" by the Indian choir and orchestra and boys of the College.

The silver trumpets of St. Peter's may have been sublime, the organ of St. Paul's grauder, Il Duomo of Florence may have given better melody, and Amiens Cathedral organ may have sounded louder, but the inspired chant and fervent intonation of the humble choir on that day seemed to be joined by the heavenly hosts of cherubim and seraphime, to rise above the old tiled roof of the sacred edifice, and to soar aloft to the foot of the throne of the Almighty, to call for His blessings upon Santa Clara Mission.

The Mass was over and the Canopy under which the Blessed Sacrament was to be carried in solemn procession was brought from the Sacristy. "*El dozel bordado en oro y plata de filigrana, rico y refulgente y digno del Señor.*"

The selected and distinguished bearers of the Canopy were Ex-Governor Peter H. Burnett, James Alexander Forbes, (British Vice-Consul), Captain Carlos Weber, Martin Murphy, Don Antonio Maria Pico and Don Antonio Sufiol.

From the altar steps to the outside of the church, the center aisle had been richly carpeted with *alfombras* and rugs, loaned for the occasion, and the two *Bastoneros*, the young and handsome Luis Arguello and Carlos Forbes, cleared the center way. The faithful remained kneeling on either side, and at a signal from the *Bastoneros* six *ninas*, clad in white and accompanied by six Indian girls carrying baskets of leaves and flowers took their position in front of the Acolytes led by the Cross-bearer and followed by the censors, the others carrying large wax tapers.

Again at their signal the Seraphine Organ and the Indian orchestra intoned the *Pange Lingua*, and the procession moved on, Father Nobili holding aloft the Sacred Host, and Father Veyret and Sub-deacon Murphy walking by his side while the young maidens strewed the contents of the baskets on the carpeted path.

As the Canopy passed, the College boys wheeled and followed in order, each one carrying a lighted wax taper, and after then came the Señoras and their families followed by the whole congregation.

It is many years ago, yet how vivid to my sight is that Holy procession with "upright heart and pure" and

veying with all paupplies of purple and gold.

The first station was before the Holy Mission Cross, opposite to the doors of the church, erected by that holy man Junipero Serra; then to the *Capilla* on the right, adorned by Doña Soledad Arguello.

That *Capilla* was a worthy receptacle for the Lord. All the enrichments which the Galleons from Manila had for years past brought from the Orient by way of Acapulco, such as curtains and tapestry and laces, were tastefully arranged and bejeweled with gems, and most artistically garlanded with flowers. The procession with the singing of Litanies and the appropriate ritual proceeded on its way over a path covered with greens and flowers,—the *Morteros* belching forth accompanied by the *Salvas* of the *escopetas* of the remnant of the old Mission soldiers,—to the second *Capilla* of Doña Santos Berreyesa who had gathered from her friends and relatives all the *cortinas* and *alfombras* and *riquezas* to give proper asylum and rest to "*El Santísimo Sacramento*."

Thus the procession with chant and prayer wended its way over flowers to the *Capilla* of Mrs. Martin Murphy adorned differently from the others, with French fineries brought over by the family from Canada, and Indian blankets, many colored and finely spun gathered while crossing the Plains. But these adornments represented the next generation who were to succeed thereafter, with the Murphys and O'Tools, the Kellys and O'Briens, the Youngs

and Whites, the Blacks and Pilots, and many other names, new to the old regime, and to be prominent in the future of the Santa Clara Valley.

Last but not least, when the "Holy of Holies" reached the fourth station, it was adorned with all the regalia and altar ornaments and jewels which had for years belonged to the Mission—all gifts from pious and noble patrons in Spain and Mexico, from the Franciscan Convents in the Island of Majorca and from the College of San Fernando in Guadalajara; all preserved and carefully kept concealed by Doña Juana from the vandalism, not only of the invading *gringos*, but also from the Catholic *Administradores* under the Mexican Law for the Dis-establishment of the Missions of Alta California.

The procession returned. The Indians chanting the Gregorian "Laudate Dominum" with the same trust in the Lord, and high reverence, as did the chosen people of old in the desert, on their way to the Promised Land. The Tabernacle received the Holy Host; the church ceremonies were at an end; the people who desired partook of the simple but bountiful *merienda* provided by King Phillip in the Atrium, and returned to their homes.

The Alameda echoed with repartee, *chistes* and melodious songs to the ac-

companiment of the jingling of spurs of the equestrians, lessening and dimming gradually as evening approached and the groups separated.

Then the Angelus sounded again on that Thursday evening, while the thousands of crows "*sur les arbres perches, mais sans fromage*" on the Stockton Ranch, and on the Willow woods and marshes, extending from the bottomless Cook Lake, to the rear of the transplanted Baronial Rhinish possessions of the Count Von Bendelieben, to the Guadalupe River, cawed and cawed their salutations to receding day—the faithful responded to the Aves—and the lurid light of that sun which had guided the footsteps of the pioneer Franciscan Padres to this Valley of Paradise, now carried away the recollections of the last of the Indian celebrations of the Festivals of the Church.

"Et antiquum documentum.
Novo cedat ritui."

Years have come and passed, and the procession of the living goes on, but of those who were present at the Corpus Christi Procession in 1853 at Santa Clara, very few are living now.

"Quorm pars *parva* fui."

AUG. D. SPLIVALO, A. B., '59,
A. M., '60.

A WELCOME TO THE FLEET

Blue was the sea,
Deep blue the Golden Gate,
And far above me
Stretched the azure sky,
Without a cloud.
"A perfect day, a day ordained by Fate,"
I murmured half aloud,
"On which the sturdy West
Should come to greet
Our mighty fleet."
I gazed about upon the shifting crowd—
Thousands, they stretched away on every side,
A sight to fill the eye
And stir the breast
With noble pride.
On every eager face, all westward turned,
From whence our great, white ships must first
appear;
In every eager eye, happy and clear,
The fires of loyalty and freedom burned.
This was a people strong, a people young,
Whose blood was coursing with the strength of
youth;
A people from the loins of heroes sprung,
Ready, like them, to battle for the truth;
A people that know liberty from birth,
Strong-limbed and great of thew;
A loyal people and a people true
Of heart; a people great upon the earth.
Happy the land of their abiding place!
What foe could ever conquer such a race?

Suddenly a single cheer rang out.

Some sharper eye than all the rest
Had seen a white shape in the West.

Then from ten thousand throats
An answering shout

As, one by one, the giant boats,
White sides agleam,

Took form and shape before our eyes,
And gradually grew in size,

Until at length in solemn state
They ranged beneath us through the Gate.

Then did the forts on either shore,
Thunder salutes across the strait,

With smoke and blaze,
And deafening roar

That madly smote the air.
But with unseeing gaze

And vacant stare,
As in a dream,

I watched the smoke's e'er-thickening haze.
My mind was fixed on other days;
My thoughts were elsewhere.

I saw in fancy, side by side,
Two wooden ships upon the tide.

Their decks were wet with gore.
Their angry guns, with their fiery breath,
Unceasingly belched forth fresh death,

With ever deepening roar.
It seemed to me their voice in hate
Cried ever for more blood to sate
The awful greed of war.

While thus I watched, I saw the side
Of one torn open, gaping wide,
Through which the waves did pour.
At every shot it seemed to me
That she must sink beneath the sea.
But, no! Upon her deck I see,
His face with battle all alight,
Her gallant captain. To my ear
His voice comes ringing, strong and clear,
"Surrender? Why I've not begun to fight!"

The scene is shifted, still my gaze
Is backward bent to other years.
Again I see the battle's haze;
Again there echoes in my ears
The growl of guns, loud-mouthed and deep,
That cries that human life is cheap.
Upon a battered hulk that flies
The stars and stripes I see
A captain lying in his blood,
That gushes in a crimson flood
Unceasingly.
His face is ashen and his eyes
Are glassed in death, and yet he cries,
Framing the words with shaking lip
That since have echoed to the skies:
"Men, don't give up the ship!"

Again the scene is changed. A day
Like this it is, the first of May;
And from the land a gentle breeze
Just tips with spray
The rippling seas,
And clears away
The smoke of battle to disclose
The sunken ships of Spain.
Here lie the latest of our foes.
The battle of Manila bay
Has not been fought in vain!

But in my ear
Suddenly rings a louder cheer
Than those that went before.
Our fleet is anchored and at rest
Within the harbor of the West.
Its voyage long is o'er.
All joyously I homeward go.
My heart is glad because I know
That hearts today as bravely beat
Upon the ships of our great fleet
As those of long ago,
That while America is free
Her strength and her supremacy
Will ne'er be questioned on the sea
By either friend or foe.

MAURICE T. DOOLING, JR., '09.

COLLEGE IDEALS

Toast responded to by John J. Barrett, Esq., of San Francisco at Alumni Banquet, June 30, 1908.

College ideals,—the high resolves, the lofty standards, the fresh, clean dedication of old college days. They seem but yesterday,—the long-gone times to which these reflections summon us. The lessons of life's duties and responsibilities that here were set before us and that here we pledged our manhood to are ringing in our ears today as clear and sharp as the well-remembered voice of that old familiar bell that has stood for years a sentinel at the outer gate giving ceaseless warning of the gathering hours.

The ideals of our college days. How swiftly the thought carries us back but how far afield it finds us. From what remote and unexpected places it recalls us. Back through the years it leads us, over devious paths and tangled roads on which we well nigh have lost our course. It leads us out again onto the ample highway of noble manhood and back up the steep road of appointed duty we have unwittingly descended. It plants us back again on that eminence on which we took our stand in those olden days, where the star-strewn firmament of heroic figures and sublime ideals was our constant contemplation, where daily messages of the dignity and glory of intellectual, moral and religious manhood were brought to us straight from God on the anointed lips and in the consecrated lives of His black-robed emissaries, where the very atmosphere about us, the sky above us, the voice

of man and nature all around us, and the ample prospect that stretched before us, enraptured our minds with standards and ideals befitting the deathless stuff that our being is made of and the deathless destiny to which we are born.

In his masterly work, "The Idea of a University," speaking of the formation of character in college-life, Newman says:

"That youthful community will constitute a whole, it will embody a specific idea, it will represent a doctrine, it will administer a code of conduct, and it will furnish principles of thought and action, it will give birth to a living teaching, which in course of time will take the shape of a self-perpetuating tradition, or a *genius loci*, as it is sometimes called; which haunts the home where it has been born, and which imbues and forms, more or less, and one by one, every individual who is successively brought under its shadow. * * * * *

A characteristic tone of thought, a recognized standard of judgment is found in them, which, as developed in the individual who is submitted to it, becomes a two-fold source of strength to him, both from the distinct stamp it impresses on his mind, and from the bond of union which it creates between him and others."

The fact and force to which Newman thus refers might be called in a looser term the atmosphere of the place.

What are the traditions, what is the

genius loci of this ancient institution? What are the ideals which govern education here? What are the ideals that are built up here? And on what forces is reliance mainly put to set up these standards? In a word, what is the atmosphere from which the students of Santa Clara College draw their mental and moral fibre?

In the delicate work of education in its proper sense,—the actual taking hold of the plastic mind and soul and character of the student, with all their faculties and functions, and drawing them out and giving them their due form and development,—I can conceive of no more important forces than the character and quality of the educator. The part these elements play is manifold. They bring the student into what we might call an attitude of hospitality to the work in hand. They hold him in unreserved submission to the operation. They rouse him to forthright co-operation with his educator. They compel a recognition and appreciation of the full authority and weight of the instruction given. They persuade the student to a meek and utter surrender to all the influences of his teacher.

The importance of such attitude on the part of a pupil is universally recognized. It goes a long way toward the full results of the educator's work. It is like the preparation and cultivation of the soil to receive the seed and to work in harmony with nature's forces as they bring it to fruition.

But the character and quality of the educator do not stop at that. They run

throughout the entire process, leaving imprints for good or evil that, as the life of the student runs on, prove more important than all the direct lessons he was told by teacher or drew from books.

In his panegyric on William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips said:

"This is only another instance added to the roll of the Washingtons and Hampdens whose root is not ability, but character; that influence which, like the great Master's of Judea (humanly speaking), spreading through the centuries, testifies that the world suffers its grandest changes not by genius, but by the more potent control of character."

So too does the individual student in the course of his education suffer the grandest changes not by the influence of the genius of his educator but by the more potent control of his character.

Where in all the world does this great principle find fuller acceptance, where is it put into larger play, where does it find more emphatic exemplification, than in the educational scheme of the sons of Loyola, the Society of Jesus?

In very many of the most responsible departments of life men equip themselves for and complete their careers in shorter time than these men put in in a term of probation and preparation before they receive the credentials which entitle them to just commence their work.

And what a preparation and probation it is! The world shudders at the thought of its rigor. It begins with a renunciation of all the pleasures, prizes and rewards that the vast majority of

men spend their life in fierce pursuit of. Its first step is a turning away forever from anything that might distract them from their appointed life-work. At once upon enlistment in the great cause of education they make the move that more than anything else in their wonderful discipline accounts for their extraordinary results—they put off the feeble incentives by which men of the world are impelled to the limited achievements with which the world is satisfied, and they put on the sharp-pointed spurs that through the ages have made men all but divine in their devotion and service to truth and right.

And then they enter upon laborious years, disciplining their characters, and storing their minds with the learning and wisdom of the centuries, and all at the feet of masters who know no other task. And they take no heed of daylight or darkness. And their cloisters have no windows for the world's distractions. And their hearts have no chords for the frivolities of life. And their days have no room for the petty interests that engross us little men. And their blood runs steady with their steady purpose and it knows not the flames of passion and pride for it feeds not on their fuel. And then and not till then are they sent forth with the charter of Loyola in their hands,—the finished products of seventeen years of unmatched preparation, equipped not only with those potent forces of quality and character but profound in scholarships and masters of the books as well.

This is the company, this is the society, this is the atmosphere' this is the

influence, in which the characters are formed, the minds are trained, and the ideals fixed, of those fortunate fellows of whose education these men take charge.

An ancient Greek master, who had been taught by Socrates, and who knew that the educator transmits to his students the types and ideals by which he himself was formed, called his pupils "the disciples of Socrates." And so may the men who study here, if they but hold themselves open to the influences that are all about them, participate in the ideals and perfection of their educators and borrow from them the benefit of the unexampled careers that have brought them finally to their wonderful development.

What of the other side of the system of education here? What are its ideals? What sort of culture does it aim at? What kind of equipment does it profess to fit men out with? In a word, what kind of an education is it?

It was well said of a system of education prevalent in the last century, as it is commonly to be found today: "The common run of students * * * leave their place of education simply dissipated and relaxed by the multiplicity of subjects which they have never really mastered, and so shallow as not even to know their own shallowness."

One of the most finished scholars in American life, Wendell Phillips, in fine contempt for spurious standards, said: "Education is not the chips of arithmetic and grammar, nouns, verbs and the multiplication table. Neither is it that last year's almanac of dates or series of

lies agreed upon which we so often mistake for history. * * * Our influence in the community does not spring from superior attainments, but from this thorough training of our faculties * * * To ripen, lift and educate a man is the first duty."

And so too the educational authorities of the world. After much wandering and much experimenting, they are coming back with astonishing unanimity to the ancient principle to which the Jesuits have uncompromisingly clung from the beginning—that the thorough training of the forces with which man is endowed is the only education worthy of the name.

"It is the education," says Newman, "which gives the man a clear conscious view of his own opinions and judgments, a truth in developing them, an eloquence in expressing them and a force in urging them. It teaches him to see things as they are, to go right to the point, to disentangle a skein of thought, to detect what is sophistical, and to discard what is irrelevant. It prepares him to fill any post with credit and to master any subject with facility."

Listen to Newman's answer to an oft-repeated objection to this system of education:

"This then is how I should solve the fallacy, for so I must call it, by which Locke and his disciples would frighten us from cultivating the intellect, under the notion that no education is useful which does not teach us some temporal calling, or some mechanical art, or some physical secret. I say that a cultivated intellect, because it is a good in itself,

brings with it a power and a grace to every work and occupation which it undertakes, and enables us to be more useful, and to a greater number. There is a duty we owe to human society as such, to the state to which we belong, to the sphere in which we move, to the individuals to whom we are variously related, and whom we successively encounter in life; and that philosophical or liberal education, as I have called it, which is the proper function of a University, if it refuses the foremost place to professional interests, does but postpone them to the formation of the citizen, and, while it subserves the larger interests of philanthropy, prepares also for the successful prosecution of those merely personal objects, which at first sight it seems to disparage."

Is that all there is to the Jesuit ideal of education? Is the refinement of the intellect and the strengthening of the other faculties all that it strives for? Does that make the completed man? Do they teach the young man here that a head full of philosophy suffices for this life and for the life to come?

The inadequacy of all this even for the battle of life has been magnificently expressed by the master authority of the last century, and it is an essential part of the creed of education professed and followed here. He says:

"From the time that Athens was the University of the world, what has philosophy taught men, but to promise without practising, and to aspire without attaining? What has the deep and lofty thought of its disciples ended in

but eloquent words? Nay, what has its teaching ever meditated, when it was boldest in its remedies for human ills, beyond charming us to sleep by its lessons, that we might feel nothing at all? Like some melodious air, or rather like some strong and transporting perfumes, which at first spread their sweetness over everything they touch, but in a little while do but offend in proportion as they once pleased us. Did philosophy support Cicero under the disfavour of the fickle populace, or nerve Seneca to oppose an imperial tyrant? It abandoned Brutus, as he sorrowfully confessed, in his greatest need, and it forced Cato, as his panegyrist strangely boasts, into the false position of defying heaven. How few can be counted among its professors, who, like Polemo, were thereby converted from a profligate course, or like Anaxagoras, thought the world well lost in exchange for its possession? The philosopher in Rasselas taught a superhuman doctrine, and then succumbed without an effort to a trial of human affection."

No. Man has passion in his makeup and he has pride. He has an animal nature as well as human. There is conflict, there is riot among the elements that go to make him the dual being that he is. There is a never-ceasing struggle going on within him that has nothing to do with his intellectual side.

And there is the great problem of the welfare of his being hereafter as well as here. There are the important spheres of morals and religion.

To take no account of all this in education is but to make a man a cultivated slave who must feel and live the degradation of his captivity all the more keenly from the very illumination with which you flood his intellectual vision.

The obstinate notion is fast losing its hold, that by the development of a man's brain-power you safe-guard his morals.

As was eloquently said to the educators of England many years ago:

"Quarry the granite rock with razors, or moor the vessel with a thread of silk; then may you hope with such keen and delicate instruments as human knowledge and human reason to contend against those giants, the passion and the pride of man."

These, gentlemen, are the high ideals of Santa Clara College, and these are the great and noble men whose teaching and example are their foundation and strength. These are the educational principles that Ignatius of Loyola welded together. This is the giant force he launched into the world. This is the dedication he made of the order he founded. This is the well-kept faith of his resolute disciples. This is the banner that has led the march of education around the world for the last four hundred years. These are the principles that were planted here before the primitive peoples who roamed these regions had lost their sway; and these are the ideals that it is our hope to-day this ancient institution may live and flourish to perpetuate through all the years that are yet to be.

JOHN J. BARRET, A. B. '92.

MERRY EYES

*Merry eyes,
Laughing eyes,
Possessed by a queen in godly guise,
Whose form is so fair, that the flowers despair,
And bid their glory a final adieu,—*

*Merry eyes,
Laughing eyes,
God-made to immortalize,
Nor would I care, were I in your snare,
For all my life is to be with you!*

*Merry eyes,
Laughing eyes,
Blue as the deep blue summer skies,
More subtle I ween, than a fairy queen,
And as clear as the morning dew,—*

*Merry eyes,
Laughing eyes,
Gay as the sunlit butter-flies,
As they flutter and play, on their happy way,
All my love goes out to you!*

Anthony B. Dieffenbrock, '08.

OUR TRIP TO THE ISLES OF HAWAII

Two short blasts were given, the gangway loosed, the anchor raised, and the steamer which was to carry us to the far Isles of Hawaii, set forth, midst the waving of handkerchiefs by our relatives and friends, and the cheers of our schoolmates, who had gathered to see our departure.

What a sensation it was! Within us a suppressed feeling of excitement reigned—a sort of unfathomable feeling—intermingled with regret, for we were leaving all that was near and dear to us and trusting our well being to the solid firmness of the vessel and the treacherous mercy of the great calm ocean.

Just as a bird tired from continuous flight allows its wings to rest, and drifts in midsky; so the steamer seemed to act as she drifted slowly from her anchorage.

When she was out a considerable distance in the bay, and the forms on the wharf were barely recognizable, she turned pointing her prow toward the Golden Gate, and then our journey began in earnest. We all stood, the whole twelve of us, on the rear end of the deck, waving our hats, yelling, doing anything that would keep us in touch with those on shore until their forms grew dimmer and dimmer and finally were lost through the maze of inscrutable distance. Then we knew not how to act, what to do; to all of us save two, this was to be our first long ocean trip, and we were novices.

Soon we had passed the Heads and were out upon that vast expanse which acknowledges no master, knows no ruler, save the guiding hand of Nature. Then we began to bestir ourselves, who was to be the first one sick, that was the question now. But that is neither here nor there, let it suffice to say that we were all, at least four-fifths of us, sick the first evening out. However the following morning, when the dawn broke forth and the sun arose from its nightly haven, it found us all, recovered, and our drooping spirits raised.

During the six long days, or rather seven, that the faithful steamer plodded on towards its destination, ours was the good fortune of experiencing the most ideal weather, and the waters of the ocean, save for the first day, were as calm and peaceful as those of the bay out of which we had made our exit. To pass away the time we played cards and desk golf, but several hours we would while away each day at the extreme prow of the vessel, on the fore-castle deck, and as there we stood and talked, watching with what grace she cleared the swells, and inhaling the fresh sea breeze, before my mind arose the picture of the many early navigators and explorers, who for months in their small sail boats were tossed and pitched around by these same merciless waves. And then as I gazed out upon that vast stretch of water, meeting at the horizon the deep blue sky—that immeasurable

dome—a feeling of awe arose within me and I could not find words with which to give utterance to my feelings.

There were many interesting little incidents which occurred on our voyage over, but space will not permit the narration of them. There is however a word of thanks and praise due to the Captain and crew of the Steamship Hilonian, for that was the name of the vessel on which we sailed. It was owing to them that our journey across passed so pleasantly and agreeably, and to them we are deeply grateful.

On Wednesday morning July 8th, through the bright haziness which filled the atmosphere there shone forth the unmistakable outlines of land. What a welcome sight it was to us who had not caught a glimpse of it for six long days! All the passengers crowded on the forward deck and through the whiteness was pointed out to us the Islands, the one on the left we were told was Molokai, where the leper settlement is situated, the one on the right, Maui. Oahu, the island on which Honolulu is situated was not yet visible. How we were all longing to be ashore! The vessel seemed to be creeping along.

At last about noon directly ahead of us another island loomed up; it was Oahu. My first question was, where is Honolulu? For looking ahead I saw no signs of a harbor but only barren mountain ranges. I was told it was on the far side of the island. I had not thought of that.

It took several hours to cover the distance and at about 3:30 p. m. we were

alongside the first promontory. This was pointed out to us as Koko head, an extinct volcano. You can rest assured I regarded it long and curiously, for it was the first of the kind I had ever seen. We had soon passed it and were steaming very close to shore, on which the dwellings could be plainly seen, and they were pointed out to us as summer homes of Honolulu residents. Then again another promontory loomed up; this we were informed was Diamond Head, another extinct volcano. It is just to the rear of this that the U. S. Government is building a fort, for it commands an excellent position. From there all vessels entering Honolulu can be seen far at sea, and the city with its harbor is in easy range of the big guns.

To enter Honolulu from the East one must round this point. This we did and what a change there was. Before, the tropical sun beating down seemed almost unbearable; now it was cool. Before, there appeared only rugged ridges and barren shores, now in the background the mountains appeared bedecked in green, while starting from the very shore were beautiful residences, their grounds laden with tropical vines and foliage.

As yet however there were no signs of the harbor although the buildings of the business section of the city were visible. The steamer had now slackened down to half speed and from the deck we gazed out. In turn we passed the Moana and Seaside Hotels with their beautiful grounds and buildings. Directly in front of these at our very feet

lay Waikiki beach, the famous bathing resort. In the background upon the foothills and having a very distinctive appearance were a number of large brown structures; these were the buildings of the Oahu College.

By now the harbor was plainly visible and from the wharf two launches were heading toward us. One contained the quarantine office, the other several of the baseball league officials, who came to welcome us. The examination by the quarantine officer took but a few short minutes, and then again we were off,—tossing nickels into the water for the native divers—to cover the few remaining yards which kept us from our destination and good old *terra firma*.

At the wharf a curious sight met our eyes. Over a thousand people of every nationality were there gathered. The Japanese team, which had arrived that same morning were the foremost in the crowd and as we set foot upon the gang plank they greeted us with a cheer, which we returned. Amid the gaze of curious eyes and with a feeling that the land was rocking up and down we were hurried into a cariole and away to our stopping place.

Happily this was the Royal Hawaiian Hotel, a very magnificent building, most adaptly fitted for the climate and for the convenience of travelers. My impressions as we were driven through the town were many. At first the narrow street, against which the vessel almost touched, reminded me of pictures I had seen of foreign countries and I was not very favorably impressed. But

as we passed from it and on to one of the main streets my opinion was changed. There I saw nothing different from the modern cities of the mainland. In fact it reminded me immensely of San Jose. Its long low buildings indeed resembled those of the Garden City, but about it all and to a more marked degree there was that same sense of peaceful quietness.

Honolulu has a population, I should judge, of 5000 or more. Of these by far the greatest majority are Japanese and Chinese. There are however quite a number of native Hawaiians together with mixed races, whereas the number of pure Americans or Europeans is very few. The business section of the town is divided into two parts. One section is known as Chinatown or Japtown and is accordingly controlled by those two nationalities. This part of the town is very large and stores are numerous, but it is not by far the cleanest portion of the city. The other section is conducted principally by Americans and as I have said before it compares favorably with business sections of other cities of a relative population.

But let us now put aside this topic and return to ourselves. Have any of you, especially after having undergone a long journey, arrived in a strange town, where the customs are new and the climate foreign to you? If you have then you must know the state of our feelings this first evening ashore. Early we had all paired off and started out for a walk through the town. How strange it all did seem to me. The streets were

forsaken, there seemed not a particle of life anywhere; my, what a contrast to the great metropolis we had so recently left behind. Chatting we strolled leisurely through the quiet streets, absorbing with keen interest what there was to be seen, until tired, we found our way back to what was to be our home for the next few weeks.

Then my troubles commenced. Mosquitoes, centipedes, and scorpions are the only wild *animals* or rather *reptiles* which inhabit the Isles of Hawaii; but they abound in plenty. It was the mosquitoes that caused my troubles. Some of us that first night did not possess mosquito netting and I was among the poor unfortunates. Oh, what a night I passed! I thought my hair would turn grey through the course of it. I was out of my bed every two minutes, swinging my pillow, punching with my fists, endeavoring in every way to drive the pests away but all to no avail and finally, completely exhausted I resolved I would trouble no longer; they could bite to their hearts content. But this taught me a lesson. I would never enter another bed while in the Islands, unless first it was graced by a covering of mosquito netting.

Although our trip abounded in pleasure, yet the main object was baseball, and of this we never lost track. The very first morning after our breakfast—our meals were taken at the University Club, which is composed of graduates of the various universities—we were out upon the diamond for practice. The sultriness of the climate affected our

playing greatly as also did the fact that the diamond was of grass, for we were used to a skinned one. But we practiced long and faithfully, and in a measure regained our usual form, and to this I attribute our success. The Island teams all have excellent material, their strongest point being batting for as fielders and base-runners by far the greatest majority are but fair. With the Japanese team from Keio University however the reverse held. Their fielding and base running were excellent whereas as batters they were very poor.

As is known we won eleven of the thirteen games played. This I consider a good record, especially so when it is taken into consideration that during our whole stay, covering a period of seven weeks, we never became fully acclimated.

Thus our program was practise and play. But we had plenty of free time, and this we made good use of. In or near the city are many points of historical and of also picturesque interest which we visited. First and foremost is the old Monarchical Palace. It is now devoted to public use, and it was in this building we made our call upon the Governor. The structure is of the old style, stiff and straight, with a very large and beautiful park encircling it. It is called the Capitol building.

Then again there is the Museum on the Kamehameha College campus where the jewels and crown of the former kings and queens are kept. This Kamehameha College is a very large institution situated in the northern part of the town, and was built for the instruction

of native youths. Here the native Hawaiian, who otherwise most likely would have never received the opportunity, may undergo courses in almost any of the useful arts and sciences, being himself under little or no expense. A like school for girls exists but across the way.

Then there is the Aquarium, where a most wonderful collection of fish had been gathered; and Waikiki Beach, an ideal summer resort.

But though Honolulu is replete with points, both beautiful and interesting, yet its surroundings seem to rival it. Let us part from the tiresome conditions which are the necessities of the city and for a moment find rest neath the cool quietness of the hills, at whose feet it nestles. What a feeling of contentment and peacefulness fills one as he becomes entwined, shut out from the outside world by meshes of treetops overhead! The fresh air swooping down as if through a channel from the hill tops enthrills one. As you climb higher and higher the purer and fresher becomes the air, the stronger the breeze, and when you emerge at last from beneath the covering of trees what a sight meets your gaze! Just below, the city itself lies stretched out like some huge animal, seemingly at rest. The beautiful dwellings on its left, with their large grounds covered with foliage of all descriptions, seemed indeed to duplicate that garden of beauty spoken of in the scriptures, where our first parents dwell. Then to your right as you gaze down, Pearl Harbor appears in the distance and in

its background, miles upon miles of sugar cane display to the onlooker a mass of green, and the whole scene seems as if painted there by some artist's brush.

And then, its waters rippling in play upon the shores, the deep blue ocean lends enchantment to the scene. What a contrast! A few square miles of land, and then that vast expanse of water stretching, stretching onward beyond the horizon, on, on to the very shores of far Japan.

A very peculiar fact concerning these hills is that there, it almost continually rains, and this accounts for the wonderful greenness which abounds everywhere. The sides of Tantalus, the highest peak, are covered with summer homes, and the valleys which slope down on either side are well built up, especially Manoa.

The most beautiful and the spot which has the most historical interest in these hills is the Poli; a bluff so called which is situated between two perpendicular cliffs. It affords a sight of great beauty. The west side of the island is plainly visible, and the little inlets, surrounded by the brownish sand which is characteristic of the seashore forms a very attractive picture. Then the long narrow roads twining themselves like snakes through the countryside lend a colonial appearance to the landscape. In years gone by when internal revolution raged throughout the kingdom, one warring army forced the other up the pass, which has now been widened into the country road, and to this very

bluff. Here the pursued tried to stop the onrush but to no avail and with the despair of the dying they attempted to scale the cliffs in vain, and were all dashed down far below, into eternity. It is said several thousand were thus killed.

Another source of much interest to us was the sugar plantations. At one of these, Waipahou by name, we had the pleasure of spending the day and going over the whole of the plantation. It was owing to the kindness of the plantation's doctor, a former graduate of Santa Clara College, that this was allowed. Each plantation has its own little railway winding through the miles of sugar cane and on this we rode the entire morning. In the afternoon the doctor took us through the large sugar mill—it was the second in size on the Island—and explained to us the process. It was very interesting, but what impressed me most was the immense amount of machinery required in the operation. If I remember correctly we were told that the machinery in the mill alone represented over \$1,000,000.

But let me come to what was by far the most interesting trip we made during our sojourn in the Islands. This was to the volcano of Kilauea on the Island of Hawaii, which by the way, is the largest in the group. We left Honolulu at noon Tuesday on the steamer Mauna Kea and arrived at Hilo, the largest town on Hawaii, at 10 A. M., the following morning. It was indeed a rough voyage, the small steamer rolled and pitched as she passed through the

numerous channels as if the twelve Furies lay hid beneath the surface of the choppy waves, and we were indeed glad as we stepped from the gangplank onto solid mother earth. We were taken in a cariole to the Demosthenes Hotel—by the way we asked the proprietor if he were any relation to the famous orator of old—where we ate our lunch. On walking through the town after our meal we were much surprised to find everyone carrying an umbrella. We asked the reason of this and were told that at any moment there it was liable to rain, so to insure themselves against a drenching, the inhabitants went prepared. From this fact Hilo has acquired the name of "The city of umbrellas."

At 2:30 we took the train from Hilo and traveled inland towards the mountains some twenty-five miles to a little station called Glenwood. Here we alighted and took the stage which was to carry us to the Volcano House. There were forty or more of us in the party, but our spirits were not very high as we had not yet recovered from our voyage up, and as the stage was not at all a pleasant riding vehicle. We had only nine miles to cover from Glenwood to the Volcano House, yet the grade was so steep that we made but slow progress. Suddenly, however, faintly, through the twilight the form of Mauna Laua, a peak of over 14,000 feet in height arose in the distance and we were told our journey was near its end. The scenery along the mountain road was grand, wild 'tis true, yet there was

that about it which spoke of freshness and pureness. And then as we mounted the summit of another incline a reddish flare glared forth ahead and we knew we had had our first glimpse of one of the world's nine wonders, the Volcano of Kilauea.

On arriving at the house we immediately ate supper, and then with lanterns set out for the scene of action. All the horses were taken, so that it was up to us to walk and this we did. Descending the steep incline which starts at the very gate of the Volcano House, we were soon out upon the vast lava beds, formed from a past eruption.

The crater was three miles distant, and toward it we tramped over the hard porous lava, stopping now and again to express our wonderment at some large crevice or queer figure formed near the pathway. As we approached hot air issued from the cracks at our feet, and when quite near in several places we were kept jumping to avoid being scorched. At last we were there. To describe it adequately is impossible, no words can do it justice, no artist picture it. There we stood looking down over the edge at that boiling liquid mass, and as it in places sputtered and roared, then with a hiss shot upwards, a queer feeling took possession of me, a sort of fear, and a stranger nearby took the very words from my mouth, "Those who do not believe in hell!" he said, "show them this."

The crater itself is a little over a mile in circumference and the boiling lava is 160 feet from the top. There were at

least fifty visitors that night, and as at a safe distance from the edge they gazed in silent wonder at the dreadful convulsions of the raging lava, a look of fear crept into their faces. I guess the same thoughts were in the minds of all of us that night, for not a word was uttered, and the only sound that broke the stillness was that of the horrible boiling matter below us, as it sputtered and roared as if trying to escape from its own hot bed. There are many interesting and also dramatic legends told concerning this crater, as for instance they say Peli—a native goddess—controls the boiling liquid and when she is angry causes it to overflow, but alas, space again will not permit of their narration. We remained spellbound for several hours at the volcano and then sauntered homeward to find rest for our tired limbs.

It was my good fortune to remain another evening up at the Volcano House, for the majority of the others returned to Hilo the following afternoon. During the day parties were going here and there, some to the fern forests where ferns grow to the height of twenty and twenty-five feet, others to the sulphur bed. At about four in the afternoon a party of us started for the volcano again so that we might witness it both by day and by night. During the day it appears sort of black and is not so pretty, but at night it is the color of molten iron. I must thank the good fortune that prompted me to remain over, for that evening I witnessed a sight which I never expect to see equaled during

my remaining years. Down in the crater around the liquid mass a bank of perfectly hard lava had been formed. Well, at about 9:30 P. M. the top of the bank gave way and over it for some two hundred yards the living glaring boiling matter coursed down like a waterfall and then in a smooth stream flowed slowly around the hard bottom. It was indeed a grand sight.

We took the steamer again from Hilo at 10 A. M. the following morning and arrived in Honolulu at 7 A. M. Saturday after having to undergo a very hard journey 'tis true, but for which we were well repaid.

Thus you see the Islands have many scenes, visiting which we, as strangers, could easily have passed away the time; but no, Hawaiian hospitality permitted of no such thing. Dances, parties, dinners, they were numerous. It was thus we learned the customs and habits of the people and I can say with truth that the circulated report of the great hospitality of the inhabitants of the Isles of Hawaii is not one inch exag-

gerated. They made our sojourn a most pleasant one, and we must thank them, thank them all. And as all pleasant things in this world must have an end, so the day arrived which found us boarding the steamer with our grips. We were decked in *leis*, all of us. These are wreaths of flowers made to fit around one's hat or neck, and given him on departing, by his friends. Gathered on the rear end of the deck, we joshed and joked among the great crowd which came to see us off. That moment bore a tinge of sadness, for although we were returning to see dear ones at home; yet there we had enjoyed ourselves and made friends and the fair town had won a place in our hearts so that we were sorry at the thought of leaving; it was like parting from a tried and trusted friend. Of a sudden the band began playing. It was Aloha Oe, that sad sweet piece; the steamer gave a sharp, shrill whistle and we were homeward bound.

J. DEVEREAUX PETERS, '08.

ALOHA

Aloha! and welcome, a thousand times over!
Aye, hail to each bay-wreathed and brine-spattered rover,
Our eagles of triumph exultingly hover

To gladden the breeze with our pennant supreme!
We said when you left us—and now we're repeating
The sentiment still in our jubilant greeting:
"Aloha—our love to you, parting or meeting;

"Aloha our own College heroes—THE TEAM!"

"Aloha," we sang when the Orient splendors
Unrolled, like a curtain, to charm the defenders
Of all the brave titles that Victory renders

When old Santa Clara's bright flag is agleam!

"Aloha," we sang; and in multiple measure
We sing it again with an infinite pleasure—

"Aloha," your glory shall swell the rich treasure
That jewels the fame of our heroes—THE TEAM!

"Aloha," Attune to our joy-ringing chorus,
In spirit, our Mother of Men stands before us!
The broad-streaming light of her faith shining o'er us,
She blesses her sons 'neath its radiant beam.
Though distant Hawaii with laurels hath crowned you—
To old Santa Clara what love-ties have bound you—
No wreath half so dear as the love all around you—
No fame like the College acclaiming THE TEAM!

Aloha! Aloha! Though worlds may divide us,
Let old Santa Clara's grand precepts abide us
And never our hearts with unfaithfulness chide us—

And over our souls may her light ever stream!

Aloha! and welcome, a thousand times over!
Aloha! each bay-wreathed and brine-spattered rover!
Long, long o'er the vale shall your memory hover!

Aloha! our own College heroes—THE TEAM!

Chas. D. South, A. M., 01.

OUR ALMA MATER—OUR FOSTER MOTHER

Toast responded to by Rev. Jos. F. Byrne, at Alumni Banquet, June 30, 1908.

Worthy Toastmaster, Rev. Fathers and Fellow Alumni:

There is only one regret that I have in responding to this sentiment and it is that I cannot bring with me the silvered head, the bent form and the tottering frame of age, to lend sanction to those things which I should say on this occasion.

It seems to me that no man can duly appreciate or fittingly speak of his mother's love and the debt which is borne of it, until he has rounded out his years and looking back over his life, from the vantage point of old age, is able to note the failures and successes which have marked his way,—failures which to a great extent were caused by forgetting her wise counsels—successes which owed their existence to the realizing of the ideals proposed by her.

If there is any debt which we owe to our mother it is certainly that of gratitude and if we owe a debt of gratitude to our natural mother there is no less a serious obligation arising between us and our Alma Mater, our Foster Mother. For who can say, with what patience and solicitude she has fitted our bodies for the strife and developed our brains that through them our minds might be able to receive and reflect the light of intelligence actuated within us by God.

Last night when we beheld the polished prism break up the ray of white light into the beautiful and varied colors of the spectrum or again the glass

fashioned into a Crooke's tube become resplendent under the radio-activity which influenced it, we could not but be reminded of the constant labor of the mechanic and the untiring effort of the scientist which made the manifestation of such phenomena possible. With this thought in mind we must be convinced of this, that since the performances of which we are capable, are due in a great measure to the constant toil and self sacrificing endeavor of our learned and venerated preceptors we should never tire of thanking them and of loving the institution of which they are an integral part.

It is a proud privilege to have been educated in an old institution about which glorious memories cling. It is not the site or the buildings which make an institution but rather the men who have been associated with it, the reputation which it has made for itself and the character which it imparts to those who come in contact with it.

These things being true, how we should love you dear old Santa Clara—for your memories go back to the good old days when the Padres, the Sainted Sons of St. Francis, trudged along the King's Highway and they come down to our day with the other Holy Fathers, the Sons of St. Ignatius, who during all these years have kept step with their Master, on the royal road of the Cross.

We love you for yourself and for what you have done for us. We wish

to pay our debt of gratitude for that is the greatest debt we owe you. Encouraged by the admonition of our beloved Longfellow to "still be up and doing" we feel that we can best accomplish this by doing something, doing anything, doing everything for your glory and the greater honor and glory of God.

In the days of old when a Knight rode forth to the lists, proudly he wore fluttering from his lance a token of his lady fair. She watched his every move, she gloried in his every triumph. With what strength, did not that thought of her nerve his arm! With what courage did it not pulse his heart!

We too going forth into the lists of

life should feel proud to wear the colors of our lady fair—the red and white. Success may not always come to us in the joust, the tilt or the tournament but she will always appreciate our effort, and be mindful of our deeds even though we have fallen in the fight. However, may dishonor never come to our colors or rest upon our arms but may we ride back victorious from the fray and raising our visor look proudly up to receive her approving smile and lowering our lance only to her, our lady fair, exclaim with all the ardor of a loving and grateful heart—Queen of Love and Beauty—Santa Clara—I salute thee.

REV. JOS. F. BYRNE, A. B., '88.

THE STREAMLET

I know of a little streamlet
Softly splashing down a hill
Passing through both wood and meadow
Flowing by a buzzing mill;

Splashing swiftly down the mountain
Growing bigger every day,
Swelled by brother rills and streamlets
Getting mightier all the way;

Leaping over logs and boulders
Sliding on through darksome caves
Filling up some rocky basin
Ebbing out in rippling waves;

Roaring down through clefts and gorges
Battering rocks with mighty blows
Stopped a while by some obstruction—
Breaks it down and onward flows—

Till at last a mighty river
Swirling onward to the sea
Rushing through both towns and cities
Never checked and ever free.

Slowly then it nears the ocean
Slowly seeks its sandy shore
Where its voice is hushed forever
In the mighty ocean's roar.

Bernard Hubbard, '10.

FOOL'S LUCK

To call that tall, lank, rawboned plainsman from the middle West by the effeminate title of Artie seemed the height of absurdity. Perhaps it was the very incongruity of the name that made it stick. It was little Smithie that first gave it to him.

"Arthur McGivney," he said, "huh, too long. Call you Artie."

But then Smithie always was a fool. He might have been less flippant if he had known what they were to go through together. Anyway Artie stuck.

At first it was almost solely a term of contempt. This big, ungainly plainsman was slow to make friends. But afterwards when he had twice been mentioned in despatches for conspicuous bravery in action and had endeared himself to the whole company by his eagerness to help everybody which manifested itself in a thousand little kindnesses it still clung to him. Only now Artie had become a term of affectionate pride.

Somehow we were thrown together from the beginning. Not that I was more open hearted than the other boys but those were trying days in the Philippines and a man cannot fight beside another for many days, with the bullets whistling around and once in a while the dull splat of lead burying itself in flesh, without being drawn to him by a bond of sympathy. Besides it does not take you long to know a man's char-

acter when most of your waking hours are spent so close to him that your elbows rub when you move. It was not long until Artie had shown me in a hundred little ways that he was a prince of good fellows with a heart as true as steel yet tender as a woman's. And since I found him out before the other fellows it was but natural that we should be close friends, so that even after he was the hero of the company and beloved of all I was accounted his chum. There was only one other as close to him as I, little Smithie, reckless, irresponsible, who fought on his other side. Ah, well! They fought together to the end.

It was late one afternoon after a hard day's march. The heat was intense and I had lately had the fever so that when Artie took my knapsack from my shoulders and slung it across his own I was too tired to protest. Smithie was in the hospital, healing a shattered shoulder or I suppose Artie would have been carrying three knapsacks instead of two. Finally when I was somewhat rested I turned to Artie with a question.

"How is it that nothing ever happens to you? Here I am just recovering from a fever that kept me on my back three weeks and little Smithie is liable to nurse his shoulder for much longer. Yet you, who are twice as reckless as either of us, have had a dozen narrow escapes and come out of them all with-

out a scratch. Why even that d——d water that put half the company on the bum never affected you. How is it, Artie?"

And he had answered enigmatically: "Fool's luck."

That was all he said for perhaps half an hour. Then he began to talk.

"Fool's luck," he said. "My mother says I was born with it. I guess it's so. Any way, the year I was born my father put in an extra large crop. And then for weeks it didn't rain. It looked like a drought and my father was frightened for he had borrowed heavily to buy and sow his seed and a failure meant ruin, poverty. Then the night I was born we had the heaviest rain storm in years. That year's crop was a record breaker. Just fool's luck.

"Then when I was a year old all the babies for miles around had diphtheria. Lots of them died yet I was never touched. When I was six, I was crossing the road with a little playmate. A team of runaway horses knocked him down and he was killed. They missed me by half a foot. Oh, I could name any number of cases. You've seen lots of them yourself since I joined the company. Every one just fool's luck. Then, too, there was Lulu. But that's the biggest fool's luck of all."

He broke off to smile reminiscently a moment and then went on to tell me of the girl he had left "back home."

It seems that Artie and a young grocer, George England, had been the only serious rivals for Lulu's favor. Lulu treated both with tantalizingly

impartial graciousness; but finally the grocer, thanks to the possession of a choky little automobile at a time when autos were rare, seemed to be gaining grace. Then it was that Artie's fool's luck asserted itself. Returning late to his home from town one cold evening he found George England's machine stalled in the middle of the road with George on his back beneath it impotently plying a monkey wrench and Lulu on the seat plainly bored and shivering from the cold. Artie first drove Lulu home and then returned for the disgruntled grocer and his machine.

From that time on grocer and automobile lost steadily so that before Artie left for the islands he was able to leave his ring on the engagement finger of the "dearest little girl in the world."

"And wasn't that the biggest of fool's luck," Artie asked me naively, "for the old, spitting machine to break down just there where I would have to pass?"

I think this confidence of Artie's drew us closer together than before; for I was writing to a little girl in California—God bless her—and somehow, after that it lightened my heart to tell old Artie about her.

This was the only time he ever spoke to me of Lulu but I knew Artie's heart, as true and unswerving as God ever made, and I felt sure that his was no passing love. After that often, though, when something had gone well with him—I remember especially one afternoon when he had dropped a Filipino sharpshooter with a particularly neat shot and again the hot day he

found the spring when we were all so thirsty—he would turn to me with a grin and mutter, "Fool's luck."

It must have been two months later. I know it could not have been less because little Smithie had rejoined the company. We had been ordered into the interior to round up a particularly troublesome band of rebels. Their commander had been nicknamed by the natives, *El Raposo*, (the Fox) on account of his great cunning. So we proceeded against him slowly and carefully covering often less than ten miles a day. And even then he took us off our guard—*El Raposo*, indeed; the Fox!

We had been tramping through rice fields all day, mud and water to the knees, and we were almost worn out when at length toward evening we came to a little rise of ground where it was dry and firm. There was a little natural trench, a gully worn by the heavy rains about in the middle of a level, open space. This formed a sort of natural breastwork and our captain, quick to perceive the advantage of this, ordered us to camp therein. About a hundred yards in front of us the clearing ended in a heavy growth of brush and stunted trees. To right and left and behind us stretched the level, waving rice.

We had sent a little scouting party, Smithie and four or five others, into the brush to see that all was well and were just settling down to get our evening meal when four or five of our scouts came running in to say that the Fox

and a party of Filipinos were advancing on us through the brush.

Almost before we had lined up in order behind our natural breastwork they opened fire on us. They were good shots, those Filipinos, and though they only had our heads for targets they made it uncomfortably warm for us. The fellow at my left hand, a slim, dark haired young Yankee, rolled over beside me spitting and coughing blood. A bullet had struck him in the throat. I aimed at a flash of white cloth that I saw in the brush before me and fired but whether I struck it I shall never know for just at that moment little Smithie came running out of the brush to the right and scurried toward our lines. He had covered perhaps half the distance and I had begun to think he would make our ranks when he stumbled, half fell, stumbled again, and sank to the ground. A bullet had broken his leg.

Quick as a flash, and before any one knew what he intended to do, Artie had flung down his gun beside me and was on his feet. We saw him jump from the gully and run to the fallen man. It was madness in that storm of bullets and yet he reached him unhurt. We saw him lift him to his shoulders and half dragging, half carrying him start to return. The whole thing cannot have taken thirty seconds and I don't believe during that time one of us fired a shot but the Filipinos were fiendishly busy. We had begun to hope that they would reach us and a cheer had gone up from our ranks

when they fell together without a quiver and both lay still. We found out the next day when we went to bury them that a single bullet had gone through both hearts.

There is little more to tell. That evening a messenger came from headquarters with orders for our company. He brought with him half a dozen letters. Among them there was one addressed to Private Arthur McGivney. Since I had been his chum they gave it to me. I read it by the light of a dark lantern.

It was only a note and pitilessly short.

Dear Arthur: I could not wait. You were gone so long and the islands are so far. I was married to George Ingham last night. Forgive me if I have hurt you.

Lulu.

I looked out in the moonlight to where the two corpses lay huddled darkly together. Perhaps it was a trick of the shadow, I do not know, but I could have almost sworn that a smile hovered about McGivney's lips. I looked down at the letter in my hand that I knew would have broken his heart.

"He was right," I said, "he had fool's luck, and it held for him to the end. Poor old Artie; Fool's luck!"

The night breeze stirred uneasily through the grasses, murmuring half inaudibly like a spirit voice, and as it fanned gently past my face it seemed to whisper in my ear almost like an echo from the dead man's lips:

"Fool's luck."

M. T. DOOLING JR., '09.

The Redwood

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The object of the Redwood is to record our College Doings, to give proof of College Industry and to knit closer together the hearts of the Boys of the Present and of the Past.

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EDITORIAL COMMENT

After long and impatiently nibbling at the frayed end of our pencil in the vain hope of falling upon the happy inspiration that would not come—so filled is our vagrant mind with stray thoughts and lingering day dreams, the aftermath of summer—we have been finally forced to discourse, prosaically enough, upon the subject of football.

It has always been a pet theory of

ours, unshaken even by the fact that personally we are rather prone to physical inaction, that in the matter of athletics the small college has a great advantage over the larger colleges and universities.

We do not wish to be understood as saying that the little college will turn out the winning teams. We believe that, as a rule, they are not able to com-

pete successfully with their larger rivals although our victorious baseball team has always proved a triumphant exception to this rule. But they do afford an opportunity to a far greater percentage of students to participate actively in all branches of athletics. This, in our opinion is all paramount. For, as we see it, it is not the winning team that is most successful or that best achieves its purpose but the team, whether it win or lose we care not, that stimulates the most student endeavor and affords exercise to the greatest possible number of under-graduates. Then if such a team does win, victory won in such a way is doubly glorious and doubly sweet.

The most gratifying feature of our football practice this year, viewed in this light, is the size and representative character of the squad. It is a noteworthy fact that nearly one half of the students enrolled in the college course turned out for preliminary practice and although as usual they seem to be governed by a law of diminishing returns, whereby the number of candidates grows smaller daily, this decrease has been unusually slight. Thus before playing a single game our team has already achieved perhaps its greatest purpose. Now if victory perches upon our banner as we confidently expect and as seems most likely from our recent practice games with San Jose, so much the greater glory for us. But even should we lose, if we have done our best we may well be satisfied. After all the end of any education worthy of the

name may be well summed up in the old Latin adage,

"Mens sana in corpore sano."

Before this comes from the press our football team will have been chosen and our first game with the Stanford Freshmen will be an accomplished fact. With the choosing of the team there is bound to be some dissatisfaction and not a little grumbling from the disgruntled candidates and their friends. Then if by some mischance we should lose to Stanford the dissatisfaction will increase and multiply. This should not be so. We hear a great deal of talk about Santa Clara spirit. Doubtless all of us pride ourselves upon the possession of a generous share of this same spirit. But remember this. The fair weather friend or the hard loser displays none of this vaunted spirit. The man who possesses the true Santa Clara spirit is the man who backs the team first, last, and all the time, winning or losing, who generously stands by it, truly works for it, roots for it loyally, and supports it upon every occasion, because it is his college team, fighting for the honor of Santa Clara, keeping aloft the glorious banner of red and white. This is the spirit we all should have, the spirit that snatches victory from defeat, or turns defeat to victory.

The scholarly historically sketch of pioneer days, "Corpus Christi at Santa Clara in 1853," which has been contributed to this number by Mr. August

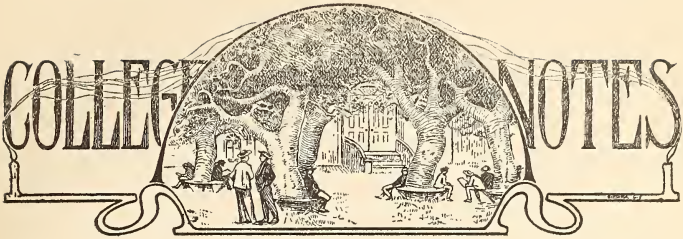
D. Spivalo '59, should prove very welcome to any of our readers who take an interest in the early history of Santa Clara College and of our State. The picture which he draws for us of those early days, coming as it does from the pen of an eye witness—the simple Indian already subjected to the temperamental Spaniard, and the warm blooded Spaniard being forced to relinquish his possessions by the descendants of the colder blooded races of the North, much in the same way as he gained them—seems to epitomize admirably the whole absorbing, even pathetic history of California. Indeed, is it not a picture of all life?

Besides it serves to bring home a fact which we are all too likely to forget.

The beginning of Santa Clara College is almost contemporaneous with that of American California, and in this new country, where even an existence of a score of years renders its possessor venerable with age, our college already possesses the cherished traditions and impressive associations of antiquity.

There was yet another reason for our welcoming this article so heartily. "The object of the Redwood is . . . to knit closer together the hearts of the boys of the present and of the past." What could serve this purpose better than just such an article as this? We should like in the future to publish many another such historical account of Santa Clara College.

MAURICE T. DOOLING JR., '09.



The Faculty

On our return to College we were somewhat surprised to find so many new faces among the Faculty. True we still found Rev. Father Gleeson S. J., kind and amiable as ever, as well as Rev. Father Lydon, whose watchful eye keeps the student studying, and off the forbidden path. We were heartily greeted by both of these dear and reverend friends and the other members of the Faculty.

Yet, glad though we were to see the old faces, there were many whom we missed. Father William J. Deeney S. J., for the past year the Boys' Chaplain, has gone to Beaverton, Oregon, where he is engaged in Parish work. We of the yard hope that he will be as successful in his new field of labor as he was here in Santa Clara during the past year.

Father Deeney will be succeeded by Rev. John D. Walshe S. J., formerly of San Jose, where up to a year ago he held the responsible position of pastor of St. Joseph's Church.

Rev. Father Villa has also migrated

North. He is at present in Portland, where he has a large parish under his care. Father Villa's great musical talent will be sorely missed, for we shall, doubtless, have some difficulty in discovering one his peer in that particular line.

Messrs. Burns, Brainard, and Gearon, sad to relate, are no longer with us. The two former have gone to study Theology, one to Spokane the other to St. Louis. Mr. Gearon has been called to St. Ignatius' College, San Francisco, to assume charge of the Chemistry Department.

Of the new members of the Faculty, old students of three years ago will remember Father John Hayes, Father Dennis J. Kavanagh and Father Stack. The latter is assistant Vice President, Speaker of the House and Director of Athletics. Father Hayes and Father Kavanagh are returned to put the finishing touches to their Theological studies beneath the sunny skies of California and amid the classic memories of Santa Clara.

The other new Professors who will be with us this year are Messrs. C. O'Neil,

S. J., Wm. I. Lonergan S. J., J. A. Spacek S. J., C. Budde S. J., P. Savage S. J., E. Ryan S. J., and C. O'Brien S. J.

Reception to the Victorious Ball Team

On the day following the opening of College for the fall term, the victorious baseball team, recently returned from a triumphant tour of the Hawaiian Islands, was tendered a most elaborate and hearty welcome by the Faculty, students and friends of the College.

The program of the day was opened by a ball game between the crack Olympic Club of San Francisco, and our own dear old team, in which, needless to say, the College lived up to its enviable record and emerged from the fray at the long end of a three to nothing score.

The game was interesting and close throughout, but for us of the College and for the many friends and followers of the College team witnessing the game, there could be but one outcome. No! It wasn't conceit, it was just—well, we merely used our reasoning faculties, because, be it known, coming events always cast their shadow and the shadow of the Santa Clara ball team is so large that it has overshadowed not only California and Nevada, but the Hawaiian Islands and Japan as well; hence the conclusion of the game was but a natural one to expect.

In the evening a gorgeous banquet was held in the College refectory, which

had been very tastefully decorated for the occasion with beautiful flowers, ferns, and red and white pennants.

The President of the College, the Faculty, many prominent members of the Alumni, together with several invited guests and the entire Student Body, were present at the banquet, which was a very pleasant and successful affair.

At the end of the repast, Maurice T. Dooling Jr., Vice President of the Student Body, as toastmaster of the evening, opened the speech-making with a very appropriate introduction. At its conclusion, James R. Daly '09, delivered in eloquent style, Charles D. South's beautiful poem, "Aloha", written especially for the occasion as a welcome to the returned diamond warriors. The poem was received with great applause and deservedly so, for it showed beyond a doubt that Mr. South is not only a poet but also a true son of Santa Clara; for his heart and soul spoke in the lines that rang out in hearty welcome to our returned heroes.

Following the poem, Reverend Richard A. Gleeson S. J., President of the College, rose and in a very eloquent voice welcomed the College men whose prowess in the Islands was of such a triumphant nature. He congratulated them not only on their wonderful success on the ball field but on the gentlemanly manner in which they had conducted themselves throughout the entire trip,—which showed beyond a doubt that they had lived up to the

principles laid down for them by their Alma Mater.

For all this, Father Gleeson thanked and congratulated them. He then returned thanks to John A. Kennedy of San Francisco whose generosity in presenting a beautiful and costly medal to be competed for during the tour of the team, lent as it were, a special inducement, if that were needed, for the College boys to play and act their best. Of course without the medal in view they would have played their best, but with it,—well, they have played their best and then some, so the gift was a most highly appreciated one.

Harry A. J. McKenzie also received a due meed of praise at the hands of Rev. Father President for the able manner in which he managed the Hawaiian trip.

Geo. J. Mayerle Jr., the German comedian, delivered a humorous monologue on the home-coming of the team. His efforts were fully appreciated, bringing forth many a hearty laugh and much applause. Mayerle was followed by Harry McKenzie's eloquent response to the toast "How we managed it." His praises for the team were only surpassed by the glowing terms in which he spoke of the hospitality and generosity of the Honoluluans. "They would have given up everything they possessed to us for the asking," said Harry, "and when we left them we were indeed heartsore, for it was like leaving home forever."

Mervyn Shafer, the receiving end of the battery for the team, next entertained us by responding to the toast

"What we did." He gave many detailed and interesting accounts of what happened during the trip, from the arrival of the team in the Islands, to the playing of the games, and finally their departure for home. Mervyn spoke in glowing terms of the gentlemanly character of the Honoluluans and Japanese. "These two peoples," said Shafer, "and especially the Japanese, are not given all the credit that is due them. The men we met while in Honolulu were true gentlemen through and through and my opinion as well as the opinion of the whole team has been somewhat changed since playing against these men; for they are gentlemen, and far above what the ordinary individual thinks of them."

Both Shafer and McKenzie were recipients of tremendous cheers and the College yell rang out many a time and oft in honor of each.

Hon. Wm. P. Veuve of San Jose, a distinguished alumnus of the College responded to the toast, "The Victors," in an extemporaneous address, which teemed with eloquence and wit. Mr. Veuve humorously minimized the historical heroes of old in order to magnify the glories of the heroes of the College team. Mr. Veuve is a true lover of the American game having played it while at College, and after graduating has kept up his love for the sport by attending most of the College games.

One experience worthy of mentioning in Mr. Veuve's baseball career was his participation in a College game in which the final score was 107 to 96.

Mr. Veuve, however, failed to enlighten us as to which side he honored with his presence. But we drew our own conclusions if he played ball as ably as he spoke.

The speeches were interspersed with musical renditions by Professor David Power, Leo Sullivan and a quartet composed of College boys.

The banquet concluded with the presentation of the John A. Kennedy gold medal to Mervyn Shafer, as the student attaining the best record in the games.

Reading Room Banquet

Shortly before the close of school, a very pleasant and elaborate banquet was set before about sixty happy members of the Senior Reading Room.

The affair took place in the boys refectory and judging from the look of the tables at the end, the viands were of the best and everyone enjoyed himself to the fullest extent.

Ed White of Watsonville did the honors of the evening as toastmaster. His fluent tongue and ready wit, won the plaudits of his attentive listeners continually.

Those who especially distinguished themselves in making toasts were Father Burns, and Messrs. Daly, Spellman, Gallagher, Posey, Murphy and Kennedy. Each was received with an abundance of applause, which showed that his efforts were fully appreciated by those gathered around the festive board.

The banquet terminated amid the songs and college yells of the general throng, and was pronounced one of the most pleasant and successful social functions of the year.

The New Quarters

Among the many changes and improvements that took place while we were enjoying our vacation, was the removal of the REDWOOD office from the Infirmary Building to the room formerly occupied by the Vice President in the Scientific Building.

Despite the fact that the new location is in the midst of terrible distractions, owing to its proximity to the yard, we hope that this drawback will not seriously affect the merits of this or future issues of the REDWOOD.

R. E. McCABE, '10.



Once again we are back at College but somehow we can't help seeking for the familiar faces of the Class of 1908.

Although but a couple of months have passed since they left the precincts of their Alma Mater we now find them scattered from Arizona to Alaska. Harry Broderick, George Hall and Anthony Diepenbrock are studying medicine, the former two at Coopers, the latter at Georgetown. Devereaux Peters and John Jones have entered the journalistic profession and are now on the staff of the San Jose Mercury. Robert O'Connor is studying Theology at St. Patrick's Seminary, Menlo Park. Floyd Allen and Harry McKenzie are studying law at Hastings. Lester Pierce is at the University of California studying Economics. Leander Murphy is now an Assayer in Nevada. Cleon Kilburn, we understand, is to become assistant manager of a smelter in Alaska. Ivo Bogan is managing a ranch in Arizona. Francis Heffernan is engaged in business at San Francisco. Ed Woods is running one of the largest ranches in the State. James Lappin is

engaged in business at Sacramento. Robert Twohy is in Washington. Tom McNally is connected with the District Attorney's office at San Francisco.

On June 30, about one hundred and seventy-five old students of the College were present at the annual alumni banquet, and later in the evening many attended the conferring of the prizes and degrees in the College Auditorium. William F. Humphrey, A. B., '92 acted as toastmaster, and among the speakers were John J. Barrett, S. B. '91, who spoke on "College Ideals"; Father Joseph F. Byrne, A. B., '88, who responded to "Our Debt to Our Alma Mater" and our President Father Gleeson who replied to the toast "My Predecessors and the Future."

Among the prominent men seated at the table were Hon. John M. Burnett, A. M., '59, David M. Burnett, Hon. W. P. Lawlor, Hon. James V. Coffey, Ph. D., '01, Hon. Richard Burke, Hon. Bradley V. Sargent, S. B., '84, S. M. '85, of Salinas, Hon. James H. Camp-

bell, A. B., '71, A. M., '82, Ph. D., '03, District Attorney, Arthur M. Free, Hon. John O'Gara, A. B., '91, A. M., '93, Charles M. Lorigan, S. B., '82, Dr. A. Giannini, Peter J. Dunne, Esq. S. B., '84. At the evening exercises in the College Theater, Hon. Jos. Scott, Ph. D., '07, of Los Angeles, gave as is his wont, an eloquent and interesting speech which deeply impressed all. We regret that owing to its extemporaneous character we are unable to reproduce it.

With the return of our team from the Islands come glowing reports of the hospitality of several of Santa Clara's boys residing there; among others Dr. Robert J. McGettigan, B. S., '88, and the McInnery brothers, who entertained the Team in various ways.

It was with pleasure that we learned that Wm. F. Humphrey, A. B., '92 had been elected again unanimously to the Presidency of the Olympic Club.

Harry Wolter, ex-'10, lately dropped in to pay us a visit. Harry now has the title of "Best Pitcher in the State League," having won sixteen games straight, which to say the least, was no surprise to those of us who knew Harry's ability.

Among the recent visitors at the College were Francis Farry, A. B. '01, August Aguirre, A. B., '07, James F. Twoby, A. B., '07, who has just returned to Harvard. Dr. Oscar J. Kron, '01, late of New York University, T. F. Greenhow,

'02, of Canada and Harry McKenzie, Deveraux Peters, Anthony Diepenbrock and Robert O'Connor, all of '08 class.

The following letter will prove of interest to old boys of the '70's:

Stockton, Cal., July 1, 1908.

To THE REDWOOD,

Santa Clara, Cal.

Dear Editor:

The importance of the Alumni number has caused me to pen a few comments and to relate some of the incidents of my college life that have been called to my attention by the reminiscences of those who contributed to the issue.

It is truly a veritable, poetic and prosaic gem reflecting the intellectual attainments acquired at the hands of those masters, teachers of art, science and literature, with which our Alma Mater has been so profusely blessed.

The contributions portray that culture and character so early well formed-guided, or assisted by those divinely inspired souls, a perennial source of virtue and righteousness.

It brought the old boys back again to the love of their youth and caused them to recall the many incidents of their college life, and to glory in the exceptional high position so early attained and as steadfastly maintained for over half a century by Santa Clara College among the best educational institutions of the West.

It has chronicled the whereabouts of many of its students, and has informed us of their station in life, many of whom have won for themselves the plaudits

and confidence of their fellowmen, and have taken their place in the front rank of the citizenship of their home, state or country. As each line is read, incident recorded, or name recalled, we paint in memory the old picture anew, while our souls yearn to catch the once familiar name of teacher or scholar, or pause here and there to commune with the name of those of renown who have reflected or are now reflecting credit and honor on their Alma Mater, while our hearts all the while are ardently overflowing with loving debts of gratitude for the honor and the glory of dear old Santa Clara College and its devotional and self-sacrificing corps of professors and their able assistants.

It serves to instill a new ambition into the students of today and to make them strive all the more to gain that goal achieved by so many of her scholars who have gone forth into the world to measure their steel with the learning of so many worthy competitors.

Thus it is that the Alumni number is of such inestimable value, and that its yearly return will serve as a medium of special merit, and a compendium of so many happy recollections.

I recall Governor James F. Smith as he was playing the leading role in King John under the able tutorage of dear old Father Young, and can see the Honorable John T. Malone portraying his conception of the Duke of Gloucester in Richard the III, and soliloquizing in the dream scene, as I felt none other could. I subsequently followed him in life as a leading actor, and saw him

coupled with Booth in Hamlet, as the King, doing credit in his role and honor to the elocutional and dramatical training he had received at the old school.

I remember very well Jos. F. Cavagnaro carrying his modest demeanor and poise beneath his curly locks as he strolled to and fro through the school yard, a perfect physical structure bearing its manly grace. I fancy I now see J. S. Urrea of Alamos, Mexico, with his beautiful complexion and his ever noticeable white trowsers and black Prince Albert coat, that made me in my youth wonder at the knowledge that must be enclosed within the walls of the college that would cause his parents, as well as so many others, to send their children so far away to obtain a thorough education. His contribution reminded me of the college league composed of the Meteors (?), Comets, Planets and Stars in which Louis Arguello, third base, Juan Malarine, pitcher, Louis Redman, catcher, David Spencer, left field, "Spud" Murphy, first base, Frank Enright and many other well known college stars took part, all under the very agreeable management of good Father Driscoll.

Well do I remember the April-fool's day in 1879 when in the dormitory of the first division the pranks of the boys caused a bed near the front door to be entirely encircled with wash basins full of water, so as to prevent its sleeper from getting out of bed. Well too do I recall to mind the intentional false fire alarm on a pleasant summer's night that called us all willingly forth feigning

alarm for our safety, so that we might prate that we had caused the good watchers of the night some unnecessary concern. I can hear poor Father Chiappa saying "take seventy-five lines", and can hear an earnest appeal being made to him to be relieved therefrom, promising in the future to be a "good boy"; and saying "I'll never do it again Father Chiappa, if you let me go this time". And can finally hear the good Padre say "well," and substitute some devotional service in place thereof. I can remember well the night of the deluge of the head of and the ever gray suit of clothes that adorned the short and stout form of John Downey Harvey, a prominent citizen of this state, beneath the hydrant of the first division, and how well he used to play hand ball. Oh, how I have longed to see him for these many, many years!

How well do I remember the terror of the discipline of any gross violation of the rules and regulations of the faculty. The good Brother arranged the wardrobe and packed the trunk of the delinquent, and he was gone before he was missed. They knew the cause thereof, and with them it ever remained a secret.

I can remember how anxiously we all looked forward to the college President's birthday, the field day of the college. A grand feast always awaited us at the Refectory. This day reminds me of the then college athlete Dr. James Stanton, who in after years became a prominent physician in San Francisco, before he was summoned by death.

I can see the old gymnasium in the early morn with huddled groups crying "me next, stumps"; "me next, butts", and feel how Old Judge and Vanity Fairs were enjoyed then. I can remember the memorable debate of the virtues of the old and of the new constitution and can see long, lean and lanky——Ferguson, book in hand, daily expounding the virtues of the old as he wandered about the sacred precincts of the first division; and I can see the Honorable Joseph J. Trabucco clad in the boots of Mariposa County covered with his ever brown trowsers, timidly arising in the House to measure swords in earnest debate. I cannot close without referring to that noble little man the possessor of such a grand character, like a busy bee, flitting everywhere. He won the love, admiration and esteem of the faculty, teacher and schoolmate alike. As I understand it he chose the Priesthood and survived his ordination but a short time, the good John Baptist Volio from South America.

Very truly yours,
C. P. RENDON.

We have enjoyed the above interesting letter of Assistant District Attorney Rendon very much, and we are sure there are scores of old boys to whom these reminiscences will appeal very deeply. We shall always be very happy to publish at any time any letter or note the old boys may wish to send.

As regards the good Reverend Father Volio, we are happy to say that he is still very much alive and is at present in Santa Barbara with Rev. Father Kenna S. J., and Rev. Father Henry Welch S. J., where the Society of Jesus has lately opened a house.

ALEX. T. LEONARD, '10.



Happy in the recollections of a joyful summer we find ourselves once more in the old sanctum. Though rich with many a happy memory of bygone days yet we feel a certain tinge of sadness as we gaze around the dust covered walls. For the aftermath of the summer holidays has filled our mind with idle musing and pleasant dreams leaving a disinclination to anything like serious thoughts on literature. Conquering however, our desire to roam at leisure in this delightful land of reveries, we gladly seize this opportunity to wish all our fellow editors and exchanges a happy and a successful season, and we hope to derive the same delight as formerly in the perusal of essay, verse and fiction.

We believe that someone suggested a few months since that in the beginning of the semester each exchange editor lay down his principle of criticism. This remark, doubtless, was prompted by the fact that there is difference of opinion as to the idea of the exchange column. Some, we have noticed, believe that the exchange column should contain little more than the table of contents of the

magazine under consideration, others that it should be simply complimentary, and others still that it should be critical, adverse if occasion demands.

While inclining towards the last opinion, we really think that the exchange editor should follow his own sweet will; that he should be allowed to wander fancy free through the extensive fields of amateur journalism, plucking a blossom here and there if it pleases him, breathing in its sweet perfume and then displaying it in all its beauty for his companions and fellow editors to admire. This last perhaps is our own guiding principle if we have any at all. Thus we derive a great deal of pleasure in perusing the pages of our contemporaries, gathering in and gleaning a rare bit of verse, a happy thought, a successful story or a clever unstereotyped essay. For we wish to impart to others some portion of the pleasure we have experienced.

But even on this point, we would not insist, if we could. For variety in the principles guiding the exchange editors is in itself a source of beauty.

W. I. O'Shaughnessy, '11.



Rugby

The Rugby season is once more, the honored horse hide has sunk for a time into insignificance and the leathern spheroid reigns supreme.

In response to Manager McHenry's call forty candidates for varsity honors responded; a number that proved highly gratifying to Coach Howard and Captain Kennedy, and shows the great interest that is exhibited in Rugby at Santa Clara. The material at hand is excellent; the new men though not thoroughly versed in the rudiments of the game possess a knowledge of the old American sport that will help them not a little to acquire a good insight into Rugby.

Coach Howard is hard at work each evening and the large squad which assembles for practice is beginning to show the results of his efficient labor. The brilliant playing of last years famous fifteen excited the highest commendation and was another jewel in Coach Howard's crown.

On Thursday, September 17th, the first squad met San Jose High School in the opening practice game of the season, and defeated them by a score of eight to nothing.

The second practice game was played Saturday, September 19th, with the aggregation from San Jose High School again as opponents. The score was six to three in favor of Santa Clara. Reams, a new man at Rugby, proved himself the bright particular star in both contests and as a drop kicker he is without a peer in Santa Clara. He is fast, carries the pigskin well, and is difficult to tackle. Captain Kennedy, the Hercules of the scrum is playing the same great game that characterized his work on last year's varsity and his trusty right foot should annex many victories for the crimson and white. Shafer, Jarrett, McCabe, Tadich, and Boudette Hartman displayed fine form against San Jose and Shafer's kicking to touch was praiseworthy.

On Thursday, September 17th, the second squad met in a practice contest



VARSITY RUGBY SQUAD

the warriors from Santa Clara High School and defeated them by a score of five to nothing. For the seconds Roberts, Barry, and Degnan were all the candy.

All in all Santa Clara's football prospects for this season are very optimistic.

In conclusion, here's to the varsity of 1908. May her spirit to conquer never die and may her knights of the gridiron reach the highest pinnacle of fame in Santa Clara's Rugby history.

The following is the personnel of the 1908 squad:

Captain Kennedy, M. Brown, Reams, Roberts, Mullen, McCabe, C. Dooling, Hirst, H. Gallagher, Askam, Budde, McDonnell, Jarrett, Ena, Smith, Thomas, Lowe, Maltman, Sheehy, McInnis, L. Taylor, B. Hartman, Condon, Goetter, McHenry, H. Lyng, Morgan, Mayerle, Barry, Shafer, D. Gallagher, Tadish, deLorimier, Degnan, Duffey, Hogan, G. Kennedy, R. Murphy, Boles.

Rugby Personals

The members of last year's crack second fifteen, who are in college, are eliciting many compliments by their classy work in the varsity try out.

Among the new faces on the Rugby squad are, Desuond Gallagher of New Zealand who understands the game from A to Z, George deLorimier, a punter of rare ability, and Mike Brown, Gerald Kennedy, McInnis and Mullen, scrum men of whom much is expected.

That one hundred and nine yard run of Reams in the first San Jose game was a thriller. Getting the pigskin on his one yard line, down a scattered field he tore and another three points were annexed to the crimson and white score.

The outbursts of college spirit in the practice games with San Jose High

School were fine. Organize now, ye rooters, elect a husky voiced leader and let your college enthusiasm be the feature of every contest !

Maltman's tackling is on the sensational order. Diving hard and low he seldom fails to get his man.

The work of Duffey, Hirst, and H. Gallagher is of high order. They are fast and heavy and are in the game every minute of play.

The schedule for the season of 1908 is now arranged and is a testimonial of McHenry's untiring efforts to furnish the Rugby fans with the best games possible. The schedule for 1908 follows:

Oct. 3rd, Stanford Freshman at Stanford.

Oct. 10th, California Freshmen at Berkeley.

Oct. 24th, Olympics at Santa Clara.

Oct. 31st, Stanford Second Varsity at Santa Clara.

Nov. 7th, University of Pacific at Santa Clara.

Nov. 14th, University of Nevada at Reno.

Nov. 26th, Barbarians at Santa Clara.

The third practice game with San Jose High resulted in another victory for the wearers of the crimson. The score 17 to 3 shows a marked improvement in the playing of the boys. The forwards played together and dribbled well and the first try scored by Santa Clara was the result of their work. The backs passed accurately and kept the High School back field well guarded. Captain Kennedy, McCabe, B. Hartman, Gerald Kennedy and Reams scored the points for Santa Clara. Tramutolo scored San Jose's only try.

The personnel of the Rugby team has just been announced by Coach Howard and Captain Kennedy. The fortunate candidates are: Forwards—McInnis, Jarret, Mullen, H. Barry, Duffey, Budde,

Hirst, Gerald Kennedy and Brown; Backs—Shafer, Reams, Maltman, McCabe, G. deLorimier, Grif Kennedy (Capt.), McHenry (Manager), Tadich, and H. Gallagher.

With the Team in Hawaii

GOOD-BYE SANTA CLARA.

You have surely played the game, boys,
And we hate to see you go;
But you can't stay here forever,
Though we wish it as you know.
You're a dandy bunch of sportsmen
And we'll think to give a cheer,
When we sit out on the bleachers,
For the time when you were here.

Great big Byrnes with all his joshing
And his jolly smiling face,
Little Merv, the handy catcher
And the man to steal the base;
Charley Friene and Cheesy Broderick,
Here's Aloha to you all,
May you beat them all at Rugby
As you did here playing Ball,
—*Honolulu Advertiser.*

The above poetic effusion and the following extracts from letters and newspaper clippings will enlighten the baseball bugs on Santa Clara's victorious invasion of Hawaii. The first letter received from the boys spoke of the voyage.

"With the exceptions of a grand trip and much sea-sickness the first night, our journey was uneventful. Under the protection of St. Joseph we arrived safe and sound all ready for the fray. Needless to say we were treated royally on board the steamer. The captain turned the entire ship over to us, and one would think that we were the royal family of King Edward, from the treatment and hospitality tendered us by this hale and hearty mariner. The boys made a tremendous hit with the passengers and carried themselves with all the dignity of true sons of Santa Clara."

The second letter spoke of the arrival at the Islands; the enthusiastic reception tendered the boys and their first game and victory.

"On our arrival in the harbor two launches, one with a reception committee, the other a quarantine launch, made their way toward us. After a hurried examination by the doctor we were introduced to the reception committee. The captain received orders that everything was in readiness for docking. There were 1500 people on that wharf wildly cheering, clapping, shouting, laughing, singing, crying, of all nationalities, including a few of the old sod. The students from the University of Keio with their caps and gowns, presented a unique appearance. This, the Japanese team greeted us with a college cheer which we returned cordially. We could not make our way with ease through that immense throng so with the assistance of the best band (25 pieces) I ever heard, we marched through them and were ushered parade like through to the hotel after being bedecked with flowers by the ladies. We were then made honorary members of the University Club, the Elks, the St. Louis Alumni Association, and the Hawaiian Boat Club with all their privileges. A Dr. McGettigan showed us a great time at his sugar plantation. Took us all through and explained everything in detail. Called on the Governor of the Island at his invitation. He greeted us cordially and told us to enjoy ourselves. You can see from the above that we are having a fine time.

We won the first game before a crowd of 3500 people with Friene in the box. The score was two to one. The boys have not displayed their true form at all; they are hitting very poorly. The hits were four and four. Reuter struck out 14 of us. Kennedy sprained his hand, Art Shafer taken out of the game with sprained ankle, and Friene knocked out by thrown ball which bruised his

ear. But don't worry we are all smiling and ready for the fray." The following is the account and tabulated score of the first game.

Santa Clara vs. Kams--First Game

"Santa Clara won the game through poor support for Reuter, beyond a doubt. For the feature of that game, as it was the feature of the day, was the work the big Kam pitcher did on the mound. He pitched the game of his life, and one of the prettiest and most consistent games ever pitched in this city. He had control of that famous underhand ball of his, which is wicked when he can use it, especially as he used it Saturday. Santa Clara fanned the air quite regularly.

SCORE ON FLUKE

"The first inning was marked by their coming in on a fluke. Lappin walked and Peters beat a bunt. Lappin died at second and Kennedy smashed the breezes, but Jones started the landslide by a wild throw to second, when Peters annexed the third sack, and came home as Reuter threw the ball through Bill Vannatta. It was a case of throwing away the game.

"Then Dick began to get in his execution. He struck out two men in the first inning, three in the second—the only ones up—and two in the third and fourth. As time went on and man after man struck out before the big fellow, the crowd began to catch some enthusiasm from this feature itself, and roars of encouragement for Dick went up to Heaven.

"He averaged about two men struck out to the inning.

BAD COACHING

"McKenzie was badly coached in the eighth and was nipped when it looked as if he must score. Friene hit out to Lota in this inning, and the

rightfielder made a bobble of it, getting the ball lost in the crowd, and allowing the collegian to trot around the bases for another tally. So the great game Reuter pitched was lost for him.

KAMS SCORED

"McKenzie nearly did things to Santa Clara in the ninth. By his fast running he annexed the third sack on what would probably been a two-bagger, and was brought home on a single by Tannatta. But this ended the scoring, and there was nothing more to it.

"Friene pitched a fine game, also. Though the locals found him quite a good deal, they could do little with his offerings, and he held them down to four hits.

"The team which played the best ball won. "The tale in figures:

Kamehamehas	AB	R	BH	PO	A	E
Miller, ss.....	4	0	0	1	0	0
Lemon, cf.....	4	0	0	0	0	0
McKenzie, lf.....	4	1	1	0	0	0
Vannatta, 2b.....	4	0	1	2	3	0
Hamauku, rb.....	4	0	1	5	0	0
Jones, c.....	4	0	0	14	2	2
Ross, 3b.....	3	0	0	0	0	0
Lota, rf.....	3	0	0	2	0	0
Reuter, p.....	3	0	1	0	2	1
Totals.....	33	1	4	24	7	3
Santa Claras	AB	R	BA	PO	A	E
Lappin, lf.....	2	0	1	1	0	0
Peters, 2b.....	3	1	1	0	0	0
Kennedy, cf.....	3	0	1	2	0	1
A. Shafer, ss.....	2	0	0	4	2	0
C. Byrnes, 3b.....	3	0	0	1	2	2
Friene, p.....	3	1	1	1	1	1
Broderick, lb.....	3	0	0	4	0	0
Salberg, rf.....	3	0	0	3	0	0
M. Shafer, c.....	3	0	0	11	1	0
Totals.....	25	2	4	27	6	4

RUNS AND HITS BY INNINGS

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Kamehamehas.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1
Hits.....	0	0	0	0	1	1	0	2	4
Santa Claras.....	1	0	0	0	0	1	0	1	2
Hits.....	1	0	1	0	1	0	1	0	1

SUMMARY

Three base hit—McKenzie. Home run—Friene. Bases on balls—Off Reuter 2. Sacrifice hit—Miller. Passed ball—M. Shafer. Struck out—By Reuter 14, by Friene 9. Umpire—Bower. Scorer—W. H. Babbitt.

The second game played by S. C. C. was lost to the Diamond Heads after a close and exciting finish. The heat was intense and handicapped the boys considerably. The story of how it was lost, and the tabulated score follows:

Santa Clara vs. Jewels-- Second Game

The second game embodied a larger element of luck than any game which has yet been played in this series, but was one of the most intensely interesting to the large crowd that had assembled.

Close baseball was played until the third inning, when the Diamond Heads started it with a batting rally.

Fernandez went out, third to first. Sing Chong beat a bunt and stole second. Olmos hit to leftfield and Sing went to third. E. Fernandez bunted.

Kilburn was slow in handling the ball, and Sing Chong sprinted across the plate. Louis immediately hit to centerfield, and both Olmos and Fernandez came in for a run on it, though Eddie had to go some in order to do it.

COLLEGIANS CROSS PAN

Santa Clara started out in this inning to even up things, as Kilburn fanned, and was hit in the back by Davis, trying to throw to first. He annexed the third sack on it, and came home on an error by Costello.

The Jewels were shut out in the next, and Santa Clara earned two runs. Freine and Byrnes hit, and both stole, coming home on a passed ball. This evened up the score.

JEWELS TAKE LEAD

In the seventh the Jewels got their winning run. Olmos grounded to A.

Shafer, and trotted to second on a low throw. E. Fernandez walked, and Louis grounded to second, who fumbled, allowing Olmos to score.

The game was hard fought to the bitter end, but stood at the same score in spite of a hard and game fight which the Santa Clara aggregation put up.

Diamond Heads	AB	R	BH	PO	A	E
Olmos, lf.....	4	2	1	1	0	0
E. Fernandez, lb.....	2	1	0	5	0	1
Louis, rf.....	4	0	1	2	0	0
Costello, 2b.....	4	0	0	1	0	1
Davis, c.....	3	0	0	14	2	1
Leslie, p.....	4	0	0	1	3	0
S. Chillingworth, 3b.....	4	0	1	1	0	0
J. Fernandez, cf.....	3	0	0	0	0	0
Sing Chong, ss.....	4	1	1	2	1	1
Totals.....	32	4	4	27	6	5

Santa Claras	AB	R	BH	PO	A	E
Lappin, lf.....	4	0	1	2	0	0
Peters, 2b.....	4	0	0	1	5	2
Kennedy, cf.....	4	0	0	1	0	0
Freine, ss and rf.....	3	1	1	3	1	0
Byrnes, 3b.....	3	1	1	1	2	0
Broderick, lb.....	3	0	0	10	0	0
A. Shafer, ss.....	3	0	0	0	0	1
Salberg, rf.....	1	0	1	0	0	0
M. Shafer, c.....	3	0	1	9	2	0
Kilburn, p.....	4	1	0	0	0	2
Totals.....	32	3	5	27	10	5

RUNS AND HITS BY INNINGS.

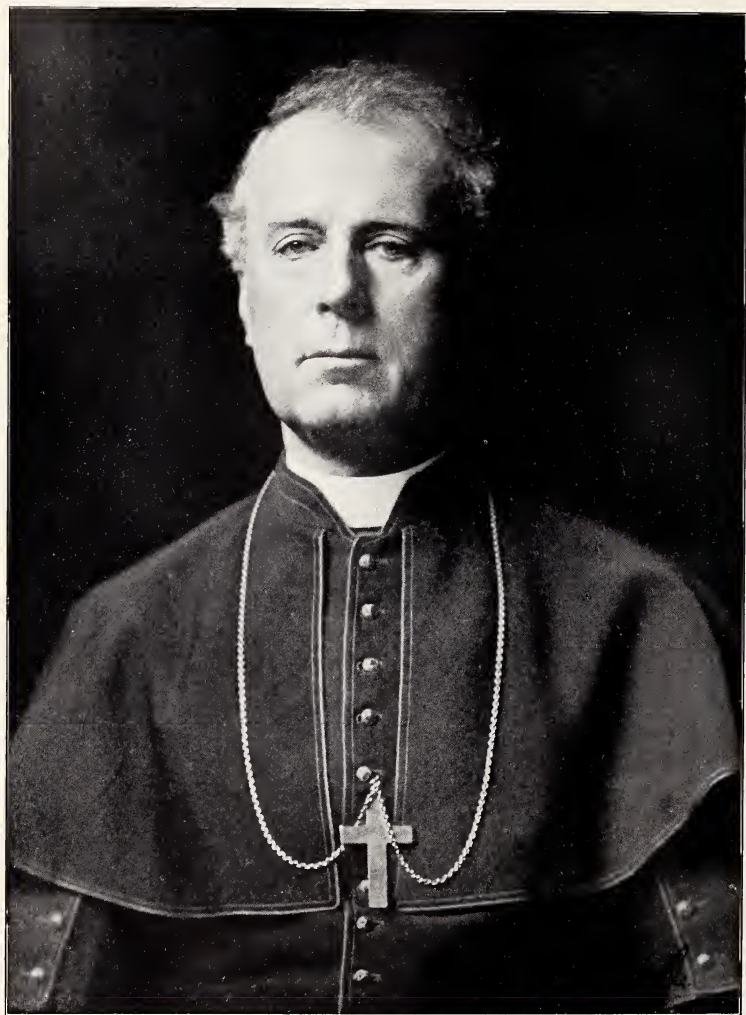
	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Diamond Heads.....	0	0	3	0	0	1	0	0	—4
Hits.....	0	1	3	0	0	0	0	0	—4
Santa Clara.....	0	0	1	2	0	0	0	0	—3
Hits.....	1	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	—4

SUMMARY.

Bases on balls—Off Leslie 3, off Kilburn 3. Passed balls—Davis 3. Struck out—By Leslie 15, by Kilburn 7. Double play—Leslie to Sing Chong to Fernandez. Umpire—Bower. Scorer—W. H. Babbitt.

Owing to lack of space we shall defer the further history of the team to the November issue.

J. MORRIN McDONNELL, '12.



HIS GRACE MOST REV. P. W. RIORDAN, ARCHBISHOP OF SAN FRANCISCO

The Redwood.

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No. 2

RAIN AT TWILIGHT

*The air is filled with a driving spray;
With a mantle of cloud the sky o'ercast;
And scarcely a hint of departing day
For the sun has sunk in a shroud of gray
And the night has settled fast.
The rain in the arms of the angry blast
Dashes in terror against the pane.
While ever away with my dreams I stray
And my thoughts are the sad sweet thoughts that sway
To the drip of the falling rain.*

Maurice T. Dooling, Jr., '09.

THE MOST REV. P. W. RIORDAN

On October 15 the people of San Francisco celebrated with appropriate splendor the Silver Jubilee of His Grace, the Most Reverend Patrick W. Riordan, Archbishop of San Francisco. On that occasion the magnificent oration of Right Reverend Bishop Conaty of Los Angeles rising equal to the greatest expectations of the day, did honor to the life and works of the great Prelate. The secular daily press and the Monitor of San Francisco have done their part in giving widest publicity to the nobility and zeal of this great man, easily the most interesting and most distinguished in California. It were superfluous then to contribute our mite of laudation, if we thought thereby merely to add honor to one so worthy of it. Such is not our purpose. We wish briefly to review the life of this eminent man, because by so doing we are paying in a slight degree a heavy debt of gratitude.

Born at Chatham, N. B., August 27, 1841, His Grace received his primary education in the city of Chicago. This completed, he matriculated at the venerable University of Notre Dame, Indiana, from which, after some years, he graduated with the highest honors. Succeeding years found the future Archbishop first at Rome, afterwards at Paris and finally at Louvain, ever gathering the wisdom and sacred knowledge that have rendered his later life so eminent and conspicuous. After six years

of brilliant study at the University of Louvain he was finally raised to the sacred dignity of the Priesthood June 10, 1865. Returning to Chicago he was placed in charge of the parish of St. James. Here such success attended his zeal and learning that in October 1883, he was chosen as coadjutor to the Archbishop of San Francisco with the right of succession.

Twenty-five years have elapsed since then and Californians have ever been proud of him who represents Catholicity in the West. His labors for charity, religion, and education have been continual, eminent and successful. No words can do them justice. He has built a home for abandoned children, a home for incurables; he has established the Little Sisters of the Poor; he has originated the home for the Deaf and Dumb, he has founded the Society of St. Vincent de Paul.

In regard to works more purely religious, St. Mary's Cathedral scarcely harmed by the temblor of 1906, is a lasting monument of his labor. In this magnificent edifice he has reared a fitting Cathedral Church for Catholicity in the Metropolis of the Pacific. But *the* great work of the past twenty-five years and the one dearest to the heart of the Archbishop is the Seminary at Menlo Park, a noble pile of buildings, wherein the best of the youth of the land under able professors may be edu-

cated for the sublime office of the priesthood.

His field of influence, however, is not restricted to things of a charitable or religious nature. When the exigencies of the day have called him forth to be the leader of a movement useful to his State he has responded with power and ability. Two instances at present suggest themselves to our mind. The people of California will not forget that it was owing chiefly to his eloquence before the House of Representatives at Sacramento that church property was exempted from taxation. His logic and eloquence not only gained a victory for religion but also removed the stigma from California of being the only State in the Union that taxed church property. He was moreover the first to submit to the peace tribunal at the Hague a question for arbitration, thus setting an example to the world. It was in the case of the Pious Fund, a matter well known to Californians, which resulted in a decision being handed down in favor of California.

But there is one point in particular in the life of the Archbishop that we must dwell upon. No sketch, however brief, can fail to mention it—it is that of education. That the West has made wonderful progress in educational lines no one will deny. Sixty years ago there was hardly a school of any kind in California. Today what a change! Under his patronage schools have been established in every parish. Many and competent teachers of the religious congregations have been attracted to the

West. Thousands and thousands of the citizens of San Francisco that have been educated in their younger days in these schools attest their efficiency.

The future unbiased historian of education in the West will point to His Grace as the one to whom more than to all others this is due. Education has been the master passion of his heart. To this have his great mind and fascinating eloquence been devoted. Himself a man of surpassing talent and thorough education he has understood what is meant by education. Not in the mere filling or half filling of the brain with knowledge more or less useful, but in the drawing out of the faculties of the mind, of the heart, of the imagination, with a view to forming good citizens for this world, but infinitely more with a view to forming good citizens for all eternity in the kingdom of God.

While on this topic, we cannot but mention Santa Clara. The Pioneer College of the West has many reasons to be thankful to the Archbishop. A member of the Alumni Association for the last twenty-three years, he has always manifested a special interest in the success of the Santa Clara boy both while at College and in his after career. A frequent guest during the last quarter of a century at the Commencement exercises of the College, the words of power and of fascination that have fallen from the lips of the Archbishop—for it is trite to mention that he is an orator of rare, very rare ability—have

thrilled both young and old to noble thinking and to noble doing.

Though this is a subject upon which one loves to delay, we must be brief. However, we wish to make a quotation or two from the writings of His Grace bearing on this point. During the first week of June 1901, Santa Clara celebrated its Golden Jubilee. Several distinguished orators spoke on that occasion, but none more eloquently than His Grace. The concluding words of his speech during that solemnity are to the point:

"Fifty years ago two members of the Society of Jesus opened this College in the little adobe building attached to the Mission of Santa Clara. They brought to the new foundation the educational system of their illustrious founder and spiritual father. They were men of liberal education, high mental culture and deeply versed in the science of the saints, and sought through their varied gifts of mind and heart to awaken in the minds of the young men who came to them a love of knowledge and a love of virtue so highly exemplified in their own lives. Theirs was the task under many difficulties and privations to build up the moral life of this community then just beginning, to lay side by side with the foundation of our State government the abiding foundations of the City of God. Under the blessings of Almighty God the work prospered. Santa Clara has been and is the "Alma Mater" of thousands of our best citizens who have adorned every walk of life with the treasures of well stored minds

and the luster of their virtues. Her sons are here today from all parts of the State to show their loyalty to their College home and rejoice with it in the keeping of this Jubilee. We who are not of her children join with them and are glad, and amid our congratulations we mingle our prayers of thanksgiving to God, that in his goodness He has deigned to bless in so signal a manner this home of virtue and learning, and express the earnest hope that it may continue its noble work for generations yet unborn."

And again, and with this we conclude, apropos of choosing a site for the new and greater Santa Clara, he writes to the Rev. Father Rector:

"For over fifty years Santa Clara College has been a fountain of religious and intellectual life to thousands of our young men who have gladdened the heart of their Mother by their high mental attainments and sterling character in every walk of life. We may indeed hail her as the "Matrem filiorum laetantem," I need not tell you, Very Rev. Father, the seed of our growth and prosperity must be planted in the school room. As children are trained in youth, so will they be men and women, and no training has ever been of any permanent value that is not based on sound religious principles. Hence the necessity of training the mind of young people religiously and intellectually at the same time. Santa Clara has stood for this twofold training and what it has accomplished in the past is an earnest of what may be ex-

pected of it in the future. I do not know any object that appeals more potently to our generosity than that which has for its aim the religious education of youth. All other objects will necessarily pass away. The hand of decay touches them in the first moment of their life, and in a few years nothing is left of the noblest material monuments but crumbling ruins. What is done for the mind puts on an immortal life for good or for evil. I wish it were in my power to build this college for

you. My veneration for the great Society under whose care it will be conducted, my deep friendship and affection for so many of its members in almost every part of the world, my sense of personal obligation for services and kindnesses rendered from the earliest days of my childhood and especially during the forty years of my priestly ministry, would find if not an adequate expression, at least one replete with satisfaction in such a work."

ROBT. J. FLOOD, '12.

THE GOLD OF SILVER YEARS

High Priest of our Faith, we hail thee !

The love from our hearts that flows,
Nor fond St. James hath greater,

Nor the Lady of the Snows;—

Our love for the Shepherd of Silver Years
And a life that golden glows.

Ye have bound with a chain of silver
The gift of deeds of gold.

Ye have laid the gift on the altar
In the gaze of the kneeling fold.

It is bright with the kiss of the Light that blessed
The Magi's gifts of old.

Ye have wrought with the Spirit's magic
On the wastes of human clay.

The soil that was parched ye have moistened
From the fount of Eternal Day,
Till the golden flowers of Virtue
Have smiled the desert away.

Ye have harvested golden fruitage
From the vines of the Lord's domain.
The years are vessels of silver,
Their stores bear never a stain,—
And the gold of your toiling love and faith
Shines bright on the mystic fane.

Gold beads on a thread of silver
Is the Rosary ye have told.
On the warp of the years of silver
Ye have woven a weft of gold,
And a priceless fabric of Grace Divine
Have the Jubilee Years unrolled.

O, Prince of the Faith, we hail thee:—
Our guide through tears and fears !
May ye guard the Faith like a tower
Till the aureate dawn appears
And floods with glory your life sublime
In a frame of Golden Years !

Charles D. South, A. M., '01.

CHAUCERIAN PAPERS

I

PROLOGUE

"Dan Chaucer, well of English undefyled,
On Fame's eternal beadroll worthie to be fyled."
(*Spencer*)

More than five centuries have passed since Chaucer lived and moved among men and wrote his tales of amorous love and passion, yet the star of his fame remains still undimmed, and his renown untarnished by the flight of ages. Though his body has long ago crumbled to dust and mingled with the earth of his resting place in the great Abbey—the last home of England's greatest and best; and though his spirit has long since passed away from this our earth to that undiscovered country, from whose bourne no traveler returns—so long that even the marble monument erected to his memory, a century and a half after his burial, is crumbling to decay and its inscription has become scarcely decipherable—yet the works of Geoffrey Chaucer, a veritable 'monumentum aere perennius' live after him. The course of 500 long years has not deprived them of their power of reflecting brightly, as a mirror, the lives and customs of the men and women of mediæval England. They tell of a time when London, at the close of Edward III's reign, was not much more than a big village of some thirty-five thousand people; when the whole population of

England numbered no more than five millions, reduced to one-half of that number by the end of Richard II's reign through the terrible ravages of the Black Death; when the gallant country herself was only just awakening to an important position among the powers of Europe.

Such were the times when Chaucer lived and wrote, and, after a busy lifetime of some sixty years, passed away. His fame lived on and the Elizabethan and early Scottish poets imbibed inspiration from his poems as from a perennial spring; but almost from their days down to the era of the Victorian poets, the works of that master-mind were suffered to lie long in the dark oblivion of obscurity, and were even referred to almost apologetically by poets, once fashionable, but now little read, as though they came from the pen of some rude rhymers. However, quite within living memory, thanks to the labours of men like Dr. Furnivall and those faithful and loving students of the poet who founded the Chaucer Society, Chaucer's works have been rescued from that obscurity, where many less worthy works in a more superficial age had overshadowed them. They have been thoroughly revised and re-edited and again placed before the public, so that "he

who runs may read." Yet even now, with all the facilities which we have at our command for buying the highest form of literature at a low price, it is a matter for regret that there are among the multitude of the English-speaking races thousands who know little of the greatest glories of our literature—the greatest literature that the world has known—yea, even some

"who have never heard
Sound of her loftiest names, or any word
Of all that hath in gold been said or sung,
Since him of April heart and morning tongue,
Her ageless singing bird"

lived and moved among men, carolling forth his lays with a spirit blithe as the lark's that hails the dawn.

No study of English literature can be complete without a fair acquaintance with the earliest of our great poets, whose works in the literature of mediæval England shine with a brilliance like that of the morning star, rising to herald the dawn of that Elizabethan morning when, with the brightness of the sun, the great Shakespeare arose among the poets to excel them all. Even now, viewed in the powerful light of to-day, strong as that light which beats about a throne, amid criticism and higher criticism, examination and research, Chaucer's poems cannot be displaced from the chief position in the literature of England in the middle ages; while we, who read them today, may see in the works of this our earliest master-poet, portrayed and reacted before our eyes, dramatic episodes from those early times

in the history of our literature, when life ran easily, troubles sat lightly, and the mad rush of present-day existence was unknown. Thanks to Chaucer's patient labours and unremitting toil there remains to us a noble gallery of portraits, true to life, of men and women of his day, a "galaxy of beauty" a "perpetual joy"—wherein is displayed all the ingenuity of the poet's mind, a mind exquisite in the neatness and clearness of its conception, exact in its delineation, unsurpassed only by Shakespeare's in its faithfulness to life and character.

Free as the song of the bird that hails the new-born day, comes across the centuries the note of this ancient singer of nature and of men, who with a merry heart bears us along with him as he carols in his aerial flight thro' the realms of fancy, fancy-free. Light and gay are the words, mingled with a gentle seriousness, which flow from his magic pen as from that 'of a ready writer.' With Chaucer as his companion, no man can be dull. As we read his 'magnum opus' the inimitable "Canterbury Tales" and travel with him past the rich fields, the pleasant orchards, flowering gardens and green lanes of sunny Kent, the 'garden of England', like the merry pilgrims wandering on to Becket's shrine, seeking fresh beauties of hill and dale on their winding road, we, as each page we turn, come upon newly-discovered beauties, poetic gems, set round with gold, and, all the while, seem to see before us, as our guide, the silent figure of the poet him-

self, beckoning us on. As Burns aptly says

"A merry heart goes all the day
Your sad tires in a mile-a!"—

and the secret of Chaucer's success lies here. In the freedom and freshness of these old, oft-told tales lies their charm. "His best tales," says James Russell Lowell in his excellent essay on Chaucer, "run on like some of our inland rivers, sometimes hastening a little and turning upon themselves in the eddies that dimple without retarding the current; sometimes loitering smoothly, while here and there a quiet thought, a tender feeling, a pleasant image, a golden-hearted verse, opens quietly as a water-lily, to float on the surface without breaking it into ripple." Let us therefore read them, and, reading, call to mind the generations of men they have edified and delighted—the inspiration, as we may readily trace, of many a later poet. An echo of their spirit of freedom comes from the far north, where, amid the troubles of his country, John Barbour, (1316-95), Archdeacon of Aberdeen, sang of the bright spirit of Liberty, with a love equal to that which has made men of our own age raise in her honour the largest statue in the world,

"Ah, Freedom is a noble thing!
Freedom makes men to have liking;

Freedom all solace to man gives;
He lives at ease that freely lives!"

—a sentiment that is truly Chaucer's. So these old tales, familiar, we may believe, to the men who fought in the Wars of the Roses, the objects of study of Spenser and his contemporaries may even have formed the reading of Puritan and Cavalier alike, at the time of the great Civil War, when England was rent between rival camps and the head of an English king for the first (and only) time fell upon a scaffold.

Restored now to their due place in the literature of our country, these Tales are, to those who bring to them an unbiased mind ready to appreciate their freedom from convention, a repertoire of stories new and old, dealing with joys and sorrows, good and evil, life and death. Should such be needed, no better invitation to the Reader can be given than that which Chaucer has himself written in imitation of Dante (*Inferno* I-83) and placed in letters of gold, over the park-gate, in his "Parlement of Foules:

"Thurgh me men goon on-to that blissful place
Of Hertes hele and dedly woundes cure;
Thurgh me men gon un-to the welle of Grace
Ther grene and lusty May shal ever endure;
This is the wey to al good aventure;
Be glad, thou reder and thy sorwe of-caste.
All open am I, pas in and sped the faste!"

PERCY PANKHURST, LITT. D. '08.

AT DAWN OF DAY

When the first faint streaks of dawn bedeck the hills
With the golden light of morning, one's heart thrills
 To be out among the trees,
 Where the heavy-scented breeze
Wafts gently as the Great Creator wills.

In fancy one can hear the purling brook
As it winds through every solitary nook
 Where the foot of man ne'er trod
 On the soft and mouldy sod
Where none save Nature's eye may ever look.

One could forever dream but ne'er portray
The beauties that within the forest lay;—
 Oh ! how can man not love
 The Omnipotent above
When he views fair Nature at the dawn of day !

A. C. Posey, Jr., '11.

A BREATH OF ROMANCE

*"Romance" they sneer, "romance is dead
And naught is left but lust of gain
And all the weary round of pain
That makes of life a thing to dread."*

*What fools are these ! Do they not know
That even from the vacant dust
The fertile seed, once planted, must
Grove into life—and bud—and grow ?*

Henry Jones, formerly a grocer's clerk in San Francisco, and now by the metamorphosis of Fate and genius the most trusted and most successful spy of the American army in the Philippines advanced carefully through the brush of the thick, matted *matorral*. It was high noon and the fierce rays of the pitiless tropical sun threw into vivid relief against a dark green background of rank tropical growth the whitewashed wall of a little native grass-thatched hut that lay in the slight clearing before him. The tall, lush grass had grown knee high even to its very door and about both hut and clearing there was an unmistakable air of abandonment and decay. Having glanced cautiously around for any sign of life or movement and finding neither the man emerged from the shelter of the *matorral* and quickly crossing the clearing entered the door of the lifeless hut. There he unbuckled his holster from his hip and removing the pistol threw the empty case upon the bare table which was the only furnishing of the

barer room. Then he sat down in the opposite corner facing the single door by which he had entered with the pistol cocked across his knees. Very plainly he was waiting for someone and quite as plainly his waiting boded that someone no good.

For several weeks before the officer in command of a certain expedition, known to the Americans in Luzon as the Fox-hunt, because it had for its object the capture and execution of a particularly troublesome and notoriously dangerous rebel leader called by the natives *El Raposo*, The Fox, had been greatly annoyed by a leak in his lines that enabled The Fox to know of all his plans and thus forestall his every movement before its execution.

The day before, however, a very white faced and trembling boy in the khaki uniform of a U. S. private had stood blindfolded before the leveled guns of half a dozen of his fellows and heard the sharp command, "Fire." Then he dropped in the dust vomiting blood, kicked once or twice convulsive-

ly and lay still. The leak was stopped.

The leak was stopped but that was not enough for Uncle Sam. Another tool might be found as weak and as easily swayed as the boy who had just met death. He must try to get to the other side and remove the cause of the leak. So Henry Jones, master spy, was called upon to take the place of the white faced boy and meet in the deserted hut—he knew not whom.

The slow minutes turned to slower hours, the trees threw long, cool shadows across the clearing, a breath of air began to stir through the trembling grasses and still the waiting man remained as fixed and inexorably calm as the death which he would bring.

Finally, towards evening, a light step sounded outside and the spy tightening his grip upon his weapon rose quietly to his feet and waited, expecting almost anything. And then appeared what he least expected—a woman. She stood for a moment framed in the doorway, a spot of almost dazzling white against a background of green, unable to pierce with her eyes the darkness of the room. She took a step forward and then she shrank back against the wall. Not until then had she seen the man who awaited her.

"Ah, *senorita espia*," he said, speaking in Spanish, "I came to take a man. I had not thought a woman would descend to this trade. But what matter? Come. The *jefe Americano* awaits you."

She crouched back against the wall of the hut, every muscle tense, like a

cat about to spring, as the American approached her, half reluctantly. Then she sprang forward, there was a flash as she lowered her quick raised hand, a short struggle, and a knife rattled to the floor. The American stepped back, changing his pistol to his left hand. An everwidening blotch of red showed on his right shoulder.

"No more tricks, *Senorita*," he said, "or I may anticipate the sentence of the court-martial by a few hours. Were you a man that move would have cost you your life."

"What difference?" she said. It was the first time that she had spoken and he noticed the rich, full quality of her voice with something like wonder. "They will shoot me anyway, those American *soldados*, will they not?"

"Yes," he said, with a note of pity in his voice, "yes, they will stand you up before a wall and shoot you even as they shot the poor boy who was to meet you here. Yes, *Señorita*, your life must pay for his."

"Oh," she said, with a little shudder, "and he is dead? Poor boy, poor, foolish boy! And they will take me, *Senor*, take me and shoot me like a dog before those scoffing men. It is too much, too hard. Spare me this disgrace, *Senor*, if you are a gentleman. If you are a gentleman shoot me here, shoot me now. Only shoot!"

She stepped toward him in the agony of her entreaty and for the first time he saw her face.

"*Señorita Ynez*," he gasped, "can it be? *Señorita Ynez*!"

It was his turn to show emotion. That glimpse of her face had carried him back three years to a time when he was a raw recruit in the islands. He heard in fancy the low plaintive notes of a Spanish waltz, floating through the open window to where he sat on the veranda with a girl. He remembered how suddenly, impulsively, he had turned to her. He felt again the warmth of her breath upon his face, the warmth of her lips coursed through his pulsing blood. Then the sting of a blow across his cheek and he saw in the half light her angry face upturned to his. And the face that he saw in memory was the face of the woman who stood before him here.

"Señorita Ynez," he said, "you have forgotten me long ago. But for the memory of a kiss which I stole one night in Manila I can never forget you. When honor goes a man must die, yet I would die willingly again to feel once

more the touch of your lips. Good-bye, Señorita. You are free."

There was a flash in the darkness of the hut and the man sprawled over on the floor with his pistol bullet in his breast.

"Ah, Señor Jones!" the woman cried and before he lost consciousness he felt the sting of her tears upon his cheek and the warmth of her lips to his.

* * * * *

If ever you should happen to be in Manila inquire of any of the natives whom you may meet for the Señor Don Enrico Jones and he will point out to you an old Spanish house surrounded by ample grounds in the western part of the city. "There" he will tell you with a smiling display of teeth, "lives the Señor Jones very quietly with his wife, the beautiful Doña Ynez."

MAURICE T. DOOLING, JR., '09.

THE SPECTRE SHIP

*Prim and propt
With sails all dropt
 Upon her maiden trip.—
But dirty the crew
As anyone knew
 That set her sails aflop.*

*And stern Medard
Was a Captain hard
 As hard as hard could be—
When naught delay'd
And all obey'd
 Then gay, oh gay, was he !*

*Afore and aft
Did the breezes waft
 About the Western sea.
From deep defiles
Of tropic isles
 Sweet 'fumes were borne afree.*

*The land athwart
She put to port
 Upon the Mexic shore ;
And there she lay
Full many a day
 While the sea in wrath did roar.*

*The storm it stopped,
The sails were dropped
 She started home again ;
And away she bore
The golden ore
 To the treasure-chests of Spain.*

*Merry the song
As she sped along
 Over the silent seas—
Medard was gay
For day by day
 Kept up the blowing breeze.*

*The motley crew
With little to do
 Thought o' the yellow gold,
And then at night
With ne'er a light
 Plotted a mutiny bold.*

*A storm came on
The galleon
 And all were ordered out—
"Starboard side !"
The Captain cried
 As churn'd the sea about.*

*"Perro ! dost hear?—
I'll make thee fear—
 To starboard side, I say"—
His knife did gleam
In the moon's dull beam
 As leapt the dashing spray.*

*From fore to aft
O' the sturdy craft
 They struggled long and hard,
But the mutinous crew
Knew what to do—
 So fell the angry Medard.*

*From top to hold
The mutineers bold
 In bloody riot riot ran,
And the faithful few
O' the motley crew
 Were killed to a single man.*

*The sou'west blew
And the galleon flew
 Until a calm came on.
Then off her course
With ne'er a force
 Did lay the galleon.*

*With sails hung high
In a burning sky
 She stood for many a day.
Nor any wind
Did stir behind
 To send her on her way.*

*But ne'er aback
But e'er aslack
 The listless canvas hung,
She laid about—
The food gave out—
 And many a hand was wrung.*

*Day after day
The sun's hot ray
Did bleach their whiten'd bones,
Nor any sound
Did stir around
Except the rigging's groans.*

*A tiny breeze
Bestirred the seas
And caught the waiting sail—
It grew and grew—
The good ship flew
Before a mighty gale.*

*And great the rock
With crushing shock
Did the vessel plunge upon—
With skeleton crew
And the treasure too
Did sink the galleon,—*

*There's a legend now
That from stern to bow
Their spirits dance by night ;
And count the gold,
Stored in the hold,
Won in the bloody fight.*

Eugene F. Morris, '10.

BLACK SHEEP

It is one of those beautiful evenings in October that Californians know and love so well. The moon shines through the elms on the college campus and brings full into view the Memorial Chapel nestling among the trees. As I sit alone on the bleachers and listen to the sweet soft strains of the *Tantum Ergo* floating through the stillness of the night, while from my pipe the vapor curls in great big rings, you will forgive me if I wander back into dreamland and mingle with the Black Sheep out in Australia, dear old friends of bygone days.

I close my eyes and I see the vision of the camp fire out in the wilds of the bushland, casting its shadows like phantoms among the trees. The weird screech of the curlew from a distant marsh and the thud of the kangaroos' tails hitting the hard parched ground sound ghost-like in the scene of desolation. Australia has been rightly named the land of monstrosities, when you think of its flowers without perfume, its birds without wings and its animals that have not yet learned to walk on all fours.

Out then in this land, around the camp fire I see my comrades lounging,—laughing and chatting, while at intervals they puff out great clouds of smoke from their ancient clays. Yes, that tune is familiar. Listen! a George is singing the *Miner's Dream of Home*:

"I saw the old homestead and faces I knew;
I saw England's valleys and dells.

And I listened with joy as I did when a boy
To the sound of the old Village bells."

The laughter ceases and the look on some of their faces tells plainer than words that their thoughts have wandered away from that desolate camp scene across the trackless sea to home sweet home. That home from which you were transported by your haughty parents who were fearful lest you might tarnish their proud name by some wild folly or youthful indiscretion. Hence your name, Black Sheep. Cast off from the flock, to wander in this distant land,—your only home—God's blue sky, your only friends—a faithful horse and a faithful dog. And oh! it is sad to think of it, this evening, what you might have done had you a mother's heart to lean upon or a father's arm to bear you up. Great Heavens! The talents you have and wasted, the speeches that I have heard you give, the beautiful poems I have heard you recite! Your thrilling stories of the wild adventurous life of the bush and your artistic sketches so true to life! And the pity of it is that they are heard and seen only around the camp fire.

But listen, the boys are calling for a speech and I see Bill Desmond as he steps into the glow of the firelight. His fine features are strong with determination and a world of sympathy is in his clear blue eyes.

Home Rule for Ireland is his theme!
He has caught the inspiration of his sur-

roundings and his clear sterling melodious voice rings out in denouncing tyranny and cries to Heaven for the God-given boon of liberty. The forms lying about the fire, the glow upon their faces, partially arise and listen with rapt attention. Many an example indeed of true oratory I have seen out in the plains of Australia that I think have hardly been equalled in the senate chambers of the world.

But the orator has finished, and as the applause dies away, the boys call for Patterson to give them one of his latest poems, written by the light of the camp fire or on his long lonely rides on the plains. The poem, he is telling them, is called "Lost". It is the story of how a young lad, the son of a widow, out on one of the cattle stations was thrown from his horse and killed in the lonely bush. His body was never recovered. His friends searched long and diligently for him, but in vain:

"The wattle blooms above him,
The blue bells blow close by.
The brown bees buzz the secret,
And the wild birds make reply."

But though all others after a time abandon the search there is one who can not and will not:

"But the mother cried and faded
And pined and took no rest
But rode each day to the ranges
On her hopeless, weary quest.

Seeking her loved one ever
She faded and pined away
But still with the strength of a great affection
She still sought every day."

And finally her love was rewarded:

" 'I know that sooner or later
I shall find my boy', she said,
But she came not home, one evening,
And they found her lying dead.

And stamped on the poor pale features
As the spirit homeward passed
Was an angel's smile of gladness—
She had found her boy at last."

The poet's verses touch their soul, for the sad, sad story is only too well known to them. They call now upon another poet. The reply is prompt. He takes for his theme his own and their own sad lot. What wonder if his muse be somewhat cynical! Listen, he has begun and in my memory cling these verses of his on

THE BLACK SHEEP

They shepherd their black sheep down to the
ships,
Society banned and cursed,
Some with a reckless smile on their lips,
Some with a prayer reversed.

Then it's goodbye, England, and goodbye, love
And maybe it's just as well
When a man falls short of his home above
That he drops to the uttermost hell.

The sails are set and the winds blow free
Now God to your help, Black Sheep!
The gay world laughs—ah! she will soon forget.
Buried in embers of old regret
The brand of the world bites deep.

They turn their Black Sheep over the tide
To land on a stranger's shore.
To drift with the city's human tide,
Wander away where the rovers ride,
And the flagless legions war.

And some have carried a parting gift—
May kiss it and fling it away,
Over the sands where dead hopes drift
The rest of our dead hopes may.

They bury their Black Sheep out in the bush
They bury them none too deep
On the cattle camps, or the last gold rush,
The grass grows over them green and lush,
And the bush winds sing them to sleep.

Then it's goodbye, struggle, and goodbye, strife,
And maybe it's just as well
When a man goes down in the battle of life
That it shortens his way to hell.

And now I recall a scene peaceful and full of hope. Though it be that of a deathbed, many a more favored being as the world considers it, has not such a blessed end. A little distance from the camp fire, forgotten for the moment, but only for the moment, lies Tommy Miller, suffering in silence, awaiting the Angel of Death.

He has been thrown from his horse and fatally injured. Never again is the poor fellow to rise from his hard couch upon the ground. I happened to look in his direction for a moment and he caught my eye, and beckoned me to come over.

"Say, young un," he said "I was roaming around the other night before turning in when I saw you kneeling down. A flood of moonlight was shining through the trees right on your face and I could see by your expression that you were praying. I crept up to you keeping in the shadows and I was just in time to catch these words:

"'Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners'—when your head fell on your saddle and you went fast asleep. Say mate, I fear I am going to cross the border-line to-night and I would like to hear that prayer once more before I go

to the Never-Never land to join the boys who have gone before."

I repeated the Hail Mary for him and when I had finished, he said:

"Now and at the hour of our death. This is my hour, old man, and if I asked Her do you think she would pray for a fellow like me?"

"Sure she would, Tommy," I said from my heart. "She would pray her best for you."

He repeated the prayer after me; then he said:

"Thanks, young un, I feel a little easier now. Call the boys over and I'll say goodbye."

They gathered round the dying man and gave his hand a silent farewell grip. As the last man, Jack Wilson, took his hand, he said:

"You can have the old horse, mate; he has been a faithful old friend to me, and I want you to treat him well, Jack, just for old times sake."

He fell back on his pillow, gave me a grateful look, tried hard to speak, grasped my hand and passed on to the Great Beyond.

So you die, Black Sheep, as you lived and we bury you in a nameless grave beneath the shade of an old gum tree!

It seems a pity that men such as you, bright, intelligent, with college and university educations, should through one false step have to bury yourselves in *No Man's Land* and there drown your sorrows in drink, sin and degradation. And yet with all your faults, you have something that covers a multitude of sins and that is a great kind heart.

And when like the prodigal son you
return home to your Heavenly Father,
unlike your earthly father, he will re-
ceive you with open arms. The Black
Sheep will be made white, and there
will be great rejoicing in a far, far, better
world than this.

* * * * *

My dream is fading fast away, Black
Sheep, but you will never be forgotten
in my prayers, and sometimes, as I have
done to-night, I will go out to the wilds
of Australia in spirit and join you around
the camp fire. Good-night and goodbye.

DESMOND GALLAGHER, '12.

AVE ATQUE VALE

Farewell, dear friend, farewell,

From this world of sin and toil !

In Heaven thou dost dwell

On a blest and saintly soil.

'Tis but a silken thread,

That is hung 'twixt you and me;

And when my days are sped,

We shall meet eternally.

William O. Talbot, '12.

TO A SEA-BIRD

Sea bird, cradled on the ocean,
Lover of the storm-kissed sea;
Do the roaring wind-rocked billows
Ever hurt or frighten thee?

When the wild waves wailing madly,
Rend their fury on the shore,
Howling, seething, fraught with passion,
Dost thou ever landward soar?

Dost thou hide thy head in terror
Or nestle snugly down in sleep,
When the lightning's lurid flashes
Smite the sullen brooding deep?

Sea bird cradled on the ocean,
Lover of the storm-kissed sea;
Do the roaring wind rocked billows
Ever hurt or frighten thee?

W. I. O'Shaughnessy, '11.

AN EVENING AT THE PESCADERO LAGOON

Nightfall at the mouth of the Pescadero is an impressive scene, especially, as in my case, when one is alone. The sun was fast dropping towards the horizon, when pulling in our lines I rowed my companion ashore to go back to camp to prepare the evening meal,—an odious task which we had decided by lot, but as I had placed the white pebble under the hat band and left my partner to take his choice from among the five remaining dark ones he very naturally got the small end of the bargain.

With a final warning to be in camp on time or he'd come after me with the shot gun he turned and walked wearily across the broad sand beach and up over the high dunes in the direction of our camp which lay in a little wind-sheltered extension of the broad sedge-covered flat that separates the sand dunes from the neighboring hills. This flat bordered with huge gnarled lupine bushes is in winter a sheet of water and in summer a sun-baked plain. I watched him till he disappeared behind the crest, then I shoved off, regained my former position, slipped the anchor and resumed fishing.

On the southern side of the lagoon rugged cliffs of red sandstone with here and there a narrow strip of rocky beach at their base rise abruptly from the water. Eastward between me and the lavender tinged mountains the lazily drifting dust-cloud betrayed the location

of a thrashing machine, while now and then its shrill whistling floated down upon the breeze. These with distant scattered farmhouses and the little curls of bluish smoke that rose from the camp were, the only signs of man I heard or saw.

Outside, the giant breakers of the waning tide, pink-crested from the sunset seethed among the rocks, pounded on the beach and wrestled with the current in the narrow outlet, fighting stubbornly for every inch they gave.

Gradually, silently, but nevertheless surely the filmy ever-thickening veil of night dimmed the hills. A little later the wind dropped suddenly, leaving the water a placid sheet of dull grayish glass. The cliffs grew cavernous and the sand hills loomed indistinctly. Stars studded the darkening depths of the sky, while midway to the zenith in the East the harvest moon began to make her presence known.

Snipping off my leader and arranging my tackle, I arose, pulled up the anchor and sculled ashore. The bow grated noisily on the beach and the ever-spreading ripples swished along the sand. To work the heavy water-logged boat up to the high-water mark was a task, but at last it was accomplished. At the harsh metallic rattle of the chain as I threw out the anchor for security, a great crane swinging by on noiseless wings uttered a terrified squawk and melted into the shadow of the cliff.

At the top of the dunes I paused to admire the scenery and listen to the apparently unlimited supply of uncomplimentary remarks concerning myself that my partner was hurling with profane eloquence at the stubborn fire.

In the center of the lagoon the moonlight glittered in a narrow path, in miniature of its broad, silvery belt across the heaving waste outside. Pale running streaks of fire marked the advancing combers while here and there dying and suddenly reviving, patches of light flickered round the rocks. The still night air trembled with the thunder of the surf, while at intervals above the ceaseless din, the faint far off yelping of a coyote floated down from among the stars.

Turning I slipped down the hollow and up the last sandy ascent between me and the camp. As I crested the ridge, the camp flashed before my eyes. In the little, steep, sand-sided, grass-and-brush covered hollow the tent with

its gaping front faced the fire before which my companion was seated. Opposite, the wagon presented a confusing tangle of shadows to the eye, while from behind the huge lupine bush to which he was tied, our horse snorted out a warning of my approach. My friend arose with the remark that it was about time I showed up, removed the coffee pot and the odorous frying pan, replenished the fire, stepped back, rubbed his eyes and cursed audibly,—a thing that I regarded as merely a matter of course, for camping is not what it is represented in books. There one reads about and longs for the flickering ruddy glow of the camp fire and what an easy trick it is to cook over it. But when you come down to the smoky spark shooting original with that nasty trick it has of setting fire to the grease in the pan, you think and say many things not included in books.

NORMAN BUCK, '12.

WHEN SWEET MEMORIES LIVE

Autumn! Thou dullest season of the year
Why is't, thy days are void of mirth and cheer?
Why not as gay as some two moons before
When summer vale and shady by-paths bore
The tread of feet so light and gay; and brook
With banks of mossy green tumbled and shook
The overhanging fern? Ah, then did seem
As Life were but an idle, happy dream!
But now gray sombre Fall, that thou art here
Is there no time that thou dost give us cheer?
Methinks there's one I know,—at eventide,
When dusk has thickened into night, beside
The fireplace snug, when the chill November breeze
Whistles mournfully by and spectre trees
Sigh for the leaves that strew the lonely ways.
Then let us smoke beside the hearth and gaze
On faces wrought by the smoke's fantastic flight,
And with the mind's eye animated, bright,
O let us drink one stein and sing one song
To those we love with love that's true and long;
For when the year is dying it is then
That all sweet memories crowd and live again.

Geo. S. de Lorimier, '11.

AUNT MARTHA

Aunt Martha—everyone in Hacienda called her aunt—was one of those sympathetic old maids whom we seldom find anywhere except in story books. Every one in trouble came to her, to pour out his woes, confident of finding an attentive listener.

One afternoon I walked up to Aunt Martha's humble little vine-clad cottage and knocked upon the door. I received no reply and thinking that the old lady was in the other part of the house, I entered, and as I paused upon the threshold of the neat little sitting room, saw her within. However when I noticed the expression upon her countenance I did not seek to disturb her.

She was resting in a large armchair near the window. In her thin white hands she held a picture upon which she gazed intently. Great, sparkling tears filled her clear blue eyes and rolled unheeded down her pallid cheeks. But, for all that, her features expressed a placid and almost ethereal happiness. A stray sunbeam stole in through the window and shone upon her silvery grey hair, the reflected light giving the appearance of a halo. Her clear, white features shone with a celestial brightness. She remained in this attitude for some time, then turning towards the window, gazed out upon the bright green meadows.

I shuffled my feet nervously and she turned,—a blush, I am quite sure it was a blush, overspreading her countenance.

She hastily wiped away her tears with a clean, white kerchief and smiling a welcome bade me be seated.

I drew my chair up beside hers and said, "Come, aunt, what makes you so serious today? Whose picture is that?"

"It is my picture," she answered evasively.

A little surprised at hearing this remark from the sedate old lady, I replied, "I naturally suppose that the picture belongs to you, aunt, but whom does it represent?"

"That is a secret, my boy. It is my secret which I have cherished for the past forty years and I don't know but if I——"

Here she broke off as though she wanted to say something but found it difficult to start.

We sat in silence for some time the only sound being the tick of the large antique clock upon the wall. I looked questioningly at her and she began:

"Probably it would be better if I shared my mind with someone. My mingled joy and sorrow is so strange. Sometimes I am filled with happiness, a deep, tender, touching, unemotional happiness, but there is always that mystifying heartache as though something which is necessary to make my happiness complete is lacking and can never be supplied. These two feelings seem to be inseparably linked."

She seemed to be lost in the recollection

for a moment. Then she passed the portrait to me and said, "Look at that. Is that not a handsome young man? I was engaged to marry him before the war broke out. I loved him. I loved him. Oh, how I loved him! But I did not realize the extent of my passion until after he was gone,—gone forever." Here her voice broke into a sob.

"We were both young and proud then. Soon after our engagement I heard a false rumor. I did not know it was untrue until too late. I sent my engagement ring back to him scorning him for his fickleness.

He called at my house many times but he was never admitted. He wrote letters to me but I returned them unopened.

Then came Lincoln's call to the Nation and it penetrated even to the Pacific. One morning I saw him march away with hundreds of others. His eyes dimmed with tears as they searched the assembled crowd. How I wished that the stories were false. I did not fully believe them anyway. I wanted to go to him and bid him adieu, but I couldn't. Now he was marching past me. Our eyes met. As I looked into his, my heart melted. I kissed my finger tips and waved to him. He took this picture from his pocket, pressed it to his lips and tossed it to me. The next moment

he was gone marching away to face death."

She took the picture in her hand again and gazed longingly and lovingly at the handsome face. Again the tears coursed unheeded down her pallid cheeks. She lapsed once more into a long silence. Feeling that she wished to be alone, I withdrew noiselessly from the room leaving her to her sweet dreams of the past.

Outside, the little birds sang joyfully as they flew about upon the budding trees reveling in the bright sunshine. The distant mountains seemed to lose their severe aspect. The bright green grass carpeted the ground beneath my feet. All nature seemed trying to help Aunt Martha forget her sorrows and remember only her joys.

As for myself I felt a deep reverence for the kind and tender hearted old lady who had suffered such a great sorrow herself and yet who was so considerate and obliging to others in trouble. I could not help but feel that her great faith and patience would be rewarded by meeting her lover, at least in the joyous world above where all sorrows are forgotten, all unkindnesses forgiven, where every tear is wiped away from the eye and every broken heart is healed.

JOHN E. SPELLMAN, '12.

The Redwood.

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The object of the Redwood is to record our College Doings, to give proof of College Industry and to knit closer together the hearts of the Boys of the Present and of the Past.

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EDITORIAL COMMENT

The dreamer, the student and the athlete met by chance upon the bleachers.

"A beautiful day," remarked the dreamer, "just feel how nice and cool this breeze is upon your cheek, and look at that thin haze of cloud over there along the mountain tops, just fringing with a frame of fleecy white

the deep blue of the sky. Look at those red and yellow autumn leaves just rustling in a breath of air and see how lazily these smoke clouds drift upward from my cigarette. Heavenly, by George! A perfect day!"

"Keen for a football game," said the athlete. "A man could play his best today."

"What can you fellows tell me about the differential of a power?" broke in the student.

The athlete shrugged his shoulders.

"Rotten dope. They're blamed likely to flunk me," he remarked.

"Ditto," said the dreamer, "I've already gotten two calls from my old Prof. and he is not a man to waste his words. I don't know what I'm going to do about it."

"Why don't you try studying?" the student suggested.

The athlete turned to him with an indulgent smile.

"Too much practice. The coach is crabbing now because we've lost two games. He gave us a long talk last night about loyalty to Alma Mater. Says we're a bunch of loafers and might as well quit if we lose another game."

"Not at all," said the dreamer, between puffs on his cigarette. "Too much of this spirit of win at any cost in modern athletics real benefit comes from exercise true college spirit backs team, win or lose we want to win but it must be fairly Shouldn't let athletics interfere with studies and all that rot you know."

"Shouldn't let studies interfere with athletics, you should say," laughed the man of brawn.

"Our real purpose in attending college is to study," the student began, didactically. "Any man is failing of his purpose who does not get——"

"Both wrong," interrupted the dreamer, "exercise or study in moderation never hurt any man. What we need is a judicious admixture of the two. A little more attention to his classes would do our muscular friend

here a world of good, and you, you old brain fag, would do well to trot around in a football suit or track togs a little while each evening. What we want is not more studies or less athletics but a certain amount of devotion to each on the part of every undergraduate."

"That may be all very true but what are we to say of the third class, college men like you, who pay no attention to either?" responded the student, mischievously. "Wouldn't a judicious admixture of study and sport work out for you, too?"

The dreamer assumed his most quizzical smile. "It takes all kinds of men to make a world, likewise a college," he remarked enigmatically, which being interpreted, means almost whatever you like.

It is amusing to read the glowing telegraphic accounts of the enthusiastic reception of our fleet by the Japanese in those same journals which a few months ago could not find ink enough to describe our danger or to warn us of the horrors of an attack by the Island Kingdom. In these accounts we read the passing of a dreadful bugaboo. We need no longer peruse with horror the perverid and appalling imaginings of some over-worked reporter's brain. With our peaceful invasion of Japan the last haunting fears of a Japanese invasion of America should vanish like a breath of air. No people on the point of hostilities could feign such unbounded and generous enthusiasm. It is up to the yellow journals to shoulder their dripping pens, right about face, and lead a glorious attack upon woman's suffrage or the alarming price of coal.

MAURICE T. DOOLING, JR., '09.



REDWOOD STAFF

Photo by Bushnell

1. EUGENE F. MORRIS, In the Library
4. MAURICE T. DOOLING, JR., Editor
7. ALEXANDER T. LEONARD, Alumni

2. ROBERT E. MCCABE, College Notes
5. C. F. DEENEY, S. J., Director
8. SETH T. HENEY, Assistant Mgr

3. J. MORRIN McDONNELL, Athletics
6. JOHN W. MALTMAN, Business Mgr.
9. WM. I. O'SHAUGHNESSY, Exchanges



Somehow or other we did not experience the same pleasure as heretofore in the perusal of this month's exchanges. They do not seem as yet to have struck their pace, as we say. Very likely it is because the lethargy of summer has not been totally shaken off, or that the artists of the pen have not exerted themselves up to the normal. However, there are certainly some good things in this month's collection that pleased us.

The first of our old friends to greet us was *The University of Virginia Magazine*. We always feel a slight partiality

The University of Virginia for this book, and watch for its arrival with a certain eagerness for the very just reason that it scarcely ever disappoints us. This issue has some well-written stories, "The Severed Fingers," the best piece of fiction is the tale of the magic of an old Hindu priest. Teague, a Scotchman, who is constructing a bridge in India becomes intimate with Dunga Kah. One evening during the course of a conversation he complains bitterly to his friend of an

old enemy who has incited his friends against him. Old Dunga Kah promises that he will punish him. A few nights later as Teague is sitting on the veranda gazing into the evening, a freshly severed bleeding finger coming apparently from nowhere falls on the ground. This proves to be the finger of his enemy. Though we have to stretch our imagination to its limit to picture these scenes yet there is pleasure in the stretching. The idea is a novel one, and we enjoyed it. Though "The Daughter of Lazarus" is by no means a new theme, yet so well is it written that our interest is held till the end. "Mater ex Machina", a one-act play is clever. "Mammy Lonesome," a poem in negro dialect and "Emptiness" are entertaining.

We thought we were about to welcome some new exchange when the *Mills College Magazine* came to our desk. But to our surprise, and we might say, sadness, for there always is a certain amount

The
Mill's College
Magazine

of sadness in the passing of an old associate we found that it was the *White and Gold* under a different name and a different cover.

The verse of this October number is very good. "Before Daybreak," to use an old saying, is a clever word painting. "Growing Up" is also good. Of the fiction, "His Chance" deserves praise.

What interested us most in the October number of *The Haverfordian* was the article on Haverford College in its infancy. Written by an alumnus of its early days, the sketch has a greater attraction and interest. In it we go back in fancy with the author to bygone days and learn the customs and manners then in vogue. Of the rest of the prose "An Oval Incident," is the best.

"To You" and a translation of Milton's "Ad Leonoram Canentem," both pieces of verse are gracefully and artistically handled.

The following from the *Xavier* is one

of the prettiest pieces of verse, we have thus far seen this month.

"WIND O' THE MEADOW"

Out of the west with a laugh and a shout,
Pursuing the vagabond leaves in a rout,
Sprinkling the dew in ambrosial showers
And stirring a riot of blossoms and flowers,
Wind o' the meadow is blowing.

Filled with the music of quivering brakes,
The harpischord song that the tall grass makes,
Flooded with voices of birds in the bush,
The robin's soft treble, the note of thrush
Wind o' the meadow is blowing.

Stealing from beds where the wild flower blows,
The myrrh of the lilac, the soul of the rose,
Sweet with the sweetness of bourgeoning fields,
And rich with the richness that clover bloom
yields,
Wind o' the meadow is blowing.

Fainter and fainter the aftermath dies,
The shadows are waning, the vapors arise
Will o' the wisp winds his faltering flight.
And wonders and mystery people the night.
Wind o' the meadow is blowing.

W. F. McCORMACK in the *Xavier*.

W. I. O'SHAUGHNESSY, '11.



We take great pleasure in announcing in these columns that the staff has dedicated the seventh volume of the REDWOOD to that venerable western writer, Charles Warren Stoddard, Ph. D. '01, in grateful appreciation of his work for the literature of California.

Old boys will be interested to know that in the Catholic Encyclopedia, the life of Father Joseph Bayma, S. J., who for over a quarter of a century was a Professor at Santa Clara College, occupies a prominent position. Father Bayma has truly been styled "One of the greatest thinkers of Catholic California."

We lately heard from one of Santa Clara's early Professors, Mr. A. Goulder, of Boise City, Idaho. Mr. Goulder, though over ninety years old, is still hale and hearty; we hope to be able shortly to publish an article by him.

Rev. Fr. Gleeson sometime ago received a letter from Dr. Walter S. Thorne '60 of San Francisco, an old student of Santa Clara College. He

says in part: "Within the precincts of peaceful and classic Santa Clara College, I am transported backward to scenes, events and persons of blessed memory, that I shall fondly cherish so long as I live. Blessed indeed are the days of our youth if in contemplation of them we can feel that we have derived inspiration and profit from the pious and learned men, who guided our thoughtless and inexperienced footsteps—a satisfaction that fills me with gratitude and pleasure as I recall the happy and profitable days I spent with the pious fathers at Santa Clara."

Rev. Charles Lighthouse, O. S. B., who has lately been raised to the dignity of the Priesthood is a Santa Clara boy. Father Lighthouse celebrated his first Holy Mass in his native city, Rochester, N. Y. Ad multos annos.

While visiting Stanford recently we had the pleasure of meeting a number of old Santa Clara boys, among them George Fisher, A. B. '07, James Brazell and Sennet Gilfillan, '09, Robert Fitz-

gerald, A. B. '06 and Mortimer Gragg, '08 all of whom are at present pursuing courses at that university.

Lack of space prevented us from mentioning last month that several of last year's College men have entered the Jesuit Novitiate at Los Gatos. They are Ernest Watson, our sporting editor of last semester and crack second baseman on our champion team, and also winner of the Nobili Medál. Bernard Hubbard, also a member of the REDWOOD staff, Thomas Lannon, Edw. Shipsey, Martin Leahy, Joseph Leahy and Gabriel Menager. The best wishes of the REDWOOD followed them in their holy vocation.

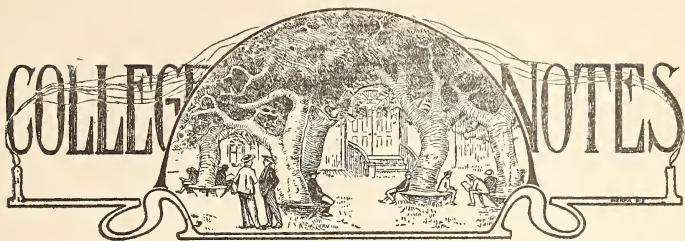
We were recently the recipient of a letter from an old boy of '68, now a well-known author of New York, Mr.

J. Perkins Tracy. He writes '68 very interestingly: "I am an extremely busy man with my literary work, being now engaged on my one hundred and fifty-eighth story of the 'Fame and Fortune' novelettes for boys. That represents three years steady work, a new story every week. In addition I have written eighteen

longer serials for a boys weekly paper. I always have about two month's work laid out ahead, titles, illustrations, etc."

Cupid and the "Good old summer time" have had a fatal effect on several old Santa Clara boys. The first to succumb, Guy Conner, A. B., '00, claimed a June bride in our Wedding Bells chapel, surrounded by the pleasant scenes and memories of the days once spent within these walls. Father Gleeson assisted by Mr. Paul Galtez, S. J., a former classmate of the groom, officiated while the College choir lent vocal sweetness to the scene. Wm. J. McKagney of Passion Play fame was the next to feel the effects and on July 3, was married to Miss Louise Kerwin of San Francisco. The ceremony was performed at St. Patrick's Church by Father Mallon, Father Gleeson assisting. The last to succumb was J. Pauldings Edwards, who celebrated Admission day by claiming the hand of Miss Dolly Bainbridge at the sumptuously decorated Fairmont Hotel of San Francisco.

ALEX. T. LEONARD, '10.



THE LITERARY CON- GRESS

The Senate

At the first regular meeting of the Senate, the higher body of the Literary Congress, the following officers were elected: Corresponding Secretary, Senator M. T. Dooling, Jr. of Hollister; Recording Secretary, Senator Mervyn M. Shafer of San Mateo; Treasurer, Senator John W. Maltman of Los Angeles; Librarian, Senator Patrick A. McHenry of San Luis Obispo; Sergeant-at-arms, Senator Charles W. Dooling of Hollister; Reporter to REDWOOD, Senator Robert E. McCabe of San Jose.

The ranks of the Senators had been greatly reduced owing to the large number that graduated last year. This necessitated a replenishment on a somewhat large scale. The following were chosen from among the members of the House of Philhistorians: Senators Mc-

Henry, C. Dooling, Archbold, Daly, Lyng, Ferreira, Hirst and McCabe.

On Wednesday evening October 14, the first debate of the year was held. The question debated was, Resolved, That a Debating Society is of Greater Educational Importance than a College Journal. The debate was a very spirited affair and spoke well for the contestants, in this their initial struggle. Senators Shafer, McHenry, and Hirst, triumphantly upheld the affirmative side while Senators Maltman, M. Dooling and Daly tried in vain to convince their opponents that a College Journal and not a Debating Society was a greater educational factor. While all the contestants did good work, the debating of Senators McHenry and Dooling were worthy of special note.

The feeling between the House and Senate is now of the best, but a keen rivalry naturally is manifest, for both organizations have an abundance of excellent material, and even at this early stage the promise of a hard fight at the end of the year in the annual Ryland Debate, is already much in evidence.

The House

At the first regular meeting of the House of Philhistorians on October 3, the election of officers took place with the following results: Representative Seth T. Heney of Cupertino was unanimously elected Clerk. The delicate job of Corresponding Secretary fell into the rather delicate hands of Griff Kennedy. Representative Daniel J. Tadish of San Francisco was chosen to preside over the treasury of the House, and entice stray quarters from the pocket-book of the victimized members. From far off Honolulu, Representative James K. Jarrett comes to fill the office of Sergeant-at-arms. If manly build and brawny arm count for anything, the Representatives who elected the gentleman from Honolulu may rest assured that their trust is not misplaced. Representative Paul E. Meyer of Suisun was elected Librarian.

The House this year is under the direction of Rev. Joseph Stack, S. J. The new members that the House has already honored by election into its midst are: Representatives Ford, O'Shaughnessy, McInnis, Boone, Goetter, L. Taylor, D. Gallagher, G. de Lorimier, C. Degnan, McDonnell, Howard, Hebring, Condon, Sheehy, and Ganahl.

Junior Dramatic Society

The opening meeting of the Junior Dramatic Society was held on September 16, 1908. Fourteen of last year's

members were present at the roll call. Our new President, Mr. C. Deeney, S. J., was chairman of the evening.

As our forces were somewhat depleted by the non-return of old members to college we chose the following candidates as members—Messrs. R. E. Jeffress, C. Ernst, W. Talbot and C. R. Stewart.

Mr. Lewis Ford, our last year's Vice-President, was unanimously re-elected to the same office. The result of the other elections was Mr. W. O'Shaughnessy, Secretary; Mr. R. Flood, Sergeant-at-Arms; Mr. Edw. McCarthy, Treasurer and Mr. J. Feehan, Librarian. The services of our new Vice-President and Secretary were very short, however, as they were called to the higher body, the House of Philhistorians. The two vacancies thus created were filled at the next meeting by the election of Mr. Robert J. Flood, Vice President; Mr. Walterstein, Secretary; Mr. R. McGovern was chosen to be Sergeant-at-Arms.

Our first debate of the season was hotly contested and Messrs. W. Barry and F. Walterstein had a hard time in convincing Mr. Hoedt and O'Shaughnessy "that Bryan would make a better President than Taft."

The second debate read, "Resolved, that Theaters have an Influence for Good." Messrs. McCarthy and Warren upheld the affirmative against the arguments of Messrs. Feehan and Stewart. The laurels of victory, however, fell to the negative.

Our third debate was still a greater success. Mr. McGowan and Mr. Fisher for the negative were successful in

showing "That Fraternities are a Hindrance to Youth." The debate was very close and the chair left the decision to the house. On this occasion each member present was called upon to give his ideas on the question discussed, and not a little interest and amusement were afforded by the quick repartee and timely flash of wit that the members showed they were capable of.

The Sanctuary

At the first regular meeting of the Sanctuary Society, under the direction of Mr. William I. Lonergan, S. J., the following officers were elected: Prefect, James R. Daly; Secretary, Mervyn M. Shafer; Treasurer, Reginald L. Archbold, Censors, Robert H. Browne and Edwin T. McCarthy; Vestry Prefect, William H. Barry; Sacristans, Robert J. Flood, Walter I. Sweeny.

The reorganization of the Sanctuary was very fitly celebrated by a picnic at the site of the new Santa Clara College. The day was spent in a most enjoyable manner and the outing was appreciated by all.

College Band and Orchestra

The officers elected for the Band are: Michael F. Brown, President; Manuel Ferreira, Secretary; Frank Warren, Treasurer. For the Orchestra: J. McCarthy, President; Fred Hoedt, Secretary; F. Warren, Treasurer.

Father Savage is to be highly con-

gratulated on the excellent orchestra he has developed especially as most of his material was exceedingly raw at the beginning of the year. Their first appearance before the Faculty and Student Body was at the regular first Wednesday exhibition of last month. On that occasion they received an abundance of well merited applause as well as many sincere compliments from the President, Rev. Father Gleeson, who, like the rest of us, was greatly surprised at the excellence of the College Orchestra.

Sodality of the Holy Angels

Everything bids fair for a most flourishing year in the Sodality of the Junior Division. The object of this organization is to foster piety in its members and especially a deep and solid devotion to the Blessed Mother of God. Following is the list of new officers: Prefect, Fred O. Hoedt; First Assistant, Edward McCarthy; Second Assistant, Robt. J. Flood; Secretary and Treasurer, John A. Feehan; Censor, Harry W. McGowan; Master of Candidates, Nicholas R. Cosgrave; Vestry-prefects, Wm. T. Shipsey, Wm. O. Talbot.

Consultors: Francis D. Warren, F. Russell York, Norman G. Buck, Edward R. Boland, Edward McDonnell.

The Football Rally

Sunday evening, October 18, saw us out on the Campus fully enjoying the

first band concert and bonfire of the season.

The object of the rally was principally to awaken that enthusiasm which is ever present in the heart of the Santa Clara boy, but which until the evening of the rally, for some reason alien to us, had been more conspicuous by its absence than otherwise.

The music for the occasion was furnished by an impromptu band, and considering that it was its first appearance the various selections rendered were very good.

We listened attentively to eloquent speeches made by Rugby manager, Patrick A. McHenry, Captain Griffith J. Kennedy, Rev. Father Gleeson, S. J., and Rev. Father McNally of Oakland. Captain Kennedy representing the Athletic Association announced that a contest would be held and prizes awarded for the two best College songs or yells. His announcement was warmly welcomed especially by the literary; for the prizes, a Santa Clara cushion and a Santa Clara pennant are things not to be slighted.

The yell-leaders of this semester are appointed by the Athletic Association were announced by "Billy Jordan" Gallagher. They are George J. May-erle and Seth T. Heney.

The awakened enthusiasm bids fair to continue, for already preparations are under way for the regular organized rooting practice, the results of which, it is hoped, will cheer the football team on to uninterrupted victory throughout the remainder of the season.

"In the Fool's Bauble"

Preparations for the annual Thanksgiving Eve entertainment are well under way. The play to be presented this year is "In the Fool's Bauble," an original drama from the pen of Rev. John D. McCarthy, S. J., of St. Francis Xavier College, New York.

The play is interest—compelling from beginning to end and met with such overwhelming success in the East, that the faculty of the College secured it for presentation here, in the hope that it will be as successful on this side of the continent as it was on the other.

Nightly rehearsals are being held in the hall under the direction of Mr. George G. Fox, S. J., whose successful experience with past dramatic productions is sufficient guarantee that the Thanksgiving Eve play will uphold the high reputation of the College dramatics. Mr. Fox is rounding the student-actors into shape and already at this early stage, great proficiency is displayed.

The three acts of the play, divided into six scenes, are strikingly varied and offer effective contrasts, while the speeches abound in clever epigram, eloquent, heroic utterances and brilliant wit.

The singing of rollicking roundelays by royal troubadours to the accompanying music of violin, guitar, and mandolin comport well with the atmosphere of the medieval court.

Of the ten important parts, it is difficult to judge which will be taken the

best. However, among those who will sparkle brilliantly in the lime-light are Desmond Gallagher, Edmond S. Lowe, James R. Daly and George J. Mayerle.

In the role of Count Armand D'Angoulord, Desmond Gallagher, a young man of rare dramatic talent, will be one of the particularly bright stars. His attractive stage presence together with a comprehensive knowledge of the art of "holding the mirror up to nature," will add materially to Mr. Gallagher's make-up. This will be the gentleman's first appearance before a local audience but we have every cause to feel certain that from now on he will carry off a prominent part in all the future plays staged in the College theatre.

James R. Daly, who will essay the part of King René is another student of dramatic ability. His past career on the College stage, having taken leading parts in "The Blind Prince," "Santiago," and the Passion Play, is assurance enough that his interpretation of King René will be all that the part calls for.

As Count Partarin De Moripont, Edmond S. Lowe will be seen at his best, for the part calls for a man capable of enacting the part of the villain, and this, the fair Edmond does to a nicety. Mr. Lowe has his past career in the dramatic line to back him up, and undoubtedly will do justice to his role.

George J. Mayerle, as Le Feignant is incomparable. His interpretation of the Court Fool is perfect. A comedian of the first water, Mr. Mayerle fits the part allotted to him so well that it seems

as if the part were especially created for him.

With such efficient men in the cast and every one working energetically "In the Fool's Bauble" is an assured success, and beyond a doubt the student-actors will play to a capacity house.

Following is the cast of characters:
Louis XI, King of France—William I. Barry, '10.

René of Anjou, King of Provence—James R. Daly, '09.

Count Armand D'Argoulord, Prime Minister of France—Desmond B. Gallagher, '12.

Count Partarin De Moripont—Edmond S. Lowe, '10.

Le Feignant, Jester to René—George J. Mayerle, '13.

Stephen, Abbot of Belleriviere—Bernard A. Budde, '10.

Count Henri Di Soury, friend of de Moripont—Albert C. Quevedo, '12.

Florimond De Bellefontaine, a Fop—Edward J. Condon, '12.

Vincent De Perivaux, friend of D'Angoulord—Andrew J. Mullen, '09.

Maurice Lavergne, French Knight—James K. Jarrett, '10.

Gualberto, Leader of Courtiers—Robert E. McCabe, '10.

Gaspar, an Innkeeper—Thomas M. McCarthy, '10.

Francois—Frederick J. O'Dea, Second Acad.

Autoine, Peasant—E. Irving McInnis, '10.

Perrinet, Peasant—Mervyn S. Shafer, '09.

Randolph, a Soldier—Joseph Hartmann, '12.

Montoir, a tool of de Moripont, George O. Hansen, '12.

Captain of the Guard, Earl R. Askam, '12.

Heralds, Troubadours, Musicians, Courtiers, Soldiers, Monks, Pages.

Visit of Governor Gillett

We were recently honored by a visit from Governor James N. Gillett who is making a tour of the State delivering speeches on prominent political issues of the present campaign.

The Governor and his party were welcomed by the Sodality Band, which rendered several appropriate selections as His Excellency arrived on the scene.

Those in the party with Governor Gillett were men prominent in local politics, Judge John E. Richards, Congressman E. A. Hayes, Senator Mar-

shal Black, Henry R. Roth, Secretary of the local Taft Sherman Republican Club, W. A. Bohnet, and D. O. Druffel, Mayor of Santa Clara and Chairman of the Central County Committee.

Mayor Druffel introduced the Governor and as he arose to speak prolonged applause greeted him.

In his speech His Excellency touched on both national and State politics and expounded in a very careful and comprehensive manner the policies and platform of the G. O. P. in the present campaign.

The Governor made an enormous hit with the students of the College by obtaining from our genial president, Rev. Father Gleeson, S. J., a half-holiday.

The boys gave a rousing cheer for the Governor and his party as their machine departed from the shade of the hospitable old Mission.

ROBT. E. MCCABE, '10.



Stanford Freshman vs. Santa Clara College

Stanford's victory, October 3, was clean cut. The Freshmen backs carried the ball well and the forwards dribbled together. Their team work was excellent and this feature coupled with Roger's exceptional place kicking was responsible for the cardinal score.

The game opened with Stanford kicking to Santa Clara. Shafer returned the kick and a dribbling rush began. Everett, Freshmen wing forward, received the ball on a perfect pass from Sanborn and neatly carried it over for the first try of the game. Rogers, the kicking forward, converted the try into a goal. The ball was again put in play but an offside kick shattered Santa Clara's hopes for a score. Partridge at this juncture by a clever run carried the pig-

skin to Santa Clara's twenty-five yard line and Rogers added four points to the Freshmen score by a beautiful kick from placement. A few minutes later Rogers was again called back to kick and responded by lifting the pigskin over the cross bar from a very difficult angle. Stanford's last try was made by Schaupp, who picked the ball out of a dribbling rush and worked it over the line. Rogers failed in his attempt to convert the try. Score: Stanford Freshmen, 14. Santa Clara, 0.

The second half was scoreless. Santa Clara showed her true form. Contesting every yard and never yielding in their efforts to score, the defenders of the Crimson and White played the Cardinal Babes to a standstill. Shortly after the kick off, Mullen and Jarrett by clever rushing carried the ball down the field. De Lorimier then secured the pigskin and by a long end run brought

the ball within hailing distance of the Babes' goal. Accurate passing by the Freshmen and the ball was again in the center of the field. A scrum followed and Hubbard a big cardinal forward, grabbed the ball and tore down the green but was neatly brought to earth by Tadich. Maltman kicked to touch and Reams exhibited to the Freshmen that he can use his left foot to advantage when he booted the pigskin down the field for a big gain. A dribbling rush worked the ball to the center of the green. At this juncture Shafer made the star play of the game. Making a sensational catch of a long low kick, he bowled his way through two opponents and kicked beautifully to touch. Keen passing by Gallagher, Tadich, and deLorimier brought the ball to the center when time was called.

The fifteens lined up as follows:

Stanford Freshmen—Corbet, Crandall, Schaupp, Partridge, Hubbard, Rogers and Doran, forwards. Macready, wing forward. Hatch, half. Whitney and T. Sanborn, five-eighths. A Sanborn, center three-quarters. Everett and Kennedy, wing three-quarters. Herdman and Coleman, fullback.

Santa Clara—McInnis, Barry, Brown, Mullen, G. Kennedy, Budde, Jarrett, Hirst, and Duffey, forwards. McHenry, wing forward. Gallagher, half. Capt. Kennedy and Tadich, five-eighths. Reams, center three quarters. deLorimier, Maltman and McCabe, wing three quarters. Shafer, fullback.

California Freshman vs. Santa Clara College

Full of hope and confidence, the Stanford Freshmen game serving as an excellent teacher to the new men, Santa Clara journeyed to Berkeley October 10, to try conclusions with the blue and gold fifteen. California ran up a total of sixteen points, while Santa Clara's best efforts proved unavailing. The contest was fast and gingery and was marked by long runs and clever kicking. Capt. Kennedy, Reams, McInnis, and Brown starred for Santa Clara, Reams' speed and headiness and McInnis' tackling being features.

For the Freshmen, Bennett and Barnett forwards, and Lawton, fullback, played cleverly and were seen at their best.

At the referee's whistle California kicked to Santa Clara and the game was on. Santa Clara fought desperately and it was not until the end of the half that the Freshies' first try was made. Receiving the ball from the scrum, Elliott, Freshmen halfback, punted thirty-five yards to Shafer, whose attempt to return the kicks was blocked and Gabriel, a Freshmen five eighths, securing the oval ran fifty yards scoring the first try. Elliott converted the try. The ball was again put in play and after being dribbled back and forth was grabbed from the pack by Abbott and punted to Shafer. Merv was

thrown heavily and dropped the ball which was nabbed by Bennett, the big California forward, and carried fifty yards for the second try. Elliott failed in his attempt to convert. The half terminated with the pigskin on Santa Clara's thirty-five yard line. Score at end of first half: California Freshmen, 8. Santa Clara, 0.

Santa Clara kicked to California in the second half. A series of dribbling rushes and long passes by both fifteens kept the ball moving back and forth with no great advantage to either side. Several short kicks to touch proved successful for the Freshmen and the ball was worked to Santa Clara's twenty-five yard line. A scrum was then formed and perfect passing by the California backs allowed Wheeler to score. Elliott missed the goal. The last try was made by Gabriel, who fell on the oval after it had been booted behind Santa Clara's goal line. Elliott kicked the goal. Final score: California Freshmen, 16. Santa Clara, 0.

The fifteens lined up as follows: California—Forwards, Phleger, Hansen, Wegener, Taylor, Bennett, Barnett and Schloss; wing forward, Wheeler; half-back, Elliott; five eighths, Gabriel, Abbott and Webber; three quarters, Harris, Rathbone, Evans and Frees; full-back, Lawton.

Santa Clara—Forwards, Brown, Jarrett, Barry, Mullen, Duffy, McInnis, Capt. Kennedy, Roberts, Budde and G. Kennedy; wing forward, McHenry; half back, H. Gallagher; five eighths, Peters

and Tadich; three quarters, Reams, Maltman, de Lorimier and McCabe; full-back, Shafer.

With the Team in Hawaii

(CONTINUED)

Having broken even in the first two games, both nerve racking contests from start to finish, Santa Clara's chances with the crack Punahous excited intense interest. But our heroes were equal to the occasion and they romped away with victory to the tune of six to one. A record breaking crowd was present and Santa Clara's success was well received. Art Shafer's fast fielding bordered on marvelous, he participating in three star plays. Friene twirled his usual steady game and had the opposing sluggers completely at his mercy. Kennedy's mighty wallop to the bleachers with two men on the bags practically won the game for the Collegians. The fielding of the Punahous was ragged, eight errors being contributed during the course of the matinee.

The Honolulu Sunday Advertiser gave the following version of the struggle:

SANTA CLARA VS. PUNAHOU (THIRD GAME)

The first scoring was in the third inning of the Santa Claras, one run being registered, Lappin coming home on a sacrifice.

The Punahous broke even in the fifth, Lyman bringing the run home.

The Santa Claras came right back with another in the same inning. Peters flew out to Kia at center. Kennedy died short to first. A. Shafer and Byrnes walked. Friene hit safe to first scoring A. Shafer.

All the fat went in the fire as far as the Punahous were concerned in the sixth of the Santa Claras. With two men on bases Kennedy batted out a home run to the center garden, scoring Salberg and M. Shafer in addition to himself. Another run was notched in this innings, making the total four.

There was no further scoring and the Santa Clara's won by the score of 6 to 1.

SUMMARY.

PUNAHOUS

	AB	R	BH	SB	PO	A	E
Hart, rf.....	4	0	1	0	1	0	0
Hampton, p.....	3	0	0	1	1	5	2
Kia, cf.....	4	0	1	0	3	0	0
Bruns, lf.....	4	0	0	0	0	0	0
Burns, ss.....	3	0	0	0	1	3	1
Hoogs, 2b.....	4	0	0	0	1	2	3
Marcallino, lb.....	4	0	0	0	8	1	2
Lyman, c.....	2	1	1	0	5	2	0
Henderson, 3b.....	3	0	1	1	4	0	0
Totals.....	31	1	4	2	24	13	8

SANTA CLARAS.

	AB	R	BH	SB	PO	A	E
Lappin, 2b.....	4	1	1	0	3	0	1
Peters, lf.....	3	1	2	0	2	0	0
Kennedy, cf.....	4	1	1	0	2	1	0
A. Shafer, ss.....	4	1	1	2	4	4	1
Byrnes, 3b.....	3	0	0	2	0	0	1
Friene, p.....	3	0	1	0	2	3	0
Broderick, lb.....	4	0	1	0	8	0	0
Salberg, rf.....	3	1	0	0	2	0	0
M. Shafer, c.....	4	1	1	1	4	1	0
Totals.....	32	6	8	5	27	9	3

RUNS AND HITS BY INNINGS

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Punahous.....	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	1
B. H.....	2	0	0	1	0	1	0	0	4
Santa Clara.....	0	0	1	0	1	4	0	0	*—6
B. H.....	1	0	2	1	1	1	1	1	*—8

SUMMARY

Home run, Kennedy. Bases on balls—Off Friene, 3; Hampton, 5. Sacrifice hits—Santa Clara, 3. Struck out—Friene, 3; Hampton, 6. Double plays—Kennedy-Broderick, A. Shafer-Lappin, Burns-Marcallino.

SANTA CLARA VS. ST. LOUIS (FOURTH GAME)

The fourth game of the series proved an easy victory for Santa Clara. St. Louis, reputed to be the best team in the islands, suffered the sting of defeat by a score of five to two. Four thousand people witnessed the contest and when the game was over they journeyed homeward satisfied that they had seen a nine that had even surpassed its own reputation. Kilburn twirled consistent ball and was unbittable in the pinches. Pitted against him was Barney Joy of Coast League fame, "Kil" outpitched the big fellow and the game was never in doubt.

A sporting scribe on the *Commercial Advertiser* gave the following account of the game:

The Santa Claras defeated the St. Louis by the score of five to two. The Claras have struck their gate and should keep on winning from now on. Their form in the first two games was too bad to be true. A nine with their record has to be good, that's all there is to it. There is always the possibility, how-

ever, of the home team being better, although in the present instance it is unfortunately a remote one.

The Claras scored their first in the second inning, an error by Walker in right field letting in Art. Shafer.

The Saints evened up in the fifth. Burns struck out. Soares hit to first. Alf. Williams flew out to first and Soares went to third on a wild pitch. En Sue smashed a hot 'un to third and Soares scored on Byrnes' error.

The fifth was a busy inning for the Claras and they rolled up three runs therein. Byrnes went to first on a clean, low hit to left field, and reached second on Joy's error. The big southpaw in a fool play threw wild to first—hence the pyramids.

Friene hit to second and went to first, Byrnes moving up. The latter came in on a passed ball by the catcher.

"Cheese" Broderick hit to first who fumbled the ball and Friene died at the plate.

M. Shafer hit to right and Walker's error let him go to second, Broderick taking third pouch. Broderick scored on a wild pitch and Shafer was let in by a passed ball.

Kilburn struck out. Lappin lined out a peach to the right field fence which would have counted as a home run had it not been previously agreed that no ball going among the crowd should earn more than a couple of bags. Peters wound up the effort by flying out to center.

Another fish came into the Claras' net in the seventh in this wise:

Broderick gave up the ghost short to first. M. Shafer went to first on a hit and stole second. Kilburn's sacrifice advanced Shafer to third and he registered on third bagman's error.

The only other scoring was in the ninth of the Saints when they managed to rap out one.

Walker went to first on a hit to second, and made second bag on Kilburn's mistake. Bruns sacrificed and Walker proceeded to third. Bruns got a pass but was pinched stealing second, and Walker crossed the pan on a wild throw to the catcher. "Beef" Aylett struck out."

SANTA CLARAS

	AB	R	BH	SB	PO	A	E
Lappin, 2b.....	4	0	1	0	0	2	1
Peters, lf.....	4	0	0	0	0	0	0
Kennedy, cf.....	4	0	1	0	2	0	0
A. Shafer, ss.....	4	0	0	0	2	3	0
Byrnes, 3b.....	3	1	2	0	5	3	1
Friene, rf.....	3	1	0	1	0	0	0
Broderick, lb.....	3	1	1	0	11	0	0
M. Shafer, c.....	3	2	2	1	7	2	1
Kilburn, p.....	3	0	0	0	0	2	0
Totals.....	31	5	7	2	27	12	3

ST. LOUIS

	AB	R	BH	SB	PO	A	E
En Sue, lf.....	4	0	1	0	2	0	0
Bushnell, 2b.....	4	0	0	0	3	2	0
Jno. Williams, 3b.....	3	0	0	0	0	2	2
Joy, p.....	4	0	2	0	1	3	1
Walker, rf.....	4	1	0	0	0	1	2
G. Burns, lb-c.....	3	0	1	1	7	2	0
Bruns, cf lb.....	3	0	0	0	4	0	0
Soares, c.....	2	1	1	1	5	1	0
A. Williams, ss.....	3	0	0	0	1	2	1
Aylett, cf.....	2	0	0	0	1	0	0
Totals.....	32	2	5	2	24	13	6

SUMMARY

Two base hit—Lappin. Three-base hit—En Sue. Struck out—By Joy, 7; Kilburn, 7. Bases on balls—Off Kilburn 2. Wild pitches—Kilburn, 1; Joy, 1. Passed balls—Soares, 2; Burns, 1; M. Shafer, 1. Sacrifice hit.—Bruns

FIFTH GAME

In the fifth game of the series S. C. C. carried off their victory. At the present however, we have no data bearing on this game.

SANTA CLARA VS. PUNAHOU (SIXTH GAME)

Victory crowned Santa Clara's efforts in the sixth game of the series, and the second meeting with the Punahous. Santa Clara tallied five times while the best the Puns could do was to score four runs. A brilliant finish by Santa Clara when the game looked hopeless was the feature of the afternoon. Kilburn flung them over for the college and he had the Puns swinging like hammocks, twelve men fanning the breeze. In the ninth the Punahous looked dangerous, but "Kil" shut down and the necessary runs were not forthcoming. The following from the Honolulu *Advertiser* will explain all:

There was snap and go in this game from the start and it was well worth watching. Castle showed well from the start and seemed to be in good pitching form. There was no scoring done till the fourth but there were times when it looked dangerous for both sides and each team was alive to the necessity of playing up hard and getting there without losing a second.

The Claras tallied two in the fourth and Peters was the hero of the occasion for he swatted a lovely triple that sent

Art Shafer home. There was only one man out and it looked good for some more runs. Big Byrnes walked to the bat looking ready for a hard one to center field, but he saved his strength and bunted a neat sacrifice that sent Peters home. Friene skied to Hampton and the side was out.

The Punahous took the lead in the sixth by scoring three. Henderson fanned, then Lyman walked. Burns singled sending Lyman to second. Up came Hampton with fire in his eye and caught Kilburn in an off moment. He also caught the ball in the right place and sent out a three-bagger to center field that scored Burns and Lyman. Kia then did the proper thing, he skied to right field and Hampton had time to reach home before Friene could return after catching Kia out. The latter took credit for a very clever and timely sacrifice.

The Santa Claras were not to be discouraged even when in the eighth they had two men out. Byrnes inflated his chest and went into the coacher's box. He proceeded to emit roars of encouragement and advice and the Clara boys bucked up accordingly. It was a great inning and will go down as famous in the annals of Santa Clara College. Hoog's error was encouraging and Kilburn was quickly followed by Kennedy and Art Shafer. These three runs put the Claras two ahead and though the Puns scored one in the ninth the victory remained with the visitors by the close score of 5 to 4.

PUNAHOU

	A	B	R	BH	SB	PO	A	E
Lyman, c.	3	1	0	0	3	3	0	
Burns, ss.	4	1	3	0	2	5	0	
Hampton, rf.	4	1	1	0	1	0	1	
Kia, cf.	3	0	1	0	1	0	0	
Bruns, lf.	4	1	1	0	1	0	0	
Castle, p.	4	0	1	0	0	3	2	
Warren, 2b.	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	
Hoogs, 2b.	3	0	1	0	1	3	1	
Marcallino, lb.	4	0	0	0	15	0	0	
Henderson, 3b.	4	0	1	0	0	2	1	
Totals	34	4	9	0	24	16	5	

SANTA CLARA

	A	B	R	BH	SB	PO	A	E
Lappin, 2b.	2	0	0	1	1	0	0	
M. Shafer, c.	4	0	0	0	12	1	0	
Kennedy, cf.	4	1	0	0	2	0	0	
A. Shafer, ss.	3	2	1	0	5	1	0	
Peters, lf.	4	1	2	0	0	0	1	
Byrnes, 3b.	3	0	1	0	0	1	0	
Friene, rf.	3	0	1	0	0	1	0	
Broderick, 1b.	3	0	1	0	6	0	1	
Kilburn, p.	3	1	0	0	1	3	0	
Totals	29	5	6	1	27	7	2	

RUNS AND HITS BY INNINGS

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Punahous.	0	0	0	0	0	3	0	0	1-4
B. H.	1	1	0	0	2	2	1	2	-9
Santa Clara.	0	0	2	0	0	0	3	*	-5
B. H.	0	1	1	1	0	0	1	2	*-6

SUMMARY

Two base hits—Friene. Three base hits—Peters, Hampton. Bases on balls—Off Castle, 2; off Kilburn, 1. Sacrifice hits—Kia, Lappin, Byrnes. Passed balls—Shafer, 2. Struck out—By Castle, 3; by Kilburn, 12.

S. C. C. VS. DIAMOND HEADS (SEVENTH GAME)

In the seventh game of the series determination, aggressiveness, and spirited rooting were potent factors in Santa Clara's defeat of the Diamond Heads. McKenzie and Byrnes, with their stentorian voices, gave the assembled fans a demonstration of Santa Clara's "College Spirit." The score eight to six tells the story. Clever fielding, opportune hit-

ting, and numerous misplays kept the fans on anxious street. Santa Clara's stick work was timely. In their half of the first the collegians crossed the rubber four times and it seemed as if there would be nothing to the game but Santa Clara. However the Jewels kept plugging away but when the ninth was over they needed two more runs. A complete write-up of the game which appears in the *Commercial Advertiser* follows:

The Jewels started out well in the first by scoring one run. Olmos was out at first, but Eddie Fernandez and Louis both singled. There followed a double steal and then Davis fanned. Eddie saw a chance, and stole home very neatly.

The Santa Claras came in like a lion and continued to roar during the entire game. There was nothing lamblike about them except when Byrnes made two ghastly errors in the eighth. Leslie appeared rattled early in the inning, for he walked Lappin and then let him to second on what was a cross between a wild pitch and a passed ball. Merv sacrificed Lappin to third, and then Kennedy singled, which took Lappin in. Kennedy stole second and reached the plate on Art. Shafer's base hit.

Then Art. stole a base and Peters walked. Leslie was getting wilder all time. The pitcher thought he could find Art. napping at second, but he threw where there was no man to receive, and Art. ran home, while Peters reached third. Byrnes was safe at first when Eddie got mixed with the ball,

THE REDWOOD

and this enabled Peters to reach home. Byrnes stole two bases, but advanced no further, for Friene fanned and Broderick was out at first.

With the score 4 to 1 in favor of the collegians it looked as though they had a winning lead. The Santa Claras made another gain in the second, however, and the Keios cheered vociferously. Salberg and Lappin followed each other with two-baggers, the second one scoring Salberg. Merv. walked, but Kennedy flew out. Then Davis made an error which cost a run, for Lappin went in from third. This made the score 6 to 1, and the Santa Claras started a yell to make it "Sixteen to one."

The Jewels made another in the fourth. Davis reached third on a sacrifice by Joe Fernandez, and then Sam Chillingworth singled him home. But the collegians came back with two more in the same inning. Lappin stole second and reached third on Sing Chong's error. Peters ran for him here and reached the plate, after Merv. had fanned, on Sing Chong's other error, which also put Kennedy to third. Then Henry Chillingworth followed Chong's example and Kennedy went home. Score 8 to 2.

The Santa Claras did no more scoring, but the Jewels made three in the eighth two of which were directly due to Byrnes missing the ball twice when Merv. sent to him in the hope of catching Olmos and Eddie napping. Both of these men scored as a result. Davis went to third on the second of Byrnes' lapses, and home on Will Chillingworth's sacrifice.

The Jewels went out in jig time in the ninth, and the Santa Claras were the victors by 8 to 6.

The score was:

DIAMOND HEADS

	AB	R	BH	SB	PO	A	E
Olmos, lf.....	4	2	2	0	0	0	0
E. Fernandez, lb.....	3	2	1	2	10	0	1
Louis, rf.....	3	0	1	2	2	0	0
Davis, 2b.....	1	2	0	1	6	1	1
W. Chillingworth, p.....	1	0	0	0	0	1	0
Leslie, p.....	2	0	0	0	0	2	1
J. Fernandez, cf.....	1	0	0	0	1	0	0
S. Chillingworth, 3b.....	4	0	1	0	2	0	0
H. Chillingworth, 2b.....	3	0	0	0	1	4	1
Sing Chong, ss.....	4	0	0	0	2	2	2

Totals..... 26 6 5 5 24 10 6

W. Chillingworth went pitcher in fifth inning.

SANTA CLARAS

	AB	R	BH	SB	PO	A	E
Lappin, 2b.....	3	3	2	2	1	3	0
M. Shafer, c.....	1	0	0	1	4	2	0
Kennedy, cf.....	4	2	1	1	1	0	0
A. Shafer, ss.....	4	1	1	1	4	3	0
Peters, lf.....	3	1	0	0	0	0	0
Burnes, 3b.....	4	0	0	1	1	2	3
Friene, p.....	4	0	1	0	0	6	0
Broderick, lb.....	4	0	0	0	15	1	1
Salberg, rf.....	4	1	1	0	1	0	0

Totals..... 31 8 6 6 27 17 4

RUNS AND HITS BY INNINGS

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Diamond Heads.....	1	0	0	1	1	0	0	3	0—6
Base Hits.....	2	0	0	1	1	0	0	1	0—5
Santa Claras.....	4	2	0	2	0	0	0	*—8	
Base Hits.....	2	2	1	1	0	0	0	0	*—6

SUMMARY

Two base hits—Salberg, Lappin. Hits—Off Leslie, 6, in four innings; Chillingworth, 0, in four innings. Bases on Balls—Off Leslie, 3; Chillingworth, 1; Friene, 8. Sacrifice Hits—M. Shafer, 2; Kennedy, J. Fernandez, Louis W. Chillingworth. Passed ball—Davis. Struck out—By Leslie, 3; Chillingworth, 3; Friene, 4. Double plays A. Shafer-Broderick, Byrnes-A. Shafer-Broderick. Umpires—Joy and Hampton. Scorer—H. C. Carter.

At this point of the game it will be interesting to note the

STANDING OF THE TEAMS

	P.	W.	Pet.
Santa Claras.....	7	6	.855
Diamond Heads.....	3	2	.666
Punahous.....	4	2	.500
Keios.....	7	3	.428
St. Louis.....	3	1	.333
Kamehamehas.....	4	0	.000

J. MORRIN McDONNELL, '12.

The Redwood.

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SANTA CLARA, CAL., DECEMBER, 1908.

No. 3

TO THE SNOW



cruel, cruel snow, dost thou not know?

Within thy cold white grasp,

My father lies, my father dies;

No one to clasp

His bloodless hand,

No one to hear his last command,

No one to weep

No one to free the trembling tear

That stands congealed, ere his eyes are sealed

In eternal sleep.

O cruel, cruel snow! O surely thou must know!

Else at morn when yon great sun appears,

To vanquish darkness and dry a world's tears,

O why that blush of shame?—and when he sinks to rest

On ocean's throbbing breast

O why that blush again? O cruel, cruel snow

Yes! Surely thou must know!

W. J. O'Shaughnessy, '11.

THE MEASURE OF SUCCESS

WHO was it that said, "Let me write the ballads of my country and I care not who makes her laws?" No matter. He was all wrong anyway. If he had not been born two or three centuries too early he might have said, "Let me write the bank books of my country and I'll take care who makes her laws." That's the modern idea. The man that has the money gets more and the man that hasn't any gets left. The world has one unvarying standard of success. It's measure is as inflexible as a yard stick and its rule is a rule of gold. Fame, talents, glory, honor—very pretty, but can you turn them into cash?

Perhaps you will dispute me. You have a hazy recollection of a golden rule of your own that you used to write in your dog-eared copy book when you were a boy at school. It began, "Do unto others—." Forget it my friend. That's out of date. This is an age of concentration and present day moralists are rather inclined to omit the preposition "unto" as superfluous. But enough for the sheep and their shearing. Let us return to our muttons.

Maybe after all your copy book was right

Young Mr. Morton J. Ross was just out of college, where he had covered himself with scholastic honors, held a high social position, and been hailed as a budding poetical genius by his English professor and such of the apprecia-

tive coeds as had read his dainty bits of versification in the College Lit. Besides this he was just turned twenty-one and in love—with the dearest little girl in all the world, of course! No wonder that he was in search of the lever with which he should raise the world. Young, clean, talented, ambitious, perhaps he would have found his lever and his story would never have pointed my moral or adorned my tale but for one thing. He was woefully lacking in the root of all evil. Would that that implacable trio of sisters, the Fates, might send more of the root and less of the evil to us all! But I am quibbling again. As my friend "Mac" would say, this is a mere "bag o' shells." Let me get into my story.

It was a beautiful evening in spring—it always is in these stories—and Morton J. Ross felt his whole being thrilling to the beauty of it. Attired faultlessly in the way that only college can teach a man to dress, he was going forth to woo his love tonight with such a storm of passionate entreaty that she must fall before it and beat down the barrier that convention has raised between every man and maid. It was an evening to live, and love, and do great things and he felt its inspiration to the full.

But when he came into her presence he felt himself suddenly abashed so that he could say scarcely a word and he was glad when she went to the piano

and played and sang for him in the twilight. She had a wonderful voice, full and free, unspoiled and beautiful. Even a man who was not in love with her must have admitted that. Morton Ross sitting in the shaded drawing room thought it was angelic, and losing himself in the wonder of it, he gave himself up to glorious dreams—such dreams as youth will ever dream, thank God!

When at length she left the piano they went out together to the veranda and sat together on the steps. They spoke of many things, lapsing often into silence. He felt the night wind against his cheek and watched the flowers swaying gently and the soft tones of her voice rang in his ears so that he was happy and content just to be with her there. But there came a lull in the conversation at last so long that, sitting at her feet on the steps, he almost imagined he could hear the gentle beating of her heart. Then he thought of his purpose in coming there that night and straightway his own heart began to ring so loud that its sound in his ears was alarming and his voice trembled when he commenced to speak. But he was young, a poet and a lover, and carried away by his earnestness he lost himself in the intoxication of his theme. He plead his cause eloquently and with such fire that when he had finished and stood before her flushed and eager, the dearest girl in all the world knew that she had never seen him when he looked one-half so handsome. For a moment she sat gazing at him in wide-eyed, dreamy wonder—but only for a mo-

ment. Then she smiled the world-old woman-smile of wisdom that some girls learn so young.

"I'm sorry, Morton, awfully sorry," her voice trembled slightly at the start, "but it's only a dream. A very pretty dream, and oh! I wish it could come true. But I know it can't. My husband—if I ever marry—must have money, Morton, and that is one thing you will never have. I have made up my mind to be successful in this life and success means money nowadays and money means success."

"But—," he began impatiently.

"No, don't try to argue, Morton. I know you'll say that I'm mercenary and maybe I am. But anything you say cannot change my mind. I don't want to hurt your feelings for you've been a good friend to me and so I think I had better say good-bye to you now. I'm going to New York tomorrow to study for my voice."

Morton Ross looked up to where the dearest girl in all the world had risen to her feet. There was a mist in his eyes and he had trouble to control his voice as he said—

"It is all over then?"

"Yes," she answered, holding out her hand, "yes, it is better so. Good-bye."

"Good-bye," he said.

Then—because he was young and romantic and perhaps because he had been reading novels in which a red, red rose is the sign of true love, or a violet indicates the desire for a tryst, or the heroine sends a pink carnation to the hero to show him she is true—he did a

very childish thing. He stooped, plucked a spray of heliotrope from a bush that grew beside the steps, put it to his lips and held it out to her.

"It may be all over, as you say," he said, "but if ever you change your mind and wish to change your answer just send me a spray of this and I will come no matter where I am."

The city was plastered from end to end with gaudy posters announcing the arrival of "The Persian Princess," a comic opera with Mlle. Marnie singing the title role. Morton J. Ross, a little older, a little stouter, a little gray, but not a whit richer or less ambitious than ten years before saw these posters as he rode home on the street car one evening and bit his lip. For he had been decidedly not a success. He still wrote dainty bits of verse—which nobody seemed to care to read—and he now held a minor position on one of the lesser magazines; but he was practically unknown and liable to remain so while Mlle. Marnie, her wonderful voice and clever acting, was the sensation of the year and the talk of the continent—and Mlle. Marnie was the dearest girl in all the world to him. Tonight she was to sing for the first time in that city and he mentally decided as he kicked his way up the steps of his home that he did not care to see "The Persian Princess."

Arrived in his room he found a note waiting for him. He opened it with a trembling haste that belied all his carefully schooled indifference. It was ad-

dressed in a hand that he knew well although he had not seen it for ten years. When he opened it he found a one page note.

"Dear Morton:

Although you have not heard from me for years I have learned of you from time to time through friends and through your occasional verses in the magazines and so when I had need of a new song I thought at once of you. I know you are the same old unsuccessful dreamer as of old but I know that for that very reason you can write me just the song I want. If you will call on me at 10 o'clock tomorrow morning at the Hotel Savoy we can arrange the details etc., and incidentally renew our old friendship.

By the way I have reserved a box for you tonight. I do so want you to hear me. The ticket is enclosed."

The name signed was not Mlle. Marnie but an old name that had once been often on his lips.

When he had read her note he crushed it in his hand.

"She is right," he said, speaking to himself, "I am an unsuccessful dreamer, an idle spinner of a phantom, worthless web. But I cannot accept her charity. That is too much to ask. As if I could not see that her song was a mere ruse to give me a—*an alms*."

He choked on the word and fell silent. He would not go to the hotel at all, he decided finally, that would be too hard. He would write her a note and explain that. But he would go to

the opera tonight and see her just once more.

He put his hand into the envelope to find the ticket that had been enclosed. In one corner of the envelope his fingers encountered something which he drew out with an exclamation of surprise. For it was not the ticket that he had expected—with true feminine inconsistency she had forgotten that—but a little, withered, hopelessly crushed,

but mutely, unmistakably eloquent spray of heliotrope.

Of course you expected this ending. Perhaps you have read the same story somewhere else. But it all goes to prove something that I said in the beginning.

Maybe after all your copy book was right.

MAURICE T. DOOLING JR., '09.

A MOUNTAIN SUNRISE

The pale eastern sky is flushing
With the gold of coming dawn
And the oaks that crest yon mountain
Are fast lightening into tawn.
The meadow larks are singing
As from bush to bush they go—
In the trees no wind is sighing
And the morning mists hang low
While from the shrouded valley
Comes the wakening whistle's blast,
And from behind yon mountain
Bounds the fiery sun at last.

Norman Buck, '12.

IGNIS ARDENS

(“IGNIS ARDENS” THE MOTTO PROPHESED BY MALACHY)

“Oh, fast the night draws on, Oh, swift the shambling shadows fall !
From foul ravine and flinty rift the wild things wake and call:
Oh, hasten on where watch-fires burn, ere darkness covers all !”
So cries the hunter on the hill, the wanderer in the wood;
The wildings have their wanton will, the pines in silence brood;
The home-fire burns—each homeward turns, for home and fire are good,
Oh, home-fire, yellow in the glen, what light is like to thine,
When to thy rays returns again the pilgrim to thy shrine?
Unto the wandering hearts of men, thou hast a warmth divine !

“O God ! The waters rise, and wind ! Ah, save Thou him who prayeth !
The Northern Star is stricken blind; Oh save us with Thy breath,
Who hear in roaring waves behind, the bloodhound roar of death !”
Dark is the deep sea under keel, the drift above is dark:
Aft, the senseless, silly wheel rolls idly with the bark:
Despair ! But lo ! Doth yonder glow a hint, a glint, a spark;
Oh fire of life along the shore, Savior of ships at sea,
When billows break and breakers roar what flame is like to thee—
The lighthouse spark that shattered the dark and sets the sailor free?

Dark is the dim Egyptian dawn, and the winged Assyrian night
Where the pale Chaldeans watch for morn from the ramparts' rocky
height;

Before the Joy of the World was born with an aureole of light.
Oh Joy of the World who set Thy star on the rock of Peter's throne
To quicken the Pilgrim feet afar to the Kingdom all Thine own—
The fire of faith that is more than death, by which Thy sons are known !
Son of the people, sire of kings, this year of Christ to thee
Thy "*Burning Fire*" the pilgrim brings—the light of Thy jubilee;
Like the lambent flame o'er Bethlehem that steered the pilgrims three.

Edwin Coolidge, '91.

CHAUCERIAN PAPERS

II

LIFE OF CHAUCER

Ars longa—Vita brevis

"O reverend Chaucer! rose of rhetoris all;
As in our tongue ane flower imperial,

That raise in Britain ever who reads richt
Thou bears of makars the triumph riall;
Thy fresh enamellit termes celical

This matter could illuminat have full bricht:
Was thou nocht of our English all the licht,
Surmounting every tongue terrestrial

Als far as Mayes morrow does midnight."

(Dunbar's "Golden Terge.")

The date of the birth of Geoffrey Chaucer used to be given as 1328, but this is now generally rejected for a later year, and, so far as modern research can make sure, his birth took place in or about 1340—a date which certainly fits in better with the subsequent events of the poet's career than the earlier one. Unless further research or some chance accident brings the actual record, if such there be, to light, the exact date will probably never be known for certain, owing to the non-existence of public registers of births and baptisms in those easy-going days, and also to no statement of his age being given on his monument, but we know that Geoffrey Chaucer was passing through boyhood and youth at the time of the great victories of Crecy and Poitiers, which made the names of England and its King revered among the countries and sovereigns of Europe.

For similar reasons, we cannot speak with strict accuracy of Chaucer's family and parentage. There is, however, very little doubt but that the poet was the son of a well-to-do wine merchant and citizen of London, by name John Chaucer, and grandson of that Robert le Chaucer, who was in 1310 appointed one of the collectors of the wine duties levied in the port of London, and who held besides a small property at Ipswich, in Suffolk, estimated as worth about £15 of our present money. Chaucer's mother was probably Agnes, niece of Hamo de Compton; the poet being probably born in London in the house in Thames St., by Walbrook and Dowgate Hill—now the location of goods, yards and warehouses—a property which he inherited and afterwards sold. After John Chaucer's death, his widow married one Bartholomew atte Chapel, another London vintner.

No definite information is extant as to the poet's early years, and the story of Chaucer's early life has had to be pieced together from the laborious researches of individuals, especially of the members of the Chaucer Society, into the records of the time—chiefly the rolls of the port of London and of the Royal Household.

Thus beyond the fact that the poet's

family connections were largely with the wine trade, we know little of his antecedents and nothing of his boyhood. We can only surmise that he was sent to a good London school—among which were St. Paul's and Anthony's—and he may quite well have spent a short time at Oxford or Cambridge, or even as some have thought, at both Universities; for, in the 'Tales of the Clerk of Oxford and the Cambridge Reeve,' Chaucer displays a very good acquaintance with the country around these ancient University Towns.

The commentators of Tudor times made many shrewd surmises on the subject of Chaucer's education, both from his connection with the court and from the fact that in those days noble birth was almost a *'sine qua non'* qualification in those who waited on a King. It has been thought that his family had a better status than documental evidence, as far as it goes, shows it to have had. Thus Leland shows him as coming of noble stock, Pitt states that his father was a Knight, Hearne that his father was a merchant, and Speght, with modern commentators, that he was the son of a vintner, as wine merchants used to be called. In Victorian times, Cowden Clarke, the friend of Keats, has surmised that Chaucer was of gentle birth, was brought up at both Universities, that he had traveled through most of the countries of Europe and was a student of the Temple, before serving as one of the King's pages; gaining his advantageous con-

nection at court by the marriage of his wife's sister to John of Gaunt.

Most of these surmises fall to the ground, however, if we accept 1340 as the date of Chaucer's birth, but appear to have been necessary in the case of those commentators who have accepted 1328 as the date of that event, and who found it necessary to fill in the gaps in Chaucer's life between 1328 and 1357, the year in which he first appeared as a member of the household of Elizabeth de Burgh, Countess of Ulster, wife of Lionel, Duke of Clarence, third son of Edward III.

Some fragments of this lady's household accounts were found in the covers of a M. S. in the British museum, in which occurs an entry under date April, 1357, to "Galfridus Chaucer" of an entire suit of clothes—paltok (or cloak), red and black breeches, and shoes; (Pollard) while, in December following, the Countess being at her seat in Yorkshire, there is an entry of a sum of money to Geoffrey Chaucer "for necessities at Christmas." It was probably about this time, during a visit to his sister-in-law, that John of Gaunt first had his attention drawn to the young page, whose friend and patron he afterwards became.

From this service Chaucer would appear to have been passed on to the King's household, for, in 1359, (when, according to his evidence in the Scrope suit, Chaucer first 'bore arms,') he served in the campaign in France, and was taken prisoner in the siege of Retters, (probably Retiers in Brittany).

From this captivity he was ransomed by King Edward III for £16—about £240 present value.

We have no further knowledge of the next eight years of Chaucer's life. In 1366 his father died and his mother married again. But in 1367, in consideration of his services, the king granted him a pension of 20 marks (£13-6-8) for life, under the designation of 'dilectus valettus noster.' Chaucer, thus, was one of the yeomen of the King's chamber, from which position he was in 1368 prompted to the rank of esquire.

In the year 1366, for the first time, there appears in the list of ladies of Queen Philippa's bedchamber, the name of one Philippa Chaucer, as in receipt of a yearly pension of ten marks (£6-13-4). From the fact that this lady, in subsequent years, received her pension at the hands of Geoffrey Chaucer, there is very good reason for concluding that she was the poet's wife, and, as most authorities agree, the daughter of Sir Payne Roet of Hainault, and the sister of that Katharine Roet, widow of Sir Hugh Swyford, governess to the children, and subsequently third wife of John of Gaunt, Edward III's fourth son, Shakespeare's 'time-honour'd Lancaster.'

Geoffrey and Philippa Chaucer, in all probability, were the parents of that Thomas Chaucer, who, in the reign of Henry IV, was a person of considerable importance—being Speaker of the House of Commons; who, in the latter years of his life, exchanged the arms of Chaucer ('per pale, argent and gules, a bend counter changed')—a coat which

Fuller, the historian, looks upon as a 'play' upon Geoffrey Chaucer's father's trade, the mingling of the white wine with the red) for those of Roet; about which one cannot help remarking that Thomas Chaucer seemed to pride himself more upon his grandfather, the Knight, than upon his father, the poet. Other children were a daughter Elizabeth, for whose admission into the Abbey of Barking John of Gaunt paid a considerable sum in 1381, and Lewis, born in that year, for whom, at the age of 10, Chaucer wrote his 'Treatise on the Astrolabe', (an instrument for observing the position of the stars) which has come down to us as one of Chaucer's genuine works.

In the year 1399 Chaucer was serving in the war with France, and in this year he comes before us as a poet with his Lament on 'The Dethe of Blaunche the Duchesse.' This lady was the first wife of John of Gaunt, and their son afterwards became King Henry IV.

During the next four years of Chaucer's life, we find him extremely busy both as a poet and a man of business. In 1370 he was abroad on the King's service, while in the following year Chaucer's ambitious patron, John of Gaunt married again; and, though the master of estates in eighteen English counties, with several in Wales, and the lovely palace of the Savoy in London, bearing the proud titles of Duke of Lancaster, and Earl of Richmond, Leicester, Lincoln, and Derby, yet he aspired to be a King, and married Constance, the elder daughter of Pedro

the Cruel, King of Castile. Of Castile he had the title of King without the rule; of England he had the rule without the royal title. While John of Gaunt's power lasted Chaucer's prosperity was at its height; and, to this period of his life, we may set down a number of Chaucer's earlier poems and some of the stories which he has woven into his *Canterbury Tales*.

In 1372, Chaucer was one of a Commission appointed by the King to proceed to Italy and treat with the Duke, citizens, and merchants of Genoa, for a port in England where Genoese merchants might settle and trade, and was handsomely rewarded for his services. Chaucer was thus in Italy in 1372-73, some time before the death of Petrarch. After this visit to Italy, Chaucer's style came greatly under the influence of the Italian masters; so that, if we take the hint given in the Prologue to the Tale of patient Griselda, as told by the Clerk of Oxford, and said to have been 'Lerned at Padue of a worthy clerk

Franceys Petrak, the lauriat poete,
— — — whose rethorike sweete
Enlumyned al Ytaille of poetrie,'

Chaucer during this visit to Italy must have met the great Italian writer; indeed, he may even have met Boccaccio, then living at Venice, from whom he borrowed the story of Griselda. The deaths of these two great Italians occurred—Petrarch in 1374, Boccaccio in 1375. By way of expenses for this mission to Italy Chaucer received 138 marks, £1380 present value.

On 23rd April (St. George's Day) 1374, Chaucer received a royal grant of a pitcher of wine daily. This was commuted in 1377, at the accession of Richard II (the son of that ill-fated Black Prince whose 'sun went down while it was yet day' and whose body rests in Canterbury Cathedral) for a sum of 20 marks per annum. Also, in 1374, John of Gaunt conferred upon the poet an annual grant of £10 for life in consideration of the good services rendered by Geoffrey and Philippa Chaucer to the Duke, his wife Constance, and his mother, Queen Philippa; while, in addition, no doubt through his patron's influence, Chaucer received a Government post as Comptroller of the Customs and Subsidies of Wool, Skins and Tanned Hides in the Port of London. At this time, too, the poet took a lease from the Corporation of London of the dwelling situated over the old gate at Aldgate—one of the entrances to the city—which thus became his official residence. Next year Chaucer received from King Edward III the custody of the lands and person of one Edmund Staplegate, a rich ward of Kent, which brought him, on his ward's marriage, a fee of £104 (more than £1,500 of our money); and, in 1376, we read of Chaucer, now certainly in affluent circumstances, as one of the "Knights of the Shrine" (or Members of Parliament) for Kent.

Chaucer must have lived well up to his income in these years of prosperity; for, when the tide turned, he seemed to have little by him to bridge over the

flood of misfortune which oppressed his declining years.

John of Gaunt would seem to have no great love for his wife Constance, whom he married for the sake of being a titular King, and Chaucer's wife, as before mentioned, had a sister Katharine, who became a governess to the Duke's young children. The lady had already borne him three sons and a daughter, when, on the death of his second wife, John of Gaunt married her in 1394, and obtained a special Act of Parliament to legitimatise their children. Thus, through Katharine Swynford, the ancestress of Margaret, Countess of Richmond, mother of King Henry VII, Chaucer established by affinity a connection with the royal family of England.

In 1377, Chaucer was engaged in Flanders and France on secret missions; and, during the same year, on June 21st, King Edward III died at the age of 65—his last years marked a senility little in accord with the prowess of his youth. His successor was the ill-fated Richard II. This change of rule, however, made little difference to Chaucer; for although the young King's uncles were expressly excluded from the council of twelve appointed to administer the affairs of the nation during the minority of the King, who was only twelve years old at his succession, yet the overbearing ambition of John of Gaunt still made him the central figure in the first few years of the young King's reign, as his son, Henry of Lancaster, became at the end of it.

In May, 1378, Chaucer was again in Italy on a mission to Lombardy; and this closed Chaucer's career as a diplomatist. During the next five years he was attending to his duties as Comptroller of the London Customs, drawing along with his official salary his own pension and that of his wife; all the time enjoying along with the 'sweets of office,' the patronage of the great Duke of Lancaster, who, on each successive New Year's Day March 25th, 1380-1-2, presented Philippa Chaucer with a silver gilt cup and cover.

Then came another post; in 1386 Chaucer became Comptroller of the Petty Customs of the Port of London, with the right to appoint a deputy. In this year Chaucer, being one of the Members of Parliament for Kent, gave evidence in the famous suit between Lord Scrope and Sir Richard Grosvenor as to the right to bear certain arms, to-wit, 'on a coat azure a bend or'. This case is useful to us in settling approximately the date of Chaucer's birth, for in it his age is described as being "of forty years or more."

That Chaucer's prosperity was due, to a great extent, to the patronage of John of Gaunt is seen in the loss of office, which Chaucer met with, immediately John of Gaunt left the country, in 1386, to prosecute his claim to the throne of Castile. In or about 1387, Chaucer seems to have lost his wife, for her pension ceased about this time; while the poet appears to have been hard pressed for money; for, in 1388, he assigned his pensions to one John

Scalby, probably in return for a lump sum.

In 1389 Richard II took the reins of government into his own hands, and, with the return of John of Gaunt from his useless expedition to Castile, Chaucer no doubt looked for better times. A short period of good fortune certainly followed; for, in the same year, Chaucer was appointed Clerk of the King's Works at the Palace of Westminster, at the Tower of London and other royal domains. In this position Chaucer helped to repair St. George's Chapel, Windsor. The poet also would appear to have held the office of Forester of North Petherton Park, in Somersetshire—a post afterwards held by that Thomas Chaucer Speaker of the Commons, who is considered by most commentators to have been the poet's son.

But, having parted with his pensions and being deprived of the comptrollerships and clerkships during the political upheavals of that troubled reign, Chaucer seems at times to have been in sore straits, with only his Forest Ranger-ship and the Commissionership of roads between Greenwich and Woolwich left to him. Well may he have felt disgusted at the turn events had taken. Farewell, his hopes of Court! He now writes to his friend Scogan at the King's palace, as one of those

'that kneleth at the stremes hede of grace,'

asking him to bear him in mind—a request that probably found an answer in King Richard's grant to Chaucer of a

new pension of £20 a year for life; but, from the advances on his pension which he procured from time to time and from the fact that he asked for and obtained protection from his creditors in the courts, it is evident that his condition was at this time far from prosperous. In 1398 he obtained a grant of wine from the King "for the sake of God and as a work of Charity." Shortly afterwards the King himself was deposed and the throne passed to the formidable Henry of Lancaster, Richard's usurping cousin. All the country seemed to turn against the amiable but weak King:

"As in a theatre the eyes of men,
After a well-graced actor leaves the stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious;
Even so, or with much more contempt, men's
eyes
Did scowl on Richard."

Over his last days obscurity has drawn a veil. On Richard's fall, and that of the Plantagenet House, we might have expected Chaucer would have indited a poem; but no, he is ready to hail his successor in a 'compleynt' to his purse as the

"Conquerour of Brutes Albioun
Which that by lyne and free Eleccioun
Ben verray Kyng,"

and to make a claim upon the new King's bounty. His prayer was heard; for, in October, 1399, King Henry IV granted the poet a pension of 40 marks (£26-13-4), which, with his former pension of £20, would raise his income to about £700 of our money; so that we

may well believe that the last few months remaining to him were spent in comparative affluence.

At Christmas of that year, Chaucer took a long lease for 53 years, at an annual rent of 4 marks, of a house belonging to, and situated close beside, the Abbey at Westminster. The last recorded payment of his pension is in June 1400, and then, before the close of the century, on the 25th October, 1400, the poet closed his eyes in death. His body was laid to rest in that part of the great Abbey, which, from his burial there surrounded afterwards by so many of his successors in the poetic art, even to our own day, has been appropriately called 'Poet's Corner.' Thus ended Chaucer's brilliant career as poet, courtier, and government official—a life not without its trials and troubles, its worries and vexations; but, withal, a life of usefulness and unremitting toil; so that when the summons came could it in his case have come unwelcomed? For, as Spenser well says:

"What if some little pain the passage have
That wakes frail flesh to fear the bitter wave?
Is not short pain well borne, that brings long ease,
And lays the soul to sleep in quiet grave?
Sleep after toil, port after stormy seas,
Ease after war, death after life, does greatly please."

The first erected monument, according to Speght, who wrote in the reign of Elizabeth, contained the following verses:

"Galfridus Chaucer, vates et fama poesis
Maternae, hac sacra sum tumulatus humo:"

This memorial was removed, how-

ever, in the reign of Queen Mary, to make way for a more worthy one, erected at the cost of Nicholas Brigham, an Oxford Minor poet, with this inscription now undecipherable:

M. S.

Qui fuit Anglorum vates ter maximus olim,
Galfridus Chaucer conditur hoc tumulo:
Annum si quaeras Domini, si tempora vitae,
Ecce notae subsunt quae tibi cuncta notant
25, Octobris, 1400.

Aerumnarum requies mors.

N. Brigham hos fecit Musarum nomine
sumptus.

1556.

The following verses are said to have been inscribed round the edge of the tomb, now also obliterated:

Si rogites quis eram, forsan te fama docebit;
Quod si fama negat, mundi quia gloria transit,
Haec monumenta lege.

Cowden Clarke, writing some forty years ago, states with reference to this inscription. "It is to be hoped that there is truth in the report recently circulated, of a proposal having been made to restore this monument to its originally perfect state." Fortunately, however, for those who respect ancient monuments, this 'restoration' has never taken place, the monument remains un-restored—the marble softened and mellowed with the lapse of time.

During the time of the late Dean Stanley, as a further memorial of the poet by admirers of his works, a handsome stained glass window, containing pictures of the Canterbury pilgrims, was placed in the South Transept.

PERCY PANKHURST, Litt. D., '08.

"INSTAURARE OMNIA IN CHRISTO"

(The Motto of the Reigning Pope of Rome)

ODE ON THE GOLDEN JUBILEE OF THE HOLY FATHER, PIUS X

*Heir of Peter, Christ's Vicegerent, Royal Pontiff, Great High Priest,
From the golden shores of sunset to the dawn-gates of the East
Thee we hail with jubilation, mighty Fisherman of souls,
While the praise-chant of our myriads to the listening Tiber rolls!
Thee we hail, whose earthly mission spurns ambition's gilded dross
To restore man's primal glory through the Faith that wields the Cross!*

*'Thine the grand old Faith whose banner Christ Himself to Time unfurled
'Round whose rock the futile currents of the living death have swirled;—
Faith, against whose ramparts vainly Hell's embattled hosts are hurled,—
Faith whose bells of joy encircle with their chimes the rolling world!
Like the flame that on the headland guides the wanderer of the deep;
Like the tender shepherd gently turning back his wayward sheep;
Like the fiery pillar marching over Syria's darkled sands,
Leading Jacob's fleeing children from the wrath of Pharaoh's hands;
Like the Voice on Sinai's summit the dread mandates thundering down,
Or, on Juda's Mount of Olives, preaching Faith's immortal crown,—
So the Church, through all the ages, Beacon, Leader, Voice Divine,
Guides through mortal gloom and peril by the Cross's saving sign!*

*Guides the Church, despite the signals Luther's pride and malice hung;
 Spite of Calvin's hideous errors 'mid the groping millions flung;
 Spite of royal lust when broken vows of marriage fed the creed
 Born in Henry Tudor's harem; spite of every Mormon breed;
 Spite of infidel and pagan, spite of Belial's heathen ranks,
 Triumphs yet the heir of Peter throned on Tiber's storied banks,—
 Triumphs Papal Rome, unresting till the last redoubt be won,
 As unwearied as the chargers of the chariot of the sun!*

*Through Thy holy incarnation, Son of Man, Thy birth Divine!
 Through Thine agony, Thy passion, through that bloody Cross of Thine!
 Through Thy death, Thy resurrection, Thine ascension and Thy throne!
 Through the Triune God in glory, be the Word of Life made known!—
 Known to every land and nation, race and color, tongue and creed,
 Till there be no alien peoples, till the slaves of sin are freed!
 Till the earth regenerated, raised, renewed in Christ shall be!
 Till the Master's praise be chorused over hill and vale and sea!
 Till the pleading heart of Pius shall be answered from above,
 And the soul of man be whitened with God's purity of love!
 Till the hope, the will of Pius, in his Jubilee today,
 Bear on earth a fruit Celestial, while the tribes and nations pray:*

*"Strength of Martyrs, Joy of Angels, Fount of Mercy, Sword of Right,
 "Bless and save—restore Thy peoples, Christ, Our Way, Eternal Light!"*

Chas. D. South, A. M., '01

MUDGE GRANT

THE combined hotel and bar of the Hob-Main road-house lay hazy on the damp prairie as the rays of the rising sun stretched far across the alkali plains and reflected like gold on the snow-caped hills in the distance. The Hob-Main was a long low building of logs and mud, encumbered around with large high-railed corrals where every day the skill of the cowboy was taxed and the proud spirit of the outlaw bronco brought to the submission of a cow-pony.

Even this early the men were washing in front of the cookhouse and inhaling the sweet crisp aroma of frying bacon from within, when, with a clatter, Mudge Grant drove past with the morning stage on his regular trip to the train.

"Fine fellow," said Hob, as he buried his face in the rough towel.

"Right you are," assented Kipt, "but it seems to me he is out of his class out here with us, he has the appearance of a man made for better things."

"Well, that's his own business," replied Hob, "he is fair and square, and that's about all the boys care for out here. What he was or where he came from makes little difference. But come in and eat, we have a big drive today and it's getting late."

Mudge had made his stop at Brown-ing and Alton and was with the boys at the station calmly rolling a cigarette when the train whistled. As the first

shrill shriek cut the clear prairie air he startled, the half rolled pill fell from his hand and a strange fear crept over him, but he recovered at once and laughed aloud that such an accustomed thing should so affect him.

"Hello," called Shorty Walsh, the mail clerk, as the train came to a stop and he threw out the mail sacks, "What's the news?"

"Dead, as ever," replied Mudge, "What's doing in the land of the living?"

"Well, nothing much," drawled Shorty, "there's a new schoolteacher come up for Main's, so look out, old man."

"O, nothing doing," laughed Mudge, and the train pulled out. Mudge for a moment gazed after it as it steamed on its way over the prairie, and then started to gather the mail sacks. He was thus engaged when a slight touch at his elbow arrested his attention. On turning with his accustomed "well!" he was confronted by a beautiful young girl in khaki suit, high shoes, and large felt hat. A certain line of refinement in her manner caught Mudge's eye at once. "Would you kindly tell me," she said, "if this is the stage to Hob-Main? I am a stranger here and I feel so lost among these cowboys and Indians."

Mudge made an awkward grab at his hat and blurted out some thing like, "I reckon it is, Miss. Get right in, we leave in five minutes."

In due time two trunks being strapped on behind Mudge climbed to his high seat and once again started the stage on its return trip across the prairie.

The day was warm and the white, dry dust rolled in clouds around the horses, even at times hiding them from view, but in spite of the heat and dust the little stranger talked incessantly, bursting out in low cries of delight as some high cliffs arose or dark wooded valley stretched below, and even as she spoke Mudge fancied himself again in the little college and his happy home amid the green fields of Virginia where his mother still prayed and watched for his return. Then passed before him the fatal day his father was declared a ruined man and he was forced on his own resources in this wild country to eke out his livelihood among the men he did not fear but loathed. He recalled himself with an effort and the long whip sprang far across the horses' backs while he drove like mad trying to choke down the memory her voice recalled and put it from him forever. He soon reached Hob-Main, the passengers all got out and he made his final run into Blackfoot.

At sunrise he was again on the road and as he neared Hob-Main, he eagerly cast his eyes around for a glance of the fair stranger of the night before.

"Hold on!" shouted Hob, as he drew near, "I have some baggage."

"Alright," replied Mudge as he pulled up. "Need a lift?"

"Don't trouble yourself," smiled Hob,

"I think I can manage it myself," and he stalked into the house.

In a moment he returned, followed, to Mudge's surprise, by the fair young stranger of the day before. "Here, Mudge" he said, "I want you to meet Miss Mary Harris, our new school teacher. Miss Harris this is Mudge Grant, our famous stage driver. He will take you down to the schoolhouse and call for you on his return trip."

Miss Harris then mounted the high seat beside Mudge and the stage rattled down the road. "What a large and gloomy cliff," remarked Miss Harris in wonder, as they neared the perpendicular limestone bluff. It looks so barren and dreary with but that single pine on the top. What do they call it, Mr. Grant?"

"That is Jump-off-Joe. It is told that many years ago a young Indian was rejected in his suit and in sheer despair came to this cliff and jumped off from that projecting point."

"How strange," murmured Miss Harris, "this country must be well stocked with interesting tales,—but here is the schoolhouse, so I must leave."

Mudge pulled up and the little teacher alighted. "Don't forget," she said, as she entered the schoolhouse, "to call for me on your return trip, or I might be carried off by some wild Indian."

Mudge drove on in a distracted manner and did not recall himself till the horses came stock still before a large boulder, a mile off the road. He grasped up the reins with a laugh and drove like mad into Alton just on time. Each day Miss Harris drove in Mudge's stage

and took great interest as Mudge in his bashful manner narrated all the wild and daring deeds of that part of the country. Soon—an unusual thing—he began to appear around Hob-Main on Sundays, and despite the joshing of the boys, made his weekly visits on some pretense or other. One bright Sunday afternoon Mudge appeared as usual and behind him he led a neatly saddled pony and from then on Mudge and Miss Harris visited the many places of interest in those points and rode across the wide open prairie around Main.

"What high and dark mountains these are!" exclaimed Miss Harris, as they were one day riding up the canyon near Alton.

"Yes, they look mysterious," replied Mudge, "and the Indians for a long time believed them haunted. You see those glaciers over there, well, when the snow melts they slip and crack, making loud and wierd noises and these the Indians thought were voices of evil spirits who inhabited these canyons, and so for many years they never entered this part of the country and the settler could hunt here unmolested."

Time went on this way and Mudge began to think life worth living even in this wild and desolate country, when one day Mudge noticed a swell young fellow alight from the train and make direct for his stage.

"Say, old chap," blurted the new comer, as he came up, "is Miss Mary Harris still teaching school at Hob-Main?"

"I reckon she is," snapped Mudge,

"but you had better look in the city directory."

"Well, that's jolly," laughed the chap. "I'll take your stage and drive out with you. I know she will be glad to see me."

At this Mudge felt a dislike spring up within him for the stranger, and with a fierce crack of the whip drove out of Alton, the chap comfortably seated on the back seat.

A few miles out Mudge smelt the strong Egyptian cigarette the fellow was smoking. "Something burning, stranger," he said, sniffing the air, "smells like old rags and rubber. Better look to them clothes of yours—it can't be that cigarette," he said as he turned. "By all the burning rubbish what a smell! Throw it away and don't stink up the prairie. Here's some Durham and paper and I will roll it for you, too."

"No, thanks," said the chap, "I think I can take care of myself."

"Well, you don't look it," murmured Mudge to himself as he drove on, and the rest of the trip was passed in silence. Next day being Sunday Mudge made his way to Hob-Main.

"Hard luck, old man," greeted Hob, as Mudge drove up. "Some slick-looking chap blew in and is out driving this afternoon with Miss Harris.—You are not going?" shouted Hob as Mudge turned his horse to leave.

"Yes, I guess I must," drawled Mudge, "I was just driving past. You see I must put my claim in condition for the winter. So long!"

"So long! Poor fellow," said Hob, as he watched him ride off, "he certainly feels hurt."

The next day Mudge made his regular stop, but Miss Harris seemed to be in a gloomy mood, and as Mudge felt indisposed but few words passed between them.

The following week was cold and windy and Miss Harris was forced to seek the shelter of the stage while Mudge sat alone in the wind and rain, doubly unable to express the sentiments that burned within him.

So things went on and the gay young fellow hung around Hob Main filling the dingy barroom with his stinking cigarettes and collecting across the card table the loose money of the unwary cowboy. It was during one of these games that Mudge stumbled into the bar of the Hob Main-road-house and in the thick smoke and dim light perceived the chap, a cigarette between his pale lips, seated at a card table while an excited crowd stood around him.

"Now you have him, Buck," shouted a wild, red-eyed fellow. "That dog beat me and the outfit out of our last cent. Cinch him down."

Mudge still looked on. Again the cards spun round and Mudge was about to leave in disgust, when he perceived the chap with a sickly smile lay down three aces and reach for the stakes. At this juncture an uproar followed and all made a mad rush for the table.

The chap was gathering in the stakes as best he could when the sharp crack

of a revolver brought him flat across the table, and the money fell from his hands. Marking the man, Mudge, with a chair, knocked out the single lamp that lighted the room, and in the rush grasped the wounded man, pulled him out and threw his limp form across the saddle, while the mob was fighting and shouting within the narrow confines of the barroom. Mudge drove hard and soon had the wounded man in his little cabin back of Alton.

"Hello!" called out Kipt, driving up a few moments later to the cabin, "fine fight down there. I just rode up as you were leaving. Need any help, Mudge?"

"Yes," replied Mudge, "drive my stage for a few days—and hold on! Tell Miss Harris the chap is here and to call as soon as possible. So clear out."

Mudge examined the wound and found it to be a bad fracture of the shoulder but he dressed it with a mother's care and lay the man in the single bunk while he made his bed as best he could on the floor. All night long the man raved and kept Mudge busy giving him water.

"Why should I do this?" he murmured, half aloud, after his fifth trip to the spring that night. "What has this man done for me? What kindness has he performed? None! I should have left him there to fight it out with those dogs—but then, he is a man and for her sake, I swore I would save him, cost what it might."

Miss Harris made daily trips to the cabin to see the chap but Mudge, out of a certain delicacy, always had some ex-

cuse or other that kept him from the shack, during her visit. One day she perceived him starting away as usual, and called out, "Wait a moment, Mr. Grant." Mudge turned in surprise and waited.

"Why, Mudge," she said, "you have been so strange. I have not had a chance to thank you for the kindness extended my cousin."

"He, your cousin!" gasped Mudge in astonishment.

"Why of course, he is, you silly goose, and I want you to come over to the cabin and meet him. I always wanted to introduce you but since his arrival you have been so changed and

stayed so far away I never had the chance. Besides I must move him to-day, for to-morrow we shall go back home, and remember this, we shall expect a visit from you in the near future, for we can never repay you for your kindness."

The old Road house still stands on the lonely prairie and the old stage still rattles past at sunrise, but another man now sits upon the high seat and drives the daily trip to Browning.

All Hob Main knows about Mudge is that he went back East one day and never returned.

RALPH F. GOETTER, '10.

THE SONG OF THE BALL AND CHAIN

*Oh, this is the song of the ball and chain
As it rattles and clanks along—
A song that is filled with a haunting pain,
A sad and a weary song.*

Ye put us away in holes to rot.
'Tis justice ye say—and then
Ye put us away from the light of day,
Away from the sight of men.

Ye put us away in holes to rot—
Ye are good and we are bad !—
Where the prison grind will sap the mind
And the darkness drive us mad.

Ye put us away in holes to rot.
Ye give us a brand of shame.
'Tis justice ye say as ye turn away
And ye do it in Christ's name.

Yet put us away in holes to rot.
Do ye think that ye work His will,
When Love was the thought of the things He taught
And yours is the Hate to kill ?

Ye put us away in holes to rot.
Ye make of us things to dread.
And because your years are obscured with fears,
Ye are glad when ye find us dead.

Ye put us away in holes to rot.
Ye scorn us, ye fools, and fly.
But we meet our end as we would a friend
And ye are afraid to die.

Ye put us away in holes to rot.
Ye fools ! ye are worse than we
For ye look on Death with a bated breath
And we smile—for he sets us free.

*Oh, this is the song of the curse of Cain,
Of the wretches who toil and sweat
And measure their lives with a ball and chain.
I sing it lest ye forget.*

Maurice T. Dooling Jr., '09.

AS TOLD BY THE SEA

IT was the last day of my summer vacation. Seated upon the rocks just out of reach of the waves, I was talking to an old acquaintance of mine, an aged fisherman who, now too old to go out in the boat with his son, contented himself with catching surf-fish from the rocks and selling them to unsuccessful city anglers at the Ocean Shore Depot of the little town, a half a mile from his home. This hamlet, for it was nothing more, was a noted resort for city sportsmen and the old man had no trouble in disposing of his catch. He had led an adventurous life during his younger days. He had fought through the civil war; at its close he had crossed the plains, and after knocking around among the mining camps, then so thickly scattered through California, had finally settled down in this lonely little village and had become a fisherman. Two years back he had given over the business to his son with whom he resided. His pension and the money he made from the spoils of successful days on the rocks amply provided for his meagre wants.

The sun was resting upon the horizon and his dancing rays glancing from the sparkling wave crests threw into sharp relief the features of this old man of seventy odd winters leaning against the steep black rocks that rose sharply and merged into the gray sandstone cliffs. His six-foot frame was shrunken but still vigorous while in his eyes there blazed the fires of an undying spirit.

We sat there a while in silence watching the sun sink below the horizon. Gradually the sea took on a duller hue, while the cliffs on either side of the little cove turned from gray to tawn and the two small islets that, twenty-five yards apart, rose from the entrance of the cove directly in line with the headlands on either side, grew darker. At last the old man broke the silence. "Jim," he said, "did you ever see a truly brave deed, one with none to urge the hero on and a hundred chances to one of death?"

I confessed that I had not.

"Well," he resumed, "I did, and from the tops of the very rocks we are leaning against now, and a braver one I never saw though I fought at Shiloh and at Gettysburg. Do you see those two islands in the channel there? A reef connects them but as it is four feet below the water, at low tide you wouldn't suspect it; but whenever we have a storm, you'd think that this little cove here was a regular hell's cauldron ready to boil over, the way the breakers rip things up in here. You'd think a boat couldn't live in it a moment—yet I saw one do it.

There was a young fellow, Archie Crawford, by name, that lived in the house next door to mine. The boys called him a coward and he was. During the eighteen years I knew him—all his life—he never won a fight or went out in his boat when it was a bit rougher than usual, though he was by

far the best sailor among them. He had a fine little white-all which he kept in that boat house you see at the foot of the cliff.

How did he get it there? you ask. Well he had a windlass in the hut and a greased track running down that little gully in front to the water. All he had to do when he wanted to go out was to open the door, slide the boat out and go down with a rush. You see, the place is kind of protected so that in calm weather, there are no waves at all washing in there, but in a storm the backwash from the rocks meeting there is terrible.

Five years ago this November we had one of the worst storms I have ever seen. We haven't had one near as bad since. The waves were smashing in here so hard that I and the lad came down to see if the boat house was safe. It was though, for the waves didn't come within ten feet of it, and the storm couldn't get any worse. We were about to go home again when suddenly we heard the hoarse long drawn blast of a whistle above the roar of the storm. We waited and a moment later the whistle roared again, nearer and clearer than before. There could be no mistake, a steamer hidden by the driving rain and fog was drifting ashore.

Twice again the whistle bellowed hoarsely as if in pain, but each time it was nearer than before, till at last, right on the the crest of a huge roller, the sharp black prow of a large steamer cut through the shrouding rain and fog. An instant she seemed to hang there

and then with a sickening crash which we heard plainly above the din of the storm she crushed down upon the reef in the passage between those two islands. She lifted with the next roller, moved a few yards farther in and settled down again forever.

Wave after wave swept over her till the once white surface of the cove was dotted with wreckage and struggling men. At last only four persons were left huddled under the forward bridge of the steamer. Two were men, one was a woman and the other a little boy. The rest, God help them! went down in the smothering foam or were pounded to death in the surf upon these very rocks. Some of the bodies floated ashore afterwards, but others didn't. I saw the big black fins of large sharks cutting the surface of the cove and guessed the rest.

I was dazed and for a time lost track of things. The first thing I noticed was the boy's absence. I looked around and there he was, standing beside the boat which he had slid out. I motioned him to stop, but he paid no heed and a moment later, before I could reach him, he gave the boat a shove, leaped in and grabbed the oars which he had already shipped. A fraction of a second later he struck the receding breaker with a splash and by some miracle that I can't understand to this day he reached the shelter formed by the ship and one of the islands.

The woman and child were lowered into the boat and watching their chance the two men also reached it in safety

and a moment later it shot out from the shelter and came flying towards me on the crest of a breaker.

Twenty yards out she swerved. Archie pulled too hard on one of the oars to bring her round again and the oarlock broke. The breaker passed from under her and she drifted broadside to meet the next. The following wave caught up with them and as its foamy crest towered above the boat, the boy grabbed the child from its mother's arms and sprang clear of the boat which was capsized and smashed to kindling on the rocks by the breaker. I made a jab at him with the boat hook I had caught up and by good luck caught him by the coat as he was rolled up by the wave but too late to save his life. His chest had been crushed in upon the rocks. The little fellow whom he held under his arm escaped with a few bruises and cuts. Even as I took the little one from his grasp, his eyes were glazing. All he ever did was to smile and say, 'Give the kid to dad. Tell him I hope he has more nerve than I had.' He could say no more. Blood ran from his mouth. I took his hand but it stiffened in my grasp. He was dead. If *he* hadn't courage I don't know who has."

A tear rolled down the old man's cheek which he hastily brushed away with his hand and his gaze was fixed upon the darkening ocean.

"The next morning," he continued, "the steamer had disappeared and save for the wreckage and occasional corpses scattered along the shore you would never have known it had happened.

We inquired everywhere about the boy, but could not find any of his relatives, so Archie's father adopted him and as he doesn't dispute my claim as his extra guardian, we get along fine. There is the little fellow now coming down to call me to supper," and he pointed to a little curly-haired lad of seven years coming down the trail to the rocks.

Some stars burned feebly in the darkening sky and far out over the dull pulsing ocean the Farallone Light flashed, went out and flashed into view again. The old man hand in hand with the boy he had plucked from the cruel sea at the cost of the life of a friend, climbed the steep path up the cliff. Then the two paused for a moment, outlined against the sky, to wave good-night to me before turning to their homes.

NORMAN BUCK, '12.

The Redwood.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE STUDENTS OF THE SANTA CLARA COLLEGE

The object of the Redwood is to record our College Doings, to give proof of College Industry and to knit closer together the hearts of the Boys of the Present and of the Past.

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EDITORIAL COMMENT

On some fine day perhaps some worldly wise and cynical alumnus who during his undergraduate days took a more or less active interest in the things literary of his college will write an exhaustive treatise on "The Trials and Troubles of Editing a College Magazine" which will become the standard book of reference on that important matter.

Until such a time as that great work is accomplished, however, college editors will continue to take upon themselves the privilege and pleasure—for it is a melancholy sort of pleasure "to put in words the grief we feel"—of publicly airing through the rather doubtful medium of their editorial columns the private troubles of their several maga-

zines. We are but human. We claim that privilege with the rest.

Our plea is an old one among college magazines—we fancy that it began with the first of our contemporaries—though it is one not often sounded in the columns of THE REDWOOD. To be brief; we would make a plea for greater student interest in and greater student support for THE REDWOOD. THE REDWOOD in the past has been ranked among the leading college magazines of the country. Last year one of the best, if not the very finest of the eastern magazines placed us among the ten best college magazines in the country—a position, by the way, awarded to no other magazine off of the Atlantic seaboard. This year, we are striving, as best we can to retain our former high standing. How far successful we have been in our opening numbers our readers can judge perhaps better than we. But one thing is certain we have not been receiving the support and cooperation from the undergraduate body as a whole which is our due.

THE REDWOOD is just as much a student institution as football or track. We look to every student who has ever flourished a pen or would like to flourish one for contributions. We are optimistic with the optimism born of experience. THE REDWOOD will continue

to come out regularly at the beginning of every month as it has always done. But think what a comfortable feeling we would have if next month we could line our waste basket with rejected manuscript!

Now that the football season is over all eyes are turned to basket ball and track. We are liable to take them up all the more eagerly for a time because they are a novelty for us. It is only the old timers who have grown gray within the walls of Santa Clara that remember our last track team. This attraction of novelty is we suppose, as good as any other if only it will lead to a permanently active interest among the athletically inclined. Already we have held an enthusiastic student body meeting and elected temporary captains for the teams. We understand that sixty odd men have signified their intention of going out for the track team and between twenty-five and thirty candidates will try for basket ball. All signs point to a successful season in these forms of athletic activity. Athletically Santa Clara is on the rebound and without doubt the red jersey with the white barred arms and distinctive monogram, which has entirely passed from the campus, will make its reappearance at the end of this season on many a lusty student.

M. T. DOOLING, JR., '09.



It strikes us that a great part of the literary work done in College and university magazines is marred by the lack of sincerity, the lack of purpose, the lack of earnestness. The verse, with honorable exceptions, is unreal,—nauseating, unless we are to suppose that ninety percent of the undergraduates are head and heels and heart in love, or fondly imagine they are, in which case the epithet last named still holds true. If the only theme that appeals to the muse of our undergraduate poets all over the country, and the same applies to the story writers, is the graceful curve of my lady's hand or the gloss and hue of her hair,—well, God help the future literature of America.

We hope that no one will interpret us as decrying the use of love as a motive. We value it very highly, but often the themes so lavishly patronized by our poets and story writers do not approach literature at all. Literature does not consist of the sickly sentimental. Some doubtless are satisfied with these themes, provided the technique be clever, but a good deal more than technique is required for any literature worthy of the name. Too often clever handling is supposed to cover a sterility

of thought and to compensate for the lack of genuine feeling.

The above thoughts were suggested by the reading of the *Williams Literary Monthly*. The two essays in this magazine are the best we have seen for many a day. The reading of the article entitled, "In criticism of ourselves," was not an irksome task. We felt that the author had something to say, had something that he sincerely felt in his own soul and wished to express it as he felt it. This is the quality of sincerity which to our minds is woefully lacking in much undergraduate magazine work. An essay such as this approaches very near being literature, if it is not.

The other essay, "On Coventry Patmore" is marked by judgment, order and taste in the treatment of the theme and in the citations from the poet. We know and appreciate Coventry Patmore much better than we did before reading the essay and thus the object of the writer has been attained. "Bill Grubbins' Bomb" is, we should judge, the better of the two stories. "The Class Poem" and "The Leaves" are meritorious. Throughout the whole magazine

there breaths an air of dignity and of lofty ideals.

The October issue of the *Mercerian* has several good articles. The biographical essay on "Joel Chandler Harris," an appreciation of his The *Mercerian* verses and a praise of his life is cleverly written. As we read it we cannot but feel an intense admiration for Uncle Remus, who has done so much by his verse, for the uplifting of the negro. "The Lady in Black," has a plot that is original and interesting. "Ballade in the Accepted Style" has the right swing necessary for this kind of verse, and sustains the interest throughout. "Bright Morning Star" and "To the Class of Nineteen Hundred and Eight," are good.

The Georgian last season ranked among the best of our Southern contemporaries. And this October issue fully maintains the standard of its predecessors. It introduces a new feature, a series of sketches on old European Universities. These differ from most of their kind in as much as we await with pleasure the arrival of the succeeding numbers. "Roses" and "Getting Even" are the best in the fiction line. The former is the tale of a self-made man, unconsciously besting a trust by the purchase of some roses as an anniversary present to his wife; the latter that of a crook ingeniously fooling a colleague.

But for the length of "Way Down in Georgia", it would give us great pleasure to recopy it. It has a music and sweetness that we do not expect in a

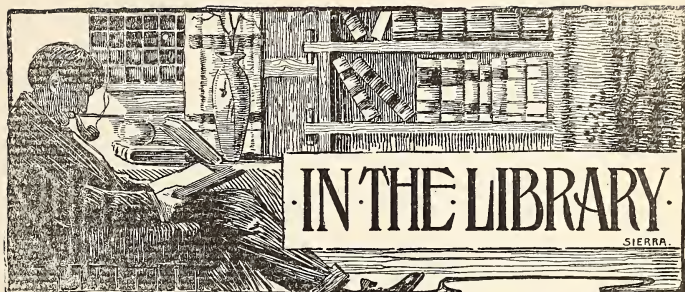
poem of such length. "On the Savannah" and "Sunset Message" are noteworthy.

The descriptive essay on "Whitby" in the *Wellesley* is vividly written. The picture of the quaint old village, of the inhabitants, of the tiny The *Wellesley* toddlers, playing with Magazine the friendly sea, the crumbling ruins of the old cathedral and churches show a delicacy of taste in the writer combined with graphic power. We thought as we read that we were standing on the banks of the Esk, gazing towards Whitby, but were soon awakened to the fact that it was all a pleasant dream. "A Modern Prodigal Son" and "Hyssop For Love" are stories which though gracefully written have no particular strength of plot.

The October issue of the *Tattler* rejoices in several good articles. Of these "The King of Fools", a piece of fiction The is undoubtedly the best. We can easily fancy Tattler the quick-witted jester alone in the forest boasting his knowledge to the smiling flowers, and yet bemoaning his hard lot. "Music Hath Power" has a plot that is slightly unusual. It is rather hard to conjure up the last scene: Ellen so wrought up by the strains of the old monk's piece that she falls dead. "The Mythology of R. M. W. C.", is well written, but of the plot we will say nothing, for we do not like to disagree with the fair author.

"Were I in Dreamland" and "A Sea Song" are the best of the verse.

W. I. O'SHAUGHNESSY, '11.



THE SHADOW OF EVERSLEIGH

BY JANE LANSDOWNE

Under this title there is, indeed, a fascinating story, the scene of which is laid in England in the sixteenth century.

The plot is woven around a death-bed promise, and the failure of the heroine to keep it—a promise which, however, had to be kept before she could know peace or rest of soul.

Interest is quickly aroused, and as the tale proceeds we find ourselves being drawn irresistibly onward. Interesting situations are certainly not want-

ing; yet we glide from one to another without a jar. The style, on the whole, is neat, though the diction at times is quaint.

The characters are well drawn—Muriel is seen in all her beauty and goodness, though she is somewhat fickle—Marmaduke holds our admiration for his nobleness and goodness of heart—and we half pity the wretched DeBletchingly, wondering at his baseness.

Doubly significant is the title—both *Shadows of Death*, and in after years, the *Suffering Soul of Muriel*, hang over Combe Eversleigh. It is worth while.

Benziger Bros. Price \$1.25.

EUGENE F. MORRIS, '10.



On November 14, over two-thousand people gathered at the College Hall to participate in Santa Clara's celebration of the Golden Jubilee of Pope Pius X. Hon. John M. Burnett, A. B., '58, A. M., '59, acted as chairman of the evening and was introduced by our beloved President, Rev. Father Gleeson. Mr. Burnett was followed by a number of other old Santa Clara boys: James A. Bacigalupi, A. B., '03, who spoke on "The Pontiff of the People"; William F. Humphrey, A. B., '92, whose theme was "Santa Clara Loyal to the Vicar of Christ"; Charles D. South, A. M., '01, who read a poem entitled "Instaurare omnia in Christo"; Michael E. Griffith, A. B., '98, who delivered an address entitled "The World's Homage to the Successor of St. Peter." A poem "Ignis Ardens" written for the occasion by Edwin Coolidge, '91, was read by Jas. R. Daly, '09.

When our team journeyed to Reno to play the University of Nevada, the familiar faces of many Santa Clara

S. C. Boys at Reno

students of the past were recognized among the crowds that thronged the bleachers. Among others were Raymond Robb, '11; Harold Cheatham, '10, Harry Gulling, '06 and James Commerford, who is now the Principal of the Virginia City High School.

There are few of the boys who attended Santa Clara for the last twenty years that will not remember the genial, devoted, noble-hearted Rev. Jos. Fr. Joseph F. Landry, F. Landry S. J., whose death occurred shortly after our last issue. Born in San Francisco, March 16, 1864, Fr. Landry received his early education at Saint Ignatius' College. At the age of sixteen heeding the invitation of the Master to follow Him in His labors for the salvation of souls, he came to Santa Clara to prepare himself in the Jesuit Novitiate for this noble ministry. Six years were devoted to this work of preparation and then commenced a period of toil and self-sacrifice for men which ceased only with his death.

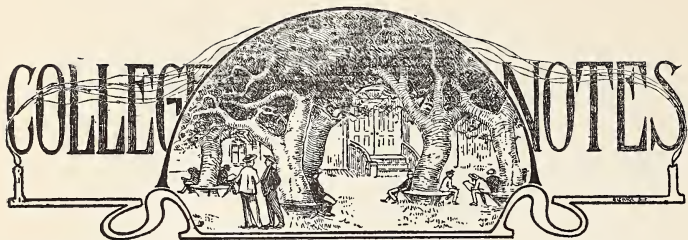
From 1887 to 1892, when he went to Italy to begin his theological studies, Fr. Landry was continuously employed at Santa Clara teaching and prefecting. Moreover during four of these years he was Director of the Junior Dramatic Society of the College and under his able management that society produced several excellent plays. After his ordination in 1896, he was once more a member of our Faculty, acting as Speaker of the House of Philistines and as Professor of Literature, as well Latin and Greek as English. The last few years of Fr. Landry's life were spent in San Francisco partly in teaching and partly in the ministry, in which latter work he showed himself so efficient that his superiors thought it well to commit to his care a parish in Pendleton, Oregon. Scarcely three months ago he left California to enter upon his new trust, but God had other designs on him and he called him to Himself on Saturday morning, October 24.

All who knew Fr. Landry speak of him in terms both of admiration and affection. They admire him for his learning and love him for his geniality and devotedness. To say nothing of his other attainments, he was, as his clear, polished and effective sermons attest, a finished English scholar, and yet withal he was most modest, humble and unassuming in the expression of his

opinion even when it was asked. In his work he never sought praise and though unflinching in matters of discipline when the duties of his office required it, he always commanded the love of the students with whom he was thrown in contact. As a priest he was ever devoted to his calling and zealous for the salvation of souls, characteristics which made him a valuable assistant to his Superiors in San Francisco after the dreadful fire in 1906; for during those days of distress he passed his time visiting the hospitals, comforting the sick and assisting the suffering as much as possible both by word and act.

Fr. Landry's body was brought to San Francisco where his widowed mother and three brothers reside, and laid out in St. Ignatius Church. There on the evening of October 28, the Office of the Dead was solemnly chanted over his remains and the following morning in the presence of a very large crowd of sorrowing friends, a Requiem Mass was celebrated for his soul. The interment was in our own little graveyard at Santa Clara and here among us and among scenes that attest his virtuous life and toils, and among those of his brethren of the Society of Jesus who have gone before him, his mortal remains have been laid to rest. R. I. P.

ALEXANDER T. LEONARD, '10.



The Pope's Golden Jubilee

November the fifteenth marked one of the grandest and most successful celebrations ever attempted in the vicinity of Santa Clara College. The event was the golden jubilee of the priesthood of the Vicar of Christ and successor of St. Peter, His Holiness Pope Pius the Tenth.

An illuminated procession in which close on to four thousand people took part, and highly commendable literary exercises in the College Hall were the features of the evening.

The thousands of varicolored torches borne by the loyal subjects of His Holiness presented a most beautiful spectacle. The colors of the different societies in the line of march were each represented by the different colored transparencies. The famous "purple and white" of the Knights of Columbus was especially conspicuous, while the red and white of the College followed a close second. The "blue and white" of the various societies and the Papal "yellow and white" also made a splendid appearance.

The success of the illumination is due to the energetic efforts of Mr. George G. Fox, S. J., ably assisted by the people of the Parish and the students of the College, chiefly R. J. Flood, '12, R. D. Murphy, '11; J. R. Daly, '09; W. I. Sweeny, '12; L. J. Pope, '11, and J. L. Thomas, '13.

Knowing full well the enthusiasm prevailing and the success that always characterizes Santa Clara College functions, hundreds of the townspeople had gathered to witness the grand celebration.

Promptly at 7:30 P. M., under the skillful generalship of Grand Marshal, Mr. Robert Fatjo, and his aides, the paraders began their march accompanied by the sacred and joyous strains of the well-trained San Jose and Santa Clara Sodality bands.

The formation of the procession was as follows: First Division (Santa Clara Parishioners) 1, Ushers; 2, Flags; 3, Sodality Band; 4, Speakers of the evening in autos; 5, Young Mens' and Boys' Sodality; 6, College Students; 7, Espirito Santo Societies; 8, Gentlemen's Sodalities; 9, Gentlemen of the

Parish, 10, Holy Angels' Societies; 11, Ladies Sodality; 12, St. Elizabeth's Society.

Second Division (San Jose Parishoners) 1, St. Joseph's Cadet Band; 2, St. Joseph's Benevolent Society; 3, Ancient Order of Hibernians; 4, Young Men's Institute; 5, Bonifacius Verein; 6, Gentlemen of St. Mary's Parish; 7, Knights of Columbus; 8, Holy Name Society; 9, Gentlemen of St. Patrick's Parish; 10, Italian Parishes; 11, Nuestra Senora de Guadalupe Societies; 12, Gentlemen of St. Joseph's; 13, The Immaculate Conception Sodality of Los Gatos; 14, Parishoners of St. Joseph's of Cupertino; 15, Ladies of St. Joseph's, San Jose; 16, Ladies Sodalities; 17, Young Ladies Institute; 18, Ladies Auxiliary of the A. O. H.; 19, Body-guard of Santa Clara College Students.

Through the courtesy of Mayor Druffel the town was brilliantly illuminated and the citizens lined the streets giving encouraging cheers. The monstrous procession wended its way through the principal streets of the town amid cheering and exclamations and finally entered the College Theater. Solemn and impressive as was the procession, the exercises in the Hall were in a sense even more inspiring.

Rev. Father Richard A. Gleeson, S. J., President of the College, in his opening remarks addressed the assemblage as follows: "We welcome you to the College Hall tonight upon this glorious occasion when we will with the fervor of loyalty burning in our hearts, pay special tribute of love, loyalty and hom-

age to the Holy Father now gloriously reigning."

Father Gleeson then introduced the chairman of the evening, Hon. John M. Burnett of San Francisco.

Mr. Burnett said in part: "The Golden Jubilee of Pope Pius X will be celebrated throughout the world and it is but meet and proper that we of this glorious Golden State, mingle our humble felicitations with those of our fellow Catholics in honor of our Holy Father, who, fifty years ago was ordained to the holy state of priesthood."

The honorable gentleman also spoke at some length on the Chair of Peter and the high standard of competency a man must reach to fill it. He spoke likewise of the foresight of St. Ignatius, the founder of the Society of Jesus, when he saw the future attacks of infidels and Protestants against the Papacy. "For this reason," said the speaker, St. Ignatius in founding the Jesuit Order provided that it especially, should always defend the Holy Father. The Order has observed this duty perfectly and has always, with lessons of morality and religion, inculcated devotion to the Holy See.

"For that reason, considering the Society's devotion to the Holy Father and the Holy See, it is eminently appropriate that this grand celebration, the first of its kind on the coast, should take place under the auspices of that order and that those Fathers shall send to distant Rome the fealty and congratulations of the Golden State of California." In closing his remarks Mr. Bur-

nett invited the audience to arise and join in the singing of that most beautiful hymn, "Holy God."

Accompanied by the trained choirs of the College of Notre Dame Convent, of St. Patrick's, St. Mary's, St. Joseph's and St. Claire's churches, the vast and enthusiastic audience did justice to the grand hymn.

Mr. Burnett was followed by James A. Bacigalupi, Esq., who in a magnificent display of oratorical ability spoke on "The Pontiff of the People."

After him, James R. Daly, '09, delivered a poem entitled "Ignis Ardens", written especially for the occasion by Mr. Edwin Coolidge of San Jose.

This was followed by the rendition of a baritone solo by Alphonsus G. Ruth, accompanied by his sister, Miss Alice Ruth. The selection was received with great applause. "Faith of our Fathers," was then sung by the entire audience with remarkable unison.

Rev. John J. Lally of St. Patrick's Church, San Jose was the speaker of the evening. Having recently returned from the "City of Popes", and having enjoyed a personal audience with His Holiness, Pius X, he was especially prepared for his theme, and dwelt principally upon "The Vatican of To-day."

Father Lally spoke briefly of the early life of the Holy Pontiff; how he had risen from the ranks of peasantry, step by step, to the most exalted position of King of the Catholic Universe, his striving for an education, the hardships he encountered, and for the most

part overcame, and finally his ordination and subsequent ascending to the throne of Peter; and throughout this, in the midst of the great honor and glory naturally attached to such a high position, he remains still, the same simple approachable loving person as the boy Guiseppe Sarto of years ago.

"Santa Clara's Loyalty to the Vicar of Christ" was the theme on which William G. Humphrey, Esq., spoke. While the gifted orator displayed in no uncertain signs his own deep loyalty to his Alma Mater and to his Jesuit education, and showed comprehensive knowledge of the history and spirit of the Society of Jesus, he did much to arouse his hearers to a continued and increasing love of Christ's Vicar on earth and a zeal for the religion of Jesus Christ and for the spread of his kingdom throughout the world.

An original poem entitled "Instaurare Omnia in Christo," written by Chas. D. South, and delivered by the author with intense feeling, and with much love and veneration for the See of Peter, was received with great applause.

Michael E. Griffith, Esq., the eloquent President of the Ancient Order of Hibernians of San Jose, did justice to a well-chosen topic. He spoke on "The World's Homage to the successor of St. Peter." He reviewed the life-work of the great Pontiff, touched on the sublime prerogatives of the Priesthood and showed how all that is high and noble and admirable in the priestly office generally grew in intensity when found in a man of such unassuming gentleness

of character and ardent zeal for the uplifting of human weakness as Pope Pius X has proven himself to be.

Owing to the unavoidable absence of John J. Barrett, Esq., one of Santa Clara's most gifted orators, Rev. Father Gleeson was called upon to take his place and he did so in a most admirable manner.

He was given a great ovation when he rose to speak. He spoke in part as follows: "On an occasion like this, words are too feeble to express the feelings that are surging in the hearts of us all. A more glorious manifestation of love, loyalty and homage toward Our Holy Father could hardly be possible as that in which we all participated this evening."

Father Gleeson then referred with regret to the absence of Mr. Barrett and after that paid a touching tribute to the Pontiff and spoke of the meaning of the occasion.

He manifested a feeling of great satisfaction at the success of the evening's program, and the audience which knew that it was all the Reverend Father's own work, inspired by him, and directed by him, was in no way unresponsive to his words of gratitude.

At the close of his remarks the audience unanimously gave vent to their admiration for the President of Santa Clara College, and at his request all joined in the singing of the Papal hymn, "Long Live the Pope," a beautiful expression of love and loyal service

and a most appropriate termination of what, as already stated, was the most gorgeous and remarkable religious function in the history of Santa Clara College.

The Advent of the "College Press"

Once again the ever welcome *College Press* has fluttered into our midst. Its initial edition this year appeared just previous to the big U. P. — Santa Clara foot ball game, and to show the exceedingly great confidence that the Press had in our foot-ball team, they came out with a bold tale of the victory — hours before the game had been played.

That certainly showed Santa Clara spirit and *College Press* spirit as well, and the yard in general recognized and appreciated such a manifestation, and then, wonderful to relate the energetic managers of the *Press* had an extra out about an hour after the game with a full and vivid description of each play.

Mr. Chas. D. South who guides the destinies of the *Press*, as well as Manager Franklin W. Dozier and editor-in-chief, Thomas M. McCarthy together with the other members of the staff, are to be congratulated on the excellent showing their paper has already made, and we feel sure and most sincerely hope that it will be as big a success as it rightly deserves to be.

ROBERT E. MCCABE, '10.



Stanford Second Varsity vs. Santa Clara

The heroic gridiron battle with Stanford's crack second fifteen is now history. It will be recorded in Santa Clara's athletic annals as a glorious struggle and will ever live in the memories of all who had the good fortune to be called spectators at such a game. The final score was eight all. Santa Clara's playing was a revelation. Bruised and battered and with time in the balance, the crimson jerseyed warriors of Santa Clara by a valiant effort shook off the grasp of impending defeat. It was a thrilling finish to a great game to see Roberts stretched across the cardinal goal line with the pigskin tucked safely in his arms. Stanford fought as of old. Always in the game their players were everywhere and their chief characteristic, unity of play was at all times visible.

Santa Clara kicked to Stanford in the

first half. The ball was carried in a few yards, and then kicked to touch. The oval was steadily advanced towards Santa Clara's goal but all danger for the time being was removed when Shafer's long spiral found touch. The pigskin was dribbled back and forth with the advantage in Santa Clara's favor. On the thirty-five yard line a free kick was awarded Santa Clara. Reams tried a goal from placement but the ball went wide of the posts. Stanford dropped out from the twenty-five yard line. Clever dribbling and passing by both teams kept the ball continually in play. When time was called the oval was in the center of the field. The score at end of first half was: Stanford Second Varsity 0; Santa Clara 0.

All the scoring was done in the second half. Stanford kicked off to deLormier who found touch nicely. Dribbling rushes brought the ball to Santa Clara's twenty-five yard line. Then Gay, the tall cardinal captain, broke from the pack and serpentine through

a scattered field for the first try of the day. Rogers converted. Stanford's second try soon followed. Dribbling rushes, short kicks to touch, and long passes were responsible for the cardinal's second score. The goal was missed. Santa Clara began their scoring immediately. Spying the pigskin in the open field Reams picked it up on the run and tore for Stanford's goal. Veering from side to side like some giant locomotive on a wild ride he evaded the cardinal fullback and the try was made. Capt. Kennedy kicked the goal. Santa Clara's tying score was made immediately. The fighting forwards of Santa Clara swept the Stanford forwards before them in the mad rush for the needed try. On the five-yard line a series of scrums was formed. Roberts fell with the ball across the fought-for line and everybody was happy; at least all Santa Clara was. Reams in a difficult attempt at the goal failed to convert. Score at end of second half: Stanford Second Varsity 8; Santa Clara 8.

The personnel:

Stanford—Batterson, Nolan, Dole, Hime, Capt. Gay, Killian, Swigart, Acker, Wheeler, Arrell, Chida, Sanborn, Jordan, St. John, and Rogers.

Santa Clara—Ganahl, G. Kennedy, Roberts, Brown, Jarrett, Capt. Kennedy, Duffey, Mullen, Tadich, H. Gallagher, Maltman, Smith, McHenry, Peters, Reams, deLorimier, C. Dooling and Shafer.

University of Pacific vs. Santa Clara

In the fastest and hardest fought game played on Sodality field the orange and black of Pacific sank into defeat, while the crimson and white of victorious Santa Clara fluttered triumphantly in the breeze. The field presented a pretty picture. On one side were the supporters of the orange and black garbed in their colors and anticipating victory, and on the other were the upholders of the crimson and white who never knew defeat without giving fight and who hoped for the best. The rooters made the air resound with their yells and songs of encouragement, and when Roberts and Tadich fell on the coveted pigskin behind Pacific's goal line for the only try of the game and Reams converted making the score five to nothing, Santa Clara's outburst of College spirit was without bounds. Santa Clara's backs passed accurately and at the right moment. Her forwards were everywhere and on different occasions by timely rushes worked the ball out of the danger zone. Pacific's strength centered about their individual stars, Atkinson and Napoleon Smith. Their forwards worked together and closely followed the ball.

The battle began with Pacific kicking to Santa Clara. The oval was dribbled back and forth for a few minutes, neither side gaining any material advantage. Now in Santa Clara territory, then in Pacific territory, such was the course of

play. Well directed kicks to touch brought the ball dangerously near the crimson and white goal, but a keen run by Reams, and the ball was on the orange and black twenty-five yard line. Once again Pacific started goalward. Dooling destroyed their chance to score by a clever boot to touch. Pacific was awarded a free kick and tried for the crossbar but to no avail. Reams dropped the pigskin out from the twenty-five yard line and Santa Clara began another march for Pacific's goal. Opportune passing and short gains on exchange of punts brought the oval close to the line. Dooling received the ball on a pass and made a herculean effort to score but was tackled within a few feet of the line. Dooling passed to Reams who carried the ball within inches of the goal.

Pacific slowly worked the ball toward the center of the field. Atkinson broke loose for a forty yard run and was neatly downed by Shafer. Pacific had a fine chance to score now but Capt. Peters by his splendid tackling and well directed kicks to touch frustrated the hardy attempts of the orange and black fifteen. A series of passing rushes participated in by Gallagher, Peters and Dooling, a long run by deLorimier and classy dribbling by Duffey, Brown, and Tadich resulted in victory for Santa Clara. The half ended with the ball in the center of the field. Score at end of first half: Pacific 0; Santa Clara 5.

The second half was equally as exciting as the first. Santa Clara was striving to hold Pacific, and Pacific

working their hardest to tie the score. Santa Clara kicked to Pacific and the oval sagged up and down the field. Smith's great ability as a ground gainer was wonderful. He would break away from the pack time and again despite the efforts of Santa Clara's best tacklers. It would usually take two and three men to stop him. Once he had a clear field with no one but Shafer between him and the coveted line, but Merv was a Gibraltar and the mighty "Napoleon" fell. The ball was quickly dribbled out of danger and when the referee's whistle blew, bringing to a glorious close the greatest struggle of the year, the oval was resting on Pacific's thirty yard line. Final score: Pacific 0; Santa Clara 5.

The following is the personnel of the teams:

Santa Clara—Barry, Roberts, Ganahl, Brown, Jarrett, Mullen, McInnis, Duffey, Budde, Tadich, Gallagher, C. Smith, Peters, Reams, Dooling, deLorimier and Shafer.

University of Pacific—E. Smith, Bolster, Tapp, Rutherford, Alexander, Settlemyer, Johnson, Withrow, W. Smith, Needham, Munger, Atkinson, N. Smith, Trevorrow and Honidge.

Nevada vs. Santa Clara

The varsity packed up their football togs and hied to Reno to settle the question of superiority with the representatives of the State University. Nevada was victorious by a score of twenty-eight to nothing. Santa Clara exhibited

her old time ginger but the high altitude of Reno was in itself a conqueror. The team was unacclimated and this was especially noticeable in the second half. Nevada has a star fifteen and it is doubtful if they can be defeated on their field.

The first half of the game was replete with spirited plays. Santa Clara time and again worked the oval within striking distance of Nevada's goal, but luck seemed against her and she was unable to score. In the latter part of this half Nevada secured eight points. Score at end of first half: Nevada 8, Santa Clara 0.

In the second half no scoring was done until the last few minutes of play. Santa Clara fought their hardest to put the ball behind Nevada's line but to no avail. That far famed atmosphere of the Sagebrush State did its deadly work toward the end of the struggle and the Reno fifteen began their series of tries. When the referee's whistle announced the end Nevada had scored twenty points. Final score: Nevada 28, Santa Clara 0.

The following players journeyed to Reno: Mgr. McHenry, Capt. Peters, Reams, Shafer, G. deLorimier, C. Dooling, Maltman, Smith, H. Gallagher, Ganahl, Degnan, M. Brown, Roberts, Duffey, Barry, Tadich, Jarrett, Budde, and Mullen.

With the Team in Hawaii

(Continued)

Having the scalps of the fighting Diamond Heads safely tucked away,

the team journeyed to scenic Hilo where they were free from the strain of the ball field and the cheering of the excited fan. From the following witty article one can judge of the merits of Old Neptune as a conqueror.

"About the time this paper is being opened at the breakfast table and the wily fan is searching the sport page for the right dope, the seasick kids will be filing down the gangway from the Mauna Kea and wondering how they are to unscrew their sea-legs and get into the base-running five-leaguers.

The boys have a hard job in front of them when they go against the Keios this afternoon. The little Japanese have been training more faithfully than ever and they may be depended on to put up an even better exhibition than they did last Sunday against the explorers.

The boys from Santa Clara will just about have time to walk round a little and loosen up before they have to change their clothes and go out on the field. But they are sturdy youths every one of them and there is little reason to suppose that they will suffer at all from the effects of the short sea voyage.

We may expect to see big Byrnes at third keeping unconscious time to the movements of the steamer while he replies in a stentorian voice to the directions of coach or captain, "Aye, aye, sir, starboard he says, starboard it is, sir." Merv Shafer will give signals from behind the bat by peculiarly nautical hitching of his trousers and the course from home to first will doubtless be cov-

ered in zig-zag style as the heaving deck rises to the rolling swells."

SANTA CLARA VS. KEIOS (EIGHTH
GAME)

Hardly in the best of condition after their voyage on the blue deep, Santa Clara was called upon to oppose the sturdy Keios. For seven innings the game was nip and tuck with interest at fever heat. In the eighth and ninth innings the little Japs experimented in aerial navigation and as a consequence Santa Clara registered seven runs. Kilburn and Friene pitched steady ball and could not be found for more than two hits. The final score was nine to four with Santa Clara on the long end. The sporting sheet of a Honolulu paper had the following account of the struggle:

The game between the Santa Claras and Keios, was up to the average for speed and excitement, and was by no means a poor game to watch. The Santa Claras showed the effect of their recent voyage very distinctly, although they deserve a great deal of credit for the way they threw off any ill effects and shook down into good team work.

The little Japanese players made a sturdy fight against the other visitors, and it looked as though they were going to do things in the second inning, when they tallied two on clever steals and Art Shafer's error in throwing wildly to third.

Fukuda was behind the bat for the first eight innings and drew applause

many times for the clever way he threw. He sent the ball to second like a streak several times, and his quick work was in a large measure responsible for the Keios holding the Santa Claras even until the eighth inning.

The first two innings of the first game were remarkable for two very clever catches. Art Shafer skied to middle-right-field and Abe went for it. He was not near enough for a clean catch, but he jumped at the ball and caught it. He fell forward owing to the impetus of his leap and rolled over on the ground, but he clung to the ball and raised his hands triumphantly in the air as he lay on his back.

The other catch was made by Art Shafer. Takahama sent a very hot one whizzing toward second, just out of reach of Art's head, but the nimble collegian jumped for it and made a very pretty one-handed catch that brought a healthy round of applause from the bleachers.

The Keios scored two in the second, the Santa Claras came back with two in the third. Koyama held them to this till the eighth, when the Santa Claras came through with three. In the ninth Koyama went to first, Fukudu pitched, and Higo took the latter's place behind the bat. Fukuda was unable to do himself justice after the eight hard innings of catching, and he was batted to the tune of three singles and a double in that one inning.

The Keios made a last effort in the ninth and did succeed in tallying two, but the other side had too much of a

lead and they could not even come near to tying the score. The detailed score is:

KEIOS

	AB	R	BH	SB	PO	A	E
Sasaki, ss.....	4	0	0	0	4	4	3
Takahama, lf.....	3	1	0	1	2	1	0
Kanki, 3b.....	4	0	0	0	2	0	1
Fukuda, c-p.....	2	2	0	2	0	6	1
Koyama, p-lb.....	3	0	1	0	1	5	0
Abe, 2b.....	3	0	1	0	3	0	0
Murakami, rf.....	3	1	0	0	0	0	0
Higo, 1b-c.....	2	0	0	0	13	0	1
Ohashi, cf.....	2	0	0	0	2	1	0
Totals.....	26	4	2	4	27	17	6

SANTA CLARAS.

	AB	R	BH	SB	PO	A	E
Lappin, 2b.....	3	2	2	0	1	1	0
M. Shafer, c.....	4	1	0	1	8	3	1
Kennedy, cf.....	5	0	2	0	0	0	0
A. Shafer, ss.....	3	0	0	0	6	2	1
Peters, lf.....	4	0	2	1	1	0	0
Byrnes, 3b.....	4	0	0	0	0	4	0
Freine, p.....	4	1	0	1	1	2	0
Broderick, lb.....	3	2	1	0	9	1	1
Salberg, rf.....	1	1	0	0	0	0	0
Kilburn, p.....	2	2	2	0	1	2	0
Totals.....	33	9	9	3	27	15	3

RUNS AND HITS BY INNINGS

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Keios.....	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	2	—4
B. H.....	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	1—2
Santa Clara.....	0	0	2	0	0	0	3	4	—9
B. H.....	0	0	1	1	0	0	0	3	4—9

SUMMARY

Two-base hit—Kilburn. Base on balls—Off Koyama, 4; Friene, 5; Kilburn, 3. Struck out by Friene, 3; Kilburn 3. Sacrifice hits—Lappin, M. Shafer. Double plays—Ohashi-Higo, Takahama-Abe. Umpire—Joy. Scorer—W. H. Babbitt. Time of game—1 hour 30 minutes.

SANTA CLARA VS. ST. LOUIS (NINTH GAME)

The ninth game of the series was one grand exhibition of twirling. Kilburn

was at his best and St. Louis was whitewashed by a score of two to nothing. Opposing "Kil" was Barney Joy and these two cracks fought it out, "Kil" having the better of the argument. Walker, right fielder on St. Louis, had a liking for Kilburn's choicest. He secured three of the five hits made by his team. Big Byrnes had his batting clothes on and connected safely with the horsehide twice. The Advertiser's version of the contest is here given:

The Saints went in first. En Sue flew out to Art Shafer, Bushnell singled then Walker did the same, which took Bushnell very nearly home; in fact, just near enough to be touched out by Merv Shafer. Jim Williams did his best, but could not hit hard enough and never reached first.

Then Barney went into the box and made a bad start by walking Lappin, but Merv skied and "Pop" Lappin was not smart enough at second. Kennedy reached first and put Byrnes to run for him, but the latter tried to steal, which he lost, and the side was out.

Kilburn jumped into his stride from the first and kept them well away from third in the second inning. When the Santa Claras came up for the second, Barney had not quite got his wrist working right, and both Art Shafer and Peters made hits off him. Peters' hit sent Art to third and, while the former was trying to steal second, he was caught by Williams and Bruns, but they took too long doing it and Art ran home. Then Byrnes made the third hit of the

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inning and quickly stole second. Freine came up and should have been out at first, but Bruns fumbled and Byrnes ran home in the meantime. These were the only two runs scored during the entire game.

Kilburn opened the third well by fanning Soares and giving both En Sue and Bushnell easy ones to left. Then Barney took a turn and showed the first signs of the excellent class which he maintained for the balance of the game. He gave Kilburn a hard one over the plate, then a slow one which dropped below the bat, and then another hard one. "Pop" Lappin came up and Barney smiled; he knew where he was at. Lappin fanned, and then Barney dropped a peg by allowing Merv Shafer to walk, but he was out trying to steal second, and the Saints came in for the fourth.

Walker started the fourth by hitting a two-bagger, and then Williams came up. He bunted a short one to first and Broderick made a pretty play by letting Williams go on and sending hard to third where Walker was out. Barney walked and sent Jim to second, but Kilburn would not stand for any more and fanned both Aylett and Bruns in short order.

The fifth, sixth, and seventh were on the same slap-bang order, both pitchers doing great work and the fielders keeping away from errors. When Walker came up in this inning he was due to make a much-needed hit. He had been to the bat three times and had made two singles and a double. But a fourth hit

was too much to expect of any man, and he flew out, spoiling an excellent chance for the Saints to score.

It looked as though the Saints would score in the ninth, for Williams was at third dancing with eagerness for a chance to romp home, but the best that Paul Burns and En Sue could do was to fan the air, and so the Saints lost their last chance of winning one of the closest and fastest games of the series.

The detailed score was:

ST. LOUIS

	AB	R	BH	SB	PO	A	E
En Sue, 3b.....	4	0	0	0	0	1	1
Bushnell, ss.....	4	0	1	0	7	1	2
Walker, rf.....	4	0	3	0	0	2	0
Jim Williams, 2b.....	3	0	0	0	1	1	2
Joy, p.....	3	0	0	0	1	1	0
Aylett, lf.....	4	0	0	0	1	0	0
G. Bruns, lb.....	3	0	1	0	4	1	2
P. Burns, cf.....	4	0	0	0	1	0	0
Soares, c.....	3	0	0	0	9	4	0
Totals.....	32	0	5	0	24	11	7

SANTA CLARAS

	AB	R	BH	SB	PO	A	E
Lappin, 2b.....	3	0	0	0	1	0	1
M. Shafer, c.....	3	0	0	0	10	9	0
Kennedy, cf.....	4	0	0	0	0	0	0
A. Shafer, ss.....	4	1	1	1	2	3	0
Peters, lf.....	3	0	1	0	2	0	0
Byrnes, 3b.....	3	1	2	1	1	3	0
Freine, rf.....	3	0	1	0	1	0	0
Broderick, lb.....	3	0	0	0	10	1	0
Kilburn, p.....	3	0	0	0	0	4	0
Totals.....	29	2	5	2	27	11	1

RUNS AND HITS BY INNINGS

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
St. Louis.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
B. H.....	2	0	0	1	0	1	0	0	1
Santa Clara.....	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	2
B. H.....	0	3	0	0	0	2	0	2	5

SUMMARY

Two base hits—Walker. Bases on balls—Off Joy, 3; off Kilburn, 3. Struck out—By Joy, 7; Kilburn, 8. Wild pitch—Kilburn. Umpire—Burns. Scorer—W. H. Babbitt. Time of game—1 hour 22 minutes.

With the defeat of St. Louis at the hands of Santa Clara the regular series was over. Santa Clara led in percentage and number of games won. The team's record was eight victories and one defeat. After the series however, the team played a number of post-season games.

SANTA CLARA VS. ALL HAWAII

In the first post-season game Santa Clara met a nine composed of the best players in Hawaii and defeated them decisively, the score being five to nothing. Kilburn worked hard and had the picked team buffaloed. Santa Clara hit at the proper moment and gave "Kil" faultless support. Reuter twirled for the All Hawaiis and had his strikeout delivery in use. He was wild at times and very lavish in giving free transportation to first. The Honolulu Bulletin had the the following to say of the game:

In a clean, fast game, marred by no airship work, but well spiced up with howls at the work of the umpire, the Santa Clara nine yesterday demonstrated their superiority over the best which the territory of Hawaii can furnish in the way of a baseball team. The score was 5 to 0.

Some wild pitching by Reuter, interspersed through some really good work, a few more walks than should have been, and a timely bingle, tell the tale. Kilburn outpitched Reuter. With fewer strike-outs to his credit, he did not issue a complimentary, while Dick was too

lavish with the transfers. Otherwise he did well, as few hits were made on either side, and Richard struck out an enormous number of men.

Eddie Fernandez looked like a star of the first magnitude through the game, but in the first inning he assumed for a time the proportions of a comet with a tail and brush whiskers. Husk Lappin smashed the sphere on the snout, and "Well done", yelled the Clarans, only to sit down quietly as Eddie took a flying jump, and reached the ball down in his mit as nicely as you please. It was a great stop.

In the second, the locals looked good, as Bill Vannatta hammered the horsehide for a double, but could not get past third.

In this same inning, it happened for the visitors. Kennedy singled and Byrnes, running for him, stole second and third, and came home on a wild pitch.

Up to the fifth, neither side could do much, but then the terrible happened. Broderick walked and annexed second and third on passed balls. Joy did not seem able to stop anything which Reuter unwound, and Dick was certainly a little wild. Kilburn walked and stole, and "Chcese" scored on another passed ball. But Kilburn and then Lappin were nailed at the plate.

It was in the sixth that things went the worst. At the last of the fifth Joy split a finger, and was replaced by Burns behind the bat. From that time on the battery worked well, and it is probable that if the change had been

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made sooner the game would at least have been much closer. But the rush of events was entirely out of Burns' hands. Peters walked and Byrnes was hit by a pitched ball. Friene sacrificed, Kennedy bunted, and Reuter had the ball quickly, but was up against it to know what to do with it. Byrnes had hiked for third, but found Peters on the sack there and was hiking back to the place whence he came. Reuter slapped the ball to second, and Peters dug for the plate. A wild throw to Burns, and Pete was safe a mile. Then Cheese Broderick finished the fell work by singling to right field, and allowing Byrnes and Kennedy to beat it home. This made the score 5 to 0.

In the eighth, the locals pulled off a nice double. The seventh and ninth innings were characterized by a little coarse work on the part of the umpire. In the seventh Jim Williams grounded to Broderick and was out, but the umpire called foul ball, and Jim had another chance. He dodged the ball and it struck his bat. Seeing that the umpire thought he was hit, he wrung his hand furiously as if in pain, and was told to take his base. In the ninth, En Sue was plainly safe at second on Fernandez' bunt, but was called out among hoots of the crowd. This prob-

ably prevented the locals from making good their one chance to score.

ALL-HAWAIIIS

	AB	R	BH	SB	PO	AE
En Sue, lf.....	4	0	1	0	1	0
E. Fernandez lb.....	4	0	1	1	7	0
Burns, ss.....	4	0	1	1	2	0
Jim Williams, 3b.....	3	0	0	0	1	1
Joy, c.....	3	0	0	0	9	4
Vannatta, 2b.....	3	0	2	0	2	1
H. Bruns, rf.....	3	0	0	0	1	0
Kai, cf.....	3	0	0	0	2	2
Reuter, p.....	3	0	0	0	0	2
Totals	30	0	5	2	24	11

SANTA CLARAS

	AB	R	BH	SB	PO	A	E
Lappin, 2b.....	2	0	1	1	2	1	0
A Shafer, ss.....	3	0	1	0	2	3	0
Peters, lf.....	2	1	0	0	2	0	0
Byrnes, 3b.....	3	1	0	0	3	1	0
Friene, rf.....	3	0	0	0	2	0	0
Kennedy, cf.....	4	2	1	2	2	0	0
M. Shafer, c.....	3	0	0	0	7	3	0
Broderick, 1b.....	2	1	1	0	6	0	0
Kilburn, p.....	2	0	0	0	1	2	0
Totals.....	24	5	4	3	27	10	0

RUNS AND HITS BY INNINGS

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
All Hawaiians.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Base Hits.....	0	1	0	0	1	1	1	1	5
Santa Claras.....	0	1	0	0	1	3	0	0	*-5
Base Hits.....	0	1	0	0	1	1	1	0	*-1

SUMMARY

Two base hit—Vannatta. Bases on Balls—Off Reuter, 7. Struck out—By Reuter 11, by Kilburn 6. Wild pitches—Reuter 4. Passed balls—Joy, 3. Sacrifice hit—Friene. Double play—Kai-Fernandez. Time of game—1 hour and 38 minutes. Umpire—Arnold. Scorer, W. H. Babbitt.

J. MORRIS McDONNELL, '12.



PATRICK A. MCHENRY
Manager



J. DEVEREAUX PETERS
Captain



WILLIAM H. HOWARD
Coach

OFFICERS OF SANTA CLARA VARSITY RUGBY TEAM—1908

The Redwood.

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TO THE KING

H! would that I were a harper,
That harps to his liege and king,
And sings the warmth of a heart that loves,
To the sweep of the golden string.

*But to Thee, O King of the human heart,
To Thee my songs would I sing—
With the speed of a dove, would my lay of love,
Wing its flight to Thy heart, sweet King.*

W. J. O'Shaughnessy, '11.

A CHRISTMAS EVE WHEN QUEBEC WAS YOUNG

LATE on the afternoon of December 24, in the year 1757, Captain Philip Duroc, with a detachment of a hundred horsemen, was making his way up the frozen St. Lawrence just below Quebec. He had been traveling hard all day and early in the afternoon had fallen in with a Captain Menard, who was also making for Quebec with a detachment of 150 horses. At present the two captains were riding together somewhat in advance of the main body. It was evident from their conversation, and from the eagerness with which they pressed forward, that they wished to reach Quebec early in the evening.

As night began to close in about them they lapsed into silence and became wrapt in their own thoughts. Duroc's mind dwelt on the prospects the next few hours had in store for him. His heart bounded as he thought of the old familiar town he was nearing—the old Seigneur La Fontaine's house on Rue des Arbres, and above all the Seigneur's daughter Marie, the only girl he could ever care for in this world.

Engaged in these thoughts he drew from his pocket a well-worn letter, and among other things he made out the following in the pale moonlight.

"Colonel Dalbec tells me he expects you up here with a detachment of regulars about Christmas. We are having a little Christmas Eve festival. I shall never forgive you if you are not pres-

ent. We are all going to midnight mass afterwards; I rely on you to take me.—MARIE."

His handsome face was radiant as he carefully replaced the letter in his pocket. To think that of all the gallant officers stationed at Quebec he had been chosen to accompany her to midnight mass. She preferred his company to all those other dashing young cavaliers of New France! Impelled by these thoughts he instinctively pressed his spurs deeper into his horse's flank and set a faster pace towards Quebec.

Presently he was aware of a stir in the ranks behind, and Captain Menard galloped to his side.

"Do you notice anything moving, about a half a mile ahead,—on the right, near that clump of pines?"

Duroc scanned the space ahead narrowly, then turning on Menard with an oath he exclaimed "Yes, it's a band of those cursed Iroquois who are setting on travelers and small bands of soldiers entering the town for the Christmas festivities. I suppose we must be delayed now! Well, my men, let us make it quick and hot for them!"

Having arranged their men in fighting order the captains shouted out their orders, "Give them the lead as you approach; then meet them with the steel!"

As the two hundred and fifty Frenchmen neared the small pine wood a stream of Indians spread out over the moon-lit ice and uttered such a fierce and unearth-

ly yell as would have frozen the blood of the most war-like European. This band of reckless adventurers, however, accustomed to Indian war cry, leaned forward on their stirrups and charged headlong in the name of Louis of France.

Two hundred and fifty pistol shots rang out on the crisp night air, and almost immediately two hundred and fifty blades flashed in the moonlight and the two forces met with a terrific crash. The fight was brief. The Indians, surprised at meeting such a large force, reeled before the compact mass, and before they had time to perceive their mistake were cut to pieces by the masterly swordsmanship of the Frenchmen. The bleeding remnant, having extricated itself from the fight, scattered down the river, or into the woods, pursued by the two cheering companies.

Having rounded up their men after this encounter the two captains ordered the wounded, of which there were some twenty or thirty, to be cared for. While this work was going on Duroc looked anxiously northward, where the lights of Quebec were now dimly visible.

"I suppose there is little chance now," he muttered to himself, "of making it before midnight with these wounded on our hands." Then suddenly the thought sent a cold chill down his back.

"Is it possible that after pressing forward to my utmost for two days I am going to lose everything here at the last moment? Am I to disappoint her?

Am I to be deprived of the one pleasure I have looked forward to for a month? Curse the luck! No! I must get there some way!"

He moved about his working soldiers, muttering aloud, and gnawing his buckskin gloves in his excitement and effort to hit on some plan of action. After a time his eye suddenly brightened and he turned abruptly and called to Captain Menard.

When Menard approached he said, "Say, Menard, we both wished to make Quebec early to-night. Why not one of us take his detachment and gallop on and the other follow up with the wounded? There's no need of all these men staying here. What say you?"

Menard stared at him thoughtfully for a time, then said "A good idea, Duroc. I was just regretting this detention. But who will go, and who will stay, that is the question?"

For answer Duroc drew forth from an inner pocket of his heavy military cloak a worn pack of cards, and having shuffled them he placed them on his knee and in an unsteady voice commanded Menard to draw one. Menard turned over a card,—the nine of clubs.

Duroc's breath came quick, and his heart beat rapidly, as he put forth his hand to choose a card. His hand lingered unsteadily on several, then suddenly he turned one up,—the five of diamonds.

With an oath he flung the pack into the snow and quickly raised his hands to steady his swimming head. His whole frame shook with emotion. He

saw Menard's smile only hazily. The smile sent a rush of anger surging through his veins, and he turned on him menacingly. Then seeing the weakness of his position he blurted out helplessly, "Menard, this means more to me than to you. I must get to Quebec to-night. I have a pressing appointment with a lady—my sweetheart, in fact. I will disappoint her grievously by staying here. I promised her, Captain Menard; I must be there! I must be at Seigneur La Fontaine's house at 10 o'clock to-night. As for you, of course you wish to make Quebec early, but it may not be——"

"Captain Duroc, I must be at Seigneur La Fontaine's house to-night at 10 o'clock also."

"What!" gasped Duroc, unable to believe his ears, "You going there, too!"

"It is as I say. I have been arranging matters for a month now so as to get there to-night. I am very desirous of attending, as I do not wish to disappoint certain persons. So I will bid you good-night. I hope I'll have the pleasure of meeting you often during the Christmas week."

Duroc's brain was in a whirl. As in a dream he saw Menard wheel his horse about. He heard his several sharp orders. He saw Menard's detachment single itself out and ride briskly forward. When all collected he heard their lusty farewell salute, and saw them swing up the river, on the trot, towards Quebec. Good God! had he but won he would now be there,—there where that band was growing

smaller up the river. He would be nearing Quebec; nearing his sweetheart. Sweetheart? Why, you fool! there goes some fellow galloping to Quebec now, with perhaps the same letter as you have in his pocket. What value is your claim now, when the first man you happen to meet has a like letter? Perhaps every officer in the country has one. The thought nearly drove him mad. Was it not bad enough to lose the turn of the cards, but to think that this fellow's object in winning must apparently be the same as his. His first impulse was to fly after him. He clenched his fists in anguish as picture after picture passed through his mind of what he had lost. In sheer despair he threw a longing glance towards the lights of Quebec. Then at last he succumbed.

"St. Pierre," he called in a husky voice to a horseman nearby. When the man approached he said, "St. Pierre, I must be in Quebec early to-night. I will leave the detachment in your care. You can make Quebec before midnight if you lose no time. Report at the church during midnight mass. I know you are surprised, still do this for me well, St. Pierre, and you'll not be sorry for it afterwards. I trust you. Au revoir."

"Your trust is well placed, Captain. Au revoir." And the two soldiers shook hands firmly and parted.

Duroc's thoughts were bitter and reckless as he galloped blindly towards Quebec. The stinging sense of defeat had proved too much for him, and combined with the jealous love burning

within him he stopped at nothing to keep his appointment. What cared he for consequences? They could be seen to when the time came. Still, Duroc was a sensible man, and every time the rashness of his act occurred to him a cold shiver ran down his back, for he knew well what he was doing—he was deserting his company. He was committing one of the greatest offenses in the army. And for what? he asked himself. Just to keep an appointment with a girl! Why, you fool, when your office and your honors have been torn from you, and you have been cast aside in dishonor, even she will scorn and laugh at you. Turn back and act like a sensible man.

Still something kept pressing him forward. It was not merely a love of daring or recklessness. It was the fear of being replaced by another in her affections. It was the selfishness of true love. So onward he galloped and as he approached the cliffs of the great stronghold of New France, his mind became fixed, his countenance set and he was resolved to face boldly whatever might chance.

Having passed the lines, he entered the town and made for his tavern 'Le Coq Rouge'. There he hastily washed and shaved, and a quarter of an hour later was at the Seigneur La Fontaine's house on Rue des Arbres just as the church clock struck ten.

Having learned of his entrance, the seigneur's daughter rushed to greet him, "Why, Captain Duroc, I am awfully glad you came. I knew you would not disappoint us, although during the last

half hour I have been forced to think you had. See, it's pretty late now. Still, I knew you could not desert us."

Duroc's heart leapt at the earnestness and frankness of her greeting and he knew then that his suspicions were groundless. When he answered, his voice was full of meaning. "No, madamoiselle, I could not desert *you*. I have done everything in my power to get here tonight; even things out of my power. Why, madamoiselle. your commands are more to me than my superior officer's."

Madamoiselle laughed gaily. "My! you officers are all the same. How you all say such flattering things! But tell me frankly, Captain Duroc. Would you ever let a girl come between you and your duty?"

"Yes, Madamoiselle, if I loved the girl, I would."

"You are frank, m'sieur. Still it is a safe thing to say, when there is little or no chance at hand to prove it," she answered with a smile. Then taking his arm, she added, "But come, let us get into the drawing-room."

"Madamoiselle," said Duroc, earnestly, "Perhaps a chance will turn up sooner than you expect; then I hope you will believe me."

At the time, madamoiselle was at a loss to interpret the earnestness of his manner. Later in the evening, however, she understood quite clearly.

The drawing-room which they entered opened into a dining-room. Both rooms were broad and roomy and at present gaily decked with holly, mistletoe and

ribbons of various colors. In either room a bright fire was burning in the huge fireplaces. Hundreds of candles reflected from the brilliant chandeliers in the drawing-room. In the dining-room the table which was laid out very prettily was lighted by candelabra.

At present the guests were assembled in the drawing-room; some talking and laughing in groups; others singing and dancing. The brilliant uniforms of the officers and the gay light dresses of the ladies made the whole scene one of beauty and life.

Duroc scanned the room quickly to see whether Colonel Dalbec was present, for his guilty conscience shunned an interview with him, as he feared being questioned about his company, especially since a report of the fight with Indians might have reached the Colonel's ears. However, the Colonel was not present, so he breathed more freely.

As he was greeting several of his friends about the room, he noticed Menard at one end speaking with the Seigneur La Fontaine. As he approached them he saw Menard fall back in surprise. He shook hands with the Seigneur and was presented to Captain Menard. As the Seigneur stepped aside to say a few words to his daughter, Duroc asked him hurriedly whether he had seen the Colonel.

"Captain Duroc," answered Menard, "I'm afraid you are lost. I left the Colonel down at the barracks. He says he is coming here tonight."

Duroc turned pale.

"Did you say anything about my company?" he asked.

"Yes, I mentioned the little encounter down the road and that your company was following with a few wounded. Things look bad, Captain Duroc."

At that moment a commotion was heard in the doorway and the great Colonel Dalbec, commander of the forces at Quebec entered, attended by two officers. The Seigneur immediately crossed the room to meet him and then in a group they passed about the room, saying a word here and there. On approaching Duroc, the Colonel stopped in surprise.

"What! you here?" he exclaimed. "What does this mean, Captain Duroc? Where is your company? Why have you not reported at the barracks?"

Many people in the room heard the Colonel's words and paused to hear the Captain's reply. Duroc's face was pale and his jaw set as he answered the Colonel in a steady voice. "I have reported at the barracks and my company is there at present."

"Captain Duroc, it is not possible. I have just now come from the barracks."

"So have I, Colonel, only faster," said Duroc boldly.

"I am not a child," answered the Colonel, growing louder. "Your story is not satisfactory, Captain. I hear something of a fight with a band of Iroquois down the river tonight. I have always thought you a brave and honorable man, Duroc. Is it possible that in the hour of need, you, the Captain, de-

sented your company and sneaked up here to Quebec?"

Duroc flushed crimson at this new accusation.

"Have a care, Colonel Dalbec," he cried, stepping forward in a passion. "Do not call me a liar and a coward before all these people."

"We will not discuss it now, Captain," exclaimed the Colonel, waving him off with his hand, "circumstances seem against you. Still we'll settle the affair directly. Here, Dufresne," he exclaimed, turning to one of his officers, "to the barracks and return immediately. Find out whether Captain Duroc's detachment has reported or not."

With this he passed on and Duroc stood with clenched fists and an angry flush on his cheek, the critical object of every eye in the room. Some few minutes afterwards when things had taken their normal course again, he sought the seclusion of a kind of smoking-room across the hall. There he sat with his head in his hands and tried to make his muddled brain think of some plan of action. But it was useless; the resentment he felt at the Colonel's accusation of shunning the fight and the impending blow which threatened him on the return of Dufresne made it impossible for him to collect his thoughts. When he had entered the Seigneur's house a half hour before, he had entertained the hope of not meeting the Colonel. But if he did so and was questioned by him, he had thought to tell him, his company had already arrived and as it really would arrive in two or three

hours, he would take his chances on the matter slipping by on the morrow. But as luck would have it, the Colonel must just then come from the barracks and so he was lost. While he was bitterly turning these thoughts over in his mind, he presently became aware that another person stood in the room. He looked up and met the eyes of Mademoiselle La Fontaine resting pitifully on him. Seeing him look up, she approached and said in an earnest voice, "Surely, Captain Duroc, all this is nonsense. To think of him accusing *you* of desertion and calling *you* a coward. Come Captain, let us go now. Dinner is being served. Don't take it so hard, Captain Dufresne will be here presently and the whole affair cleared up."

Instead of rising, Duroc dropped his head in his hands again to hide his bitter emotions. Mademoiselle looked at him alarmed. "Surely there is nothing wrong, Captain. Your detachment is at the barracks, is it not?"

She waited a moment, then heard his answer in a broken voice, "No, Mademoiselle, it is not."

She stared at him in utmost astonishment, unable to believe her ears. "What?" she cried. "It is true then! You are a deserter—a coward. *You*, Captain Duroc, *you* of all men! Oh! I cannot believe it." And she hid her face in her hands.

Duroc started at the earnestness of her voice, then attempted to explain. "Mademoiselle, I left my company because——"

"Enough, Captain Duroc," she broke

in. "*You* a coward and a deserter! Don't dare to speak to me." And she turned to leave the room.

Duroc sprang forward and grasped her hand. "You must hear me," he cried fervently. Then forcibly detaining her by the hand, he spoke towards her averted face. "You have called me a coward and a deserter, Mademoiselle. We encountered a band of Iroquois just below Quebec tonight. The thought of shunning fight never occurred to me till I heard it from the mouth of Colonel Dalbec just now. God knows I fought as I have always fought for France, as Captain Menard can testify. After the fight one of us had to stay behind to convey the wounded. We drew cards and I lost. I saw Captain Menard gallop away. I could not stand it, Mademoiselle. The thought of you made me reckless. I put St. Pierre in charge and hurried on to Quebec. I admit it, Mademoiselle. I deserted but only for a few hours; my detachment will be in the barracks within an hour. I did it all for you, you Marie, and I suppose I cannot even take you to Mass now; I'll be under arrest then. But I want you to know the truth. I did it for you, Marie. You know it now; you of all, do not despise me and I'll be happy. Say you believe me, Marie?" He was on one knee now and his heart was beating madly as he awaited her reply.

"Captain Duroc, can't you hear them calling me? Let go of my hand. I must go."

So this was her answer, was it? In

the bitterness of his heart he mechanically released her hand and pressed his own to his throbbing head. A moment later he looked up and she had vanished. He pondered a long while without moving. Then he arose and by a powerful effort restrained his overflowing emotions. A moment later summoning as natural a countenance as possible, he walked to the dining-room.

Mademoiselle was not present when he seated himself. Some few minutes later, however, she entered laughing and talking with another young lady and took her seat beside him. Much to his surprise she spoke and acted towards him as if nothing had happened. He answered her with a certain formality and restraint, for he knew she was speaking merely for appearance sake. Yet in his heart he thanked her.

She had not been seated fifteen minutes when suddenly Captain Dufresne was announced. Duroc's pale face grew paler. He drew in a deep breath and clutched the edge of the table to receive the shock more steadily. A hush went over the room and all eyes were turned towards the door. Dufresne entered slowly drawing off his gloves. Duroc's breath was coming in gasps now and his impatience to have it over with was almost unsupportable. "In God's name what makes him so slow?" he several times gasped. At last the words came in a low clear voice.

"Captain Duroc's company has reported at the barracks and is there at present."

The surprise was so sudden that for

some minutes Duroc could not fully realize what had taken place. As in a dream he saw the eyes of all turned on him. He saw Colonel Dalbec slowly rise and deliver him a short apology. He gazed upon the whole scene stupefied. For one brief second he met the eyes of Mademoiselle La Fontaine, and then he thought he understood.

* * * * *

The church bells were gaily ringing the hour of midnight Mass. The doors were thrown wide open, and the light of a thousand candles streamed out on the powdery snow that was falling. The merry tinklings of bells filled the air as sleighs drew up before the church. Groups of people were mounting the steps laughing and talking gaily.

Among these was a young officer with a blushing girl on his arm. The girl was speaking rapidly. "Why! don't you see, Philip, after you had explained things to me, I saw everything clearly, and I believed you. I saw then that you really meant it when you said you would let the girl you loved come between you and your duty. Naturally I wished to do something for you, so I waited for Captain Dufresne. When he arrived, I asked him whether your

company had shown up yet. Of course he answered in the negative. All he had seen was a few *coureurs-du-bois* who had just come in and who claimed they had left your company a half an hour behind. Although he appeared very anxious to perform his duty, I persuaded him to listen to me for a moment. I explained that it had taken him a good quarter of an hour to get to the house from the barracks, and to wait another quarter of an hour outside and then he might enter and truthfully tell the colonel your company had arrived. You know Captain Dufresne is by no means unfriendly to you and will do almost anything for me, so at last he consented and you know the rest."

He pressed her hand in silent and loving thanks, and they passed into the church. As they entered he drew her attention to the tall form of a soldier who stood at the back.

"See," he said "there is St. Pierre. My company is really at the barracks all right, thank God." Then he added in the very joyfulness of his heart, "My! But won't this be a happy Christmas!"

"The happiest I have ever spent," she whispered.

GEO. S. DE LORIMIER, 'II.

TWO FLOWERS



LOVE two flowers and fain would see them smile,
On every mountain, plain and sea-kissed isle
Where shines the golden sun.
"Glory to God" the one,
The other "Peace" is named,
And far and wide the news proclaimed
By Angel choirs of Heaven.
The Shepherds wake; and lo ! to them 'tis given
To hear and see and understand,
That the flowers held in a little hand
At Bethlehem, will waft their soul to every land,
Till nations all will raise,
One long great song of praise,
To Him, who ne'er began;
Yet blessed the earth,
With the heavenly birth
Of "Glory to God" and "Peace" to man.

A. T. Leonard, '10.

THE PENITENT

THE hour was past midnight and it was cold, very cold; the fog hung low o'er the misty city, encircling the lights in its pale, white shadow until they only gleamed forth now and again like so many beacon signals. Everything seemed so quiet, so peaceful; there was perfect stillness save for the occasional rattle and thud of a milk wagon, as its driver, wrapt in the covering of dewy mistiness, whistling some popular air, hurried on his way.

But yet this quiet peacefulness,—what a mockery it was! Among the numerous thousands who had, neath the soothing darkness of night, forgotten the troublesome duties of life, and yielded to the spelled influence of sleep, to how many of these was awakening—awakening to strife, awakening to the toil which bread-winning requires, awakening perhaps to another day of pain and agony—a happy and desired moment? And then, again, at this late hour was everything so peaceful, so quiet, as the peaceful quietness of the night and city seemed to intimate? Were there not some perhaps on whom sleep, the nourisher of life, had not fallen? One can not fathom the mind of man, even of those near and dear to him, much less so of the thousands whom he has never seen nor heard of, yet have we not heard tell of deeds, the result of folly, or cold, evil deeds, which prey upon man's mind, harass

him, cause him sleepless nights and fevered brows, until he, finding no sanctuary for his tortured brain, breaks down, a wreck, and as not infrequently is the case does away with his own troublesome existence?

In a large rocking-chair, that bleak winter's night, sat a youth of nineteen, before the dying embers of a once bright fire. The room was dark, as dark—save for the occasional flash which issued from the charred remains upon the hearthstone—as the night which stared in through the folds of the white lace curtains. In all respects the youth appeared lost in slumber; his head bent, resting for support upon his hands, and the long, heavy breathing which issued with perfect regularity from his youthful frame, seemed sure tokens that he had indeed entered that realm of forgetfulness so thoughtfully given to us by heaven. But no; appearances were deceitful. There he had sat as if transfixed since the early hours of the evening; and before his youthful imagination had passed, like pictures in a show, the many doings of his short and careless life. First, the purest and sweetest of them all, he recalled his childhood days, when free from all care save that which the school hour brings with it, he climbed the hills and roamed the valleys with a throng of his companions, and their only by-word was Merriment and Play. Ah, what a pang it caused his youthful

heart, and why was it his breath came short and fast and he clinched his hands as if in pain when those happy, youthful hours were recalled?

But then the good, sweet days were not to last for always; another of life's scenes fluttered upon the curtain of his imagination. Yes, he remembered well, only too well; it was the sixth of August, a bright warm summer's day. He had returned home from a game with his comrades in a nearby lot and had sought the privacy of his bedroom, yes, the very one wherein he now sat, to prepare for the midday meal, when he heard his mother's tender voice call out his name.

"What is it, mother?" he had responded.

"Hurry and come down in to the drawing-room," she answered, "father and I have something to say to you."

"All right, I'll be down in a second," and with this he had run the comb through his disordered hair, and then, quickly applying the brushes, he pulled on his coat and hurried down.

As he entered, his mother threw her arms tenderly around him and showered kiss upon kiss on his boyish lips, and then at length, exhausted, she had taken his hand and led him to where his father sat,

He had gazed then into his father's face—a face generally set and stern, upon which character, determination, energy, were stamped; qualities which made him a colossus in business, but which now wore a new expression, one which he had never seen before.

"Frank," he said, "how would you like to go to college?"

At that his boyish heart had swelled. College! That was the height of his youthful ambition. His feelings at that moment had been too great to allow him speech, but his actions must have betrayed his thoughts for suddenly a tear gathered in his mother's eye and she stooped and kissed him. Yes, well she knew the many dangers her boy would be subject to, and it was with a pang, and a feeling of regret, that she had given her consent to his going.

"Well," his father's voice had again broken the stillness, "your mother and I have decided it best. I have made the necessary arrangements, and as school opens the tenth your mother will see that everything is in readiness." With this his father had arisen and left the room, accompanied by his mother.

Then his baby sister Nell had run over to his side, and he kissed her, sending her back to her nurse; then with head erect and light heart he tripped gaily out of the room, down the front staircase, and out into the street, to let his comrades know of his good fortune.

Time is a flitting quantity, quickly it comes, lingers an instant, and with the same fleetness is gone, leaving us mortals who abide in its presence to fancy what it is and whither it goes. Soon the first two years of his college life had passed, and with them forever passed away the innocent frolics of boyhood days. He had grown, both mentally and physically, and now he was a

man, at least in his own opinion, a man of the world, and he wished to tread the paths and delve into the secrets of the world. During his first two years the several vacations found him home, and his mother, with her quick perception, noted with gladsome heart that the frank purity with which he had left her still abided in him.

Then the third year, and with it a change. Gradually, bit by bit, he became immersed in the companionship of a set of fast young men. The college was not one of confinement so the boys at will were allowed at large, and soon dancing, automobiling, and midnight feasts took the place of his usual round of study. At first he possessed a horror for both liquor and gambling, but soon the fever for both grew upon him, and a number of days, the morn of which brought his monthly allowance he had returned at evening his pockets empty, and with a none too steady step. The faculty on several occasions had noted this, but they had taken into consideration his previous excellent behavior, and so the misdemeanor was overlooked.

Thus another year passed, and he entered senior, but the old excesses were not given up, and at last the fatal day arrived. He, with a number of his schoolmates, was returning from town, all feeling a bit too lively but he more so than the rest. It chanced on entering the college campus that he became separated from the remainder, and with rocky footsteps proceeded toward his room. He had gained the

cement pathway which led to the hall, and with head bent was trying to keep within the narrow margin of the walk when he ran full into his chemistry professor who was standing with his back towards him.

He was immediately accused of being intoxicated, and on that demanded an apology of the professor, threatening, if he did not acquiesce, to mop the ground with him, and in a few moments tried to perform the latter.

He had been informed that same evening of his expulsion and had taken the train home. His parents, on seeing him, naturally were surprised, but he told them a vacation had been granted, for there was lacking in him enough of that spark which makes a man confess, although well he knew the morning mail would bring with it a notice of his disgrace.

As I have said, there he had sat as if transfixed since the early hours of the evening, his young face wearing an expression of pain, but now suddenly he arose.

"Yes, it's the only way," he muttered. Then quickly stepping across the room he opened the closet door, pulled forth his suit case and started packing it.

"Yes," he again muttered, "I can never face my father; I'll go."

But then like a vision from heaven the sweet face of his mother arose, and a voice within him whispered "Stay! You will have caused her enough pain; this will break her heart."

For a moment he faltered. But then,

again, the stern, set face of his father arose, and his weakling heart prompted him on. Soon the case was filled, closed and locked. What a noise the clock made, as with a tick, tick, tick it told the passing of time. He lit a match and glanced at it—a quarter of four. The match died out; how black the night seemed, and how cold. Something mysterious seemed to grip him, and his limbs for a moment failed to do their duty. Through the blackness around he imagined the faint outlines of his mother's and sister's pictures which stood upon the mantel. Quickly he crossed and kissed them, then picking up his suit case he quietly, noiselessly opened the door. The sweet air entered, causing the last red ember upon the hearthstone to flare up, flutter, and then die out. A flood of feeling almost overmastered him as he clasped the door. With aching heart he bade good-bye to the faithful room which had nurtured him from babyhood, and then he started down the hall. In turn he passed his mother's, his sister's, his father's bed rooms. If he could only look but once more into his mother's face, give one more kiss to little Nell; but no, he dared not even peep in lest they might awaken. He gained the staircase leading down and soon was descending. With trembling hand he turned the key, the front latch clicked, the massive door opened and closed with a jerk, allowing the whitish mist for an instant to gush in, and he was gone.

* * * * *

Twilight was on the verge. The summer sun, in regal grandeur, was sinking into its nightly haven behind the green-laden hilltops, imparting to the cerulean blue which hung suspended overhead a tinge of its own fiery color.

The huge trees and numerous vines scattered on all sides; the warm evening breeze, with a quiet rustle coursing gently through them, gave an air of quiet contentment to the wild beauty of the Sierra's landscape. The trickle emitted from the clear crystal brook which rippled down at the side of the rough, narrow mountain road seemed to blend in perfect harmony with the hoof-beats which a lone horseman made, as encompassed by the brilliant beauty of a Mexican sunset he slowly pursued his way.

It was a curious picture this lone rider made, so a number of Mexican peons thought as he passed them a few minutes later. His horse was thin and lean, evidently ill-fed, and its every step seemed an effort as though causing pain. The rider wore an old pair of corduroy trousers, the ends encased in thick calfskin high boots. His upper garment was of thick blue flannel, the whole outfit forming a strange contrast with the garb of the peons, and the mildness of the climate. Upon the back of his head rested a large Mexican sombrero, allowing a mass of disarranged hair to be displayed. The countenance of the rider appeared, at first sight, extremely youthful, and the two Colt revolvers which hung suspended

from his belt seemed out of place, but on closer scrutiny the set, tight mouth, and the hard, gleaming eyes offset the other youthful tokens. His figure, though slender, and youthful, had an air of strength and wiriness about it, brought on no doubt by the endurance of many hardships, but about him all, and to a more marked degree, there predominated an appearance of reckless bravado which stamped him as a man who bore watching. The Mexicans had noted this, and when he had passed and his figure was out of hearing distance one muttered, "muy malo Gringo."

Rounding a turn in the road the horseman suddenly grew restless, and he evidently wished to hurry but the fatigued mount beneath him forbade faster traveling. At length, however, far up the mountain road he caught a glimpse of the top of a building, a mere speck in the distance, and his restlessness left him, his eyes narrowed, his lips closed tightly, and he bent his head in an attitude of thought.

"Yes, I'll own that mine," he was speaking to himself. "Three years cinching a claim on it, and then that Mexican appearing, but I'll fix him tonight," and then one after the other he lifted his revolvers from their holsters, glanced over them and returned them to their places with a satisfied expression.

It was night when the horseman dismounted at the side entrance of the little inn; for such was the building he had seen. Allowing his horse to stand

he quickly mounted the few steps which led to the entrance and passed in. The room was clouded in smoke, and around the few tables which in a comic manner offset the dismal bareness he made out the dim figures of men, as with the inevitable cigarette between their lips they were seated absorbed in poker games.

With a quick "buenos noches" he saluted the near ones, and passed over to the far side. The players, on his coming, gave a quick glance up, and muttering something unintelligible relapsed again into the study of their cards. One of them, however, a Mexican, on whose pale face an air of refinement showed, appeared ill at ease, and his dark brown eyes roamed furtively now and again in their sockets in an endeavor to scan the visitor's face, for he felt his presence boded ill.

After watching with inscrutable countenance for several minutes, the newcomer at length broke the reigning stillness.

"Let me have your hand later, old pal, will you?" he said, addressing the American dealing the cards.

"Alright" was the response, and the newcomer walked away, out through another door and entered a small dining room. Seating himself, he had soon finished his meal, and rolling a cigarette, he lit it, and lounging back in his chair he inhaled vigorously for a few minutes the fumes of the noxious weed, and then arising, proceeded leisurely toward the room which he had recently left.

"Here, stranger, take my hand" were

the words that greeted him, and the American whom he had previously addressed abandoned his seat, which the newcomer immediately occupied, and the game continued as before.

"Well José" the new hand at length interrupted glancing at the Mexican, who with ill ease sat opposite him "how is the Santa Maria mine getting along?"

"Not very good, Señor" was the quick response in a soft silken voice.

"When are our claims to be settled?" he again asked.

"Tomorrow, Señor, we will talk it over at—"

"We'll do nothing of the sort", the visitor broke in, "this thing must be settled tonight. I don't intend hanging around here fooling with you. This affair will be settled tonight, and mark, if you try any crooked business with me you'll pay for it," and again stillness reigned broken only by the noise of chips, and playing of the cards.

The Mexican to whom this was addressed puffed furiously at the end of his cigarette, his pale face turned a shade paler, and one of his hands unconsciously sought the butt of his revolver, his dark eyes gleaming as if their only desire was to see one of the leaden bullets crash into the figure opposite him. Quickly however he regained his composure, and with a steady voice said,

"I beg pardon, Señor, but this affair can only end in one way. That is why I wish to talk it over quietly with you. Your claim is not valid, in court I would win, but I do not desire publicity. But

come we will discuss the matter later."

"You're right we'll talk it over later" the visitor growled and his eyes gleamed dangerously.

Luck broke even for a time, and the Mexican José with a dissatisfied grunt leaned back in his chair, assuming a more restful position. This seemed to act as a charm upon the cards, and luck and winnings turned his way. Thus it continued for over an hour, the Mexican winning regularly. The other participants were slowly assuming a worried and puzzled look; their money was fast disappearing, and luck had no appearance of changing. At last the late arrival thought he saw his chance. Quickly slipping some cards from his inside pocket he reached under the table, and appearing to pull them from the other's chair, he held them forth, and throwing them in the Mexican's face he cried

"You d—— cheating dog!"

Neath his pale skin the Mexican's face grew white, his hand quivered, and his silken voice shook with anger,

"You lie!" he shouted.

The American's fist darted out, and landed upon the other's jaw, another followed, and the Mexican swayed, reaching for his gun. The onlookers jumped in to stop the affray for they had an inkling of the newcomer's game, but before they could lay hold of him, his gun was out, the flash from the explosion scorched their faces, and the bullet tore on its fiendish errand. The Mexican's hands flew up he gave a smothered shriek, and sank to the floor.

By this time all the occupants of the

inn were gathered. The American was set upon, and his gun snatched from him. Strong arms grasped him, and pulled him down. He had not reckoned on this; he had thought they were of his stamp, and would not interfere; now he saw his mistake.

These men, hard, iron-nerved miners of every nationality had but little respect for law, but there was one thing which they would see too and that was fair play. Yes, he saw his mistake. They would not lynch him, no, he knew that, but just as bad they would turn him over to the merciless justice of the law. If the Mexican were killed that meant hanging. He turned his eyes; the Mexican was not dead, his dark eyes were open, and men were bending low over him trying to stop the flow of blood which in a stream issued from his side. This he saw, and suddenly a terrible fear seized him; he must get away. He struggled in vain, those arms were locked around him like manacles. Still he struggled; then with a thud something dull descended upon his forehead, his struggles ceased, a feeling, a great, indefinable feeling took possession of him; similar it was to that mysterious power which gripped him that bleak winter's night when he bade goodbye to his father's home five years before—and his limbs were powerless. Slowly his eyes closed, a great din rang in his ears, bit by bit all was black—then blank—he was unconscious.

* * * * *

"All aboard here! All aboard!" The

conductor gave the bell two short jerks, and the car pulled out of the depot.

"Here! Conductor!" shouted someone from the rear. The conductor turned, and seeing two men making toward the car on a run, signalled it to stop. The runners squeezed in on the already crowded steps, and again the car was set in motion. One puffing slightly, handed his grip to the conductor, and then dug down into the pockets of a travel soiled suit.

"Never mind, Frank" said his companion "I have it," and handed over the fare. "Funny we met, isn't it?" he continued "I guess it's full seventeen years since we were chums together. Wouldn't have recognized you in the world but by your walk. Was getting off the overland, taking in the view of the depot, which by the way I hadn't seen for eight long years, when you passed. The walk attracted my eye, and I thought only one person in the world possessed it. 'There's Frank Newhall or I'm a liar' I said to myself. Then I caught up to you, and taking a good look, took a chance. My, but you've changed. What's happened to the fair face, and smooth hands, Frank?"

"I threw them off long ago," Frank responded, "yes, it's funny we met, but don't old Frisco feel good?"

"Feel good! Well, I guess yes. You may talk about your million populated metropolis, give me Frisco! But, by the way Frank, what have you been doing this last century for a living, you don't appear very prosperous?"

"Oh been down in Mexico for quite a

time, left a couple of years after you went to Harvard, did a little of everything, nothing turned out good, so you see me back here in Frisco," as the speaker finished he gazed with a queer expression at two brown calloused hands, and a sarcastic smile fluttered for an instant on his hard tanned countenance.

"In Mexico! By Jove you were the last one I'd ever thought would go experimenting around the country. What's the matter with the old man's business?"

"Haven't seen nor heard of him since I left Frisco."

"Hum! A little family trouble is that it? Well, that is indeed too bad. Your mother was a lovely woman and your father a good old soul, stern, but behind that outward mask a soft heart lay. He was proud of you, Frank. Remember the day I had the fight with Jimmie Kirk, and three of Jimmie's chums jumped in; then you happened along. Said you wanted me to have a square deal, and then you sailed in. They beat us, but when your mother came along, and took you home, and me with you, I told your father the story. A smile played around his set mouth and he took your hand, patted you on the back saying, 'He's a Newhall; he's a Newhall every inch,' do you remember that?"

"Yes I remember," and the answerer's voice had a softer key.

"What are you doing now anyway?" the former asked. "Why don't you go around and see the old man? I don't know what you've done, but surely

nothing so bad but that he would be glad to see you after so long an absence. And there's Nell too. Why I never thought of her, she's a grown young lady by now. I'll have to call around myself some day, ten to one she wouldn't know me."

The one addressed made no answer; he was thinking. The car had covered considerable distance, and they were now at Market St. Procuring their grips they alighted.

"Well, I must go up town on business Frank. I'll see you again soon. Call around at the St. Francis. Wish you luck, goodbye."

"Goodbye, Jack!" Frank answered.

He looked with wondering gaze up and down the great traffic way. "Built up pretty quick," he muttered. He watched with unconcealed interest the long line of cars, the passing crowd, the coursing vehicles. "This is Heaven after ten years in a Mexican prison," he said to himself, and then the channel of his thoughts changed. The meeting with Jack Hyland, his playmate and chum. What irony! Jack, a prominent eastern attorney, he, an ex-convict. When boys at school he was considered the best in his class, and they all looked up to him, but now, if Jack had only known the truth would his hand have been extended in that same welcome manner? And he was home. He smiled bitterly. "The old man would be glad to see you" Jack had said, but Jack didn't know. He wondered how his father looked, his mother, his sister. He caught himself drawing images of

them, and tried to change the thought, but in vain. The short conversation with Jack had aroused chords within him that he had thought long dead. Of a sudden an unconquerable desire seized him to gaze once more upon the old homestead. He gave in. It seemed an eternity as the car slowly climbed, and then sped down the several hills. At last he caught a glimpse in the distance of the large spiral which graced the house. Now he was but a block away. Yes, he must get off and walk past. There was no fear of his being recognized; the hot Mexican sun and hard prison work had transformed him completely. Soon he was at the gate gazing up. What was the matter? The shades were drawn low over all the windows; the big mansion appeared deserted. He wondered if perhaps they had changed their residence. A postman who had just made his visit from a neighboring house was making toward him. He would inquire.

"I beg pardon," he said "but could you tell me who lives here?"

"Why no one," was the answer, "the Newhalls did but since Mr. Newhall died three years ago, and Mrs. Newhall a year later the house has been vacated. Miss Newhall has since lived with her aunt."

"Thank you," he said and the postman moved on.

"Dead ! Dead !" he kept muttering to himself, "dad, and mother dead."

Slowly he started down the street, his head bent low, looking not where he went nor caring. His intellect seemed

benumbed, and thoughts and feelings long suppressed ran riot, "if they had lived I could have borne it, but dead—" he did not finish.

He was now in town; he saw the cemetery car at halt. He would visit their graves. Mechanically he stepped aboard and paid his fare. He noticed not the miles flow by, the scenery linked as it was with pleasant memories of childhood days bore to his dazed eyes nothing of interest; his thoughts were far away. He saw his mother on her deathbed, his sister Nell bending over trying to comfort her. He imagined he saw her trying to arise, her failing voice feebly crying his name. Then gradually he saw her strength fail her, her breath come shorter, slower; then stop, and her soul with winged quickness wind its way up regal heights to where her faithful escort through this life's tribulations awaited her.

The cemetery was gained; quickly he found the family enclosure; in an instant he was at the foot of the two late graves. He sank on his knees, and with face bent in hands, he washed away with tears—the tears that only men can shed—the blackish stains of evil years from off his soul.

There at the foot of the two graves he knelt, for how long he knew not; he was awakened from his reverie by the rustle of skirts. Turning, he looked up; a young womanly figure was at his side.

"Nell !" he uttered and quickly arose.

"Frank !" was the soft response, and he clasped her in his arms. What a

world of meaning that word bore to him. Though hardened and fallen, though the causer of grief, and anxiety untold, yet he saw by that tender utterance that his mother on her deathbed had forgiven him.

Together they knelt; she a lily of purity, he a penitent. The minutes

lengthened into hours, the sun's last ray bid adieu to the perfumed flowers of the sacred abode, the gentle breeze caused the sprays of grass to quiver, and leaves to rustle, then quietly locking her arm in his, she gently drew him to his feet, and slowly, sadly they departed.

J. DEVEREAUX PETERS, Post-grad.

CHRISTMAS

In an humble barn beside the way,
In a bed of mused and bristling hay,
A little child came to this world
And honored our first Christmas day.

And ever since that glowing morn,
One day each year the world has worn
A smiling, and a thankful face,
That marks the day when Christ was born.

W. Talbot, '12.

A LESSON



SINNED—and straight I cursed my sin.

“How wretched and how foul,” I said,
“How all unworthy life I’ve been
I would be better dead.”

I went without and paced the ground
Resolved that I should work my death.

A bruised and battered bloom I found,
Inhaled its breath,

And it was sweet with all perfume.

Straightway my mind began to grope
And tear away the folds of gloom.

This flower crushed by wind and rain
Still held its sweetness. In my pain
I too, thank God, had hope.

Maurice T. Dooling, Jr., '09.

CHAUCERIAN PAPERS

III

PORTRAIT OF CHAUCER

"Although his life be quenched, the resemblance

Of him hath in me so fresh liveliness,
That to put other men in remembrance
Of his person I have here his likeness
Made, to this end in very soothfastness,
That they that have of him lost thought and
mind
May by the pointing here again him find."

The portrait of Chaucer to which his disciple Occleve refers, in the above lines, is that one which the latter caused to be painted on one of the leaves of his own 'Regement of Princes,' now forming one of the Harleian M. S. S. in the British Museum. Dr. Furnivall, to whom students of Chaucer in this country owe so much, thus comments on this portrait familiar, in black and white, to most students of Chaucer on the frontispiece to several editions of his works: "The face is wise and tender, full of a sweet and kindly sadness at first sight, but with much bonhomie in it on a further look, and with deep-set, far-looking grey eyes. Not the face of a very old man, but of one with work in him yet, looking kindly, though seriously, out on the world before him. Unluckily the parted grey moustache and the vermillion above and below the lips render it difficult to catch the expression of the mouth; but the lips seem parted, as if to speak.

Two tufts of white beard are on the chin; and a fringe of white hair shows from under the black hood. One feels one would like to go to such a man when one was in trouble, and hear his wise and tender speech." We see him there as an elderly man, philosophic and thoughtful, with eyes somewhat downcast. Erect of body, if somewhat inclined to corpulency, one hand is extended, as the poet himself might have done, to give point to some remark he had just let fall, the other hand fingers a rosary—symbol of the piety of his character. Another portrait shows him with his right hand touching an ink-horn suspended from his dress; there are others also, but the features in each are the same, showing that the likeness which has come down to posterity is correct. Chaucer, also, has left us an indelible description of himself as he appeared to that free-spoken character, 'mine Host' of the Tabard Inn, the 'choragus' of his Canterbury Tales;

'What man artow?' quod he
'Thou lookest as thou woldest fynde an hare;
For ever upon the ground I see thee stare.
Approche neer, and look up murely.
Now war yow, sires, and lat this man have
 place;
He in the waastt is shape as well as I;
This were a popet in an arm t'enbrace
For any woman, small and fair of face

He seemeth elvyssh by his countenance,
For unto no wight dooth he daliaunce.'

The downcast look; the elfish (i. e. abstracted) air were but the signs of the innate modesty of the soul within—one of the most pleasing traits of the poet's character, and one which, no doubt, did much to endear him to great men like John of Gaunt. Chaucer's position and standing with the great were not used for the gratification of personal ends tho' he had ample opportunity of enriching himself had he wished, in the course of his official life, but were utilized, after the manner of a faithful citizen for the benefit of his country. He did all things well. As in his personal character, so in his works,—his modesty stands pre-eminent. In his Prologue to the 'Legende of Good Women' he will not permit himself to appear as a writer of love songs, but proclaims himself merely a follower of those who have gone before:

'For wel I wot, that ye han her-biforne
Of makynge ropen, and lad away the corne;
And I come after, glenyng here and there,
And am ful glad if I may fynde an ere
Of any goodly word that ye han left.'

So, too, in his 'Troilus and Criseyde,' one of the chief among his minor works, Chaucer disclaims that his work is the product of a genius or equals that of the great departed:

Go, litel book! Go, litel myn tragedie!
Then God thy maker yit, or-that he dye.
So sende might to make in som comedie!
But, litel book, no making thou n'envye,
But subgit be to alle poesye!
And kis the steppes wher-as thou seest pace
Virgile, Ovide, Omer, Lucan, and Stace!"

It is the poet's modesty, too, that forbids him to question the great doctrines of the Church underlying all religious belief; for, in the opening words of the same prologue, he condemns materialistic philosophers who would deny everything which they cannot prove except on the evidence of the physical senses:

But God forbode but men shulde leve
Wel more thing than men han seen with eye
Men shal not wenen everything a lye
But if hymselfe it seeth, or elles dooth;
For, God wot, thing is never the lasse sooth,
Though every wight he may it not y-see.

No one can read Chaucer's poems without coming under the influence of the strong religious feelings which dominated the poet's mind. In a sense he is a Puritan, and the question has been seriously asked "Was Chaucer a Wycliffite?" Certainly he holds up to scorn the free-living ways of careless members of the monastic orders in the portraits he has given us in his "Canterbury Tales" of vagabond monks and friars—the monk that 'loved venerie,' that kept horses and greyhounds, preferring hunting to books, or the wanton and merry Friar who knew all the Taverns in London; while he derides the frauds of the alchemists (condemned too by the Church) in their pretensions of turning the baser metals into gold—which modern science, too, has attempted, but so far failed to do, but, with their imperfect knowledge of the 'elements' and crude methods of chemistry, an impossibility. On the other hand the hard-working ploughman and

his excellent brother the earnest parish-priest, poor in substance but rich in 'holy thought and work' not to mention, in a less degree, the nuns, dainty and good-living women, are held up to us rightly as examples of those leading godly lives. The answer to the question stated above may well be that Chaucer, though a reformer in his moral and religious views, was no seceder; and, though desirous of reforming the abuses of the Church, especially as regards the medicant orders, yet he was not one who wished to destroy one stone of her fabric or to change one tittle of her doctrine.

Plentiful as are the references to religious matters in Chaucer's poems, true personal religion is everywhere esteemed and hypocrisy held up to scorn in the sarcastic touches of the Poet's fancy. He pokes fun at the Pardoner's relics, his 'pigges bones' and his wallet 'bref-ful of pardon comen from Rome al hoot,' at the Summoner with the fiery-red cherubic face and the 'knobbes sittynge on his chekes;' while the Host prays that we may well be delivered from such a 'jape' as John, the priest, the 'hero' of the Shipman's tale.

Hard as he is on hypocrisy, especially when carried on under the cloak of religion, no man was more ready to recognize sterling merit and holy living in man or woman; while that Chaucer deeply revered true religion and cherished well the doctrines of Holy Church may be seen on almost every page of his work. His constant reference to God, to the Blessed Virgin, and other saints of God, to those holy men

and women 'who have been the lights of the world in their several generations' show the reality of his devotion.

Many of his poems conclude with an ascription to the Godhead: as at the end of his "Troilus and Criseyde."

"Thou Oon, and Two, and Three, Eterne onlive,

That reynest ay in three and two and oon,
Uncircumscrip, and al mayst circumscrive,
Us from visible and invisible foon
Defende! And to thy mercy, everichoon,
So make us, Jesus, for thy mercy dyne,
For love of mayde and moder thyn benigne!"

While the moral of this same poem is intended to show to all 'younge fresshe folkes,' the uselessness of 'old pagan cursed rites' and the misery involved in yielding to the lusts of the flesh, 'thise wrecched worldes appetites,' while the poet exhorts the young to love

"Him, the whiche that right for love
Upon a Cross, our Soules for to beye,
First starf, and roos, and sit in hevne above."

No less in evidence than his devotion to the Redeemer is his love for the Blessed Virgin Mary, to whom he has dedicated his "Carmen secundum ordinem litterarum alphabeti," (called for short 'Chaucer's A. B. C.') and in whose honour he has written so much besides:

"Lady, thy bountee, thy magnificence,
Thy vertu, and thy great humylitee,
Ther may no tonge expresse in no science;
For sometime, lady, er men praye to thee,
Thou goost biforne of thy benygnytee,
And getest us the lyght, thurgh thy preyere
To gyden us unto thy Sone so deere."

So also is his invocation of the Saints, as witness the lines at the end of the Prioress' tale addressed to

"Yonge Hugh of Lincoln, slayn also
With cursed Jewes," — — — —
whom he exhorts to

"Pray eek for us, we sinful folk unstable."

Chaucer's love of reading and meditation was great. Excellent scholar as he was of a wide range of Latin, French, and Italian literature—the chief learning of his day—his busy life spent in the public service gave him little opportunity for the indulgence of his fancy in the daytime, other than during his occasional journeys into the country or to other lands. For his studious habits at night, and neglect of the ordinary customs of life, the poet makes the 'eagle' in his House of Fame rebuke him:

"For when thy labour doon al is,
And haast y-maad thy rekenynges,
Instede of reste and newe thynges,
Thou gost hoome to thy hous anon,
And, also domb as any stoon,
Thou sittest at another boke,
Til fully daswed is thy looke,
And lyvest thus as an heremyte,
Although thyn abstynence is lyte."

Again, in his Book of the Duchess, he tells us how he preferred, during sleepless nights, when troubled with melancholy thoughts, to sit upright in bed, and, reaching for some old romance,

"To rede, and dryve the nyght away;"
rather than to

"playen either at chesse or tables."

If Chaucer loved greatly to do his reading by night, he loved for meditation the early morning hours. It was his especial delight, when staying in

the country, to rise with the lark and pass out into the fields, on a May morning, there to meditate on nature, amid the flowers of the fields and the birds' sweet songs, to pass—

"Days of sweet leisure, taxed with patient thought
Abstruse, nor wanting punctual service high
Matins and vespers of harmonious verse"—

the ideal life, according to Wordsworth, for a poet to lead.

There as pass the quiet hours, "to meditation due and sacred song," hear him paying his court to the simple daisy, the favorite flower of the earlier poets, the beloved of Burns and Wordsworth in after times;

"Now have I than such a condicion,
That of alle the floures in the mede,
Than love I most thise floures white and rede,
Such as men callen daysyes in our toun."

He has so great an affection for this flower that no day dawns but finds him up and walking in the mead to watch it opening its eye to the rising sun:

"I love it, and evere ylike newe,
And ever shal, til that myn herte dye."

Few poets have had so versatile a career as Chaucer. By profession a servant of the Crown and Comptroller of Customs, he was, beside, a politician, a diplomatist, a philosopher, a linguist, an astronomer, and a poet. In every branch of learning he stood high in the opinion of the men of his day.

As a civil servant numerous entries are shown in the records of his time, of his work and duties, but nowhere can aught be found to tarnish his fair name or to detract from the uprightness and faithfulness with which he performed

his official duties, in themselves both onerous and important.

As a politician he belonged (as has already been noticed) to the party of John of Gaunt. This prince, while bearing, by right of his wife, the nominal title of King of Castile, was the power behind the throne in the closing years of Edward III's reign, and in the early part of that of Richard II. To John of Gaunt's fall from office we trace all of Chaucer's own difficulties, for we may be sure that with their political chief his henchmen fell; while, to the accession of his son, Henry IV., we note that Chaucer owed the brief period of affluence that immediately preceded the poet's death.

As a diplomatist we find Chaucer entrusted by Edward III. with two important missions to Italy; and to his power as a linguist and student of contemporary and ancient literature, with French, Latin, and Italian at his command, we owe the various paraphrases and translations, the "Romaunt de la Rose," for instance, which are to be found alongside his own original work. His prose pieces, Boece and the Parson's tale, show him to have been an acute logician and a very fair theologian. His treatise on the "Astrolabe," written for his little son Lewis, and the various references up and down his work to the constellations and relative positions of heavenly bodies, show him to have been an astronomer of no mean rank in his day, but he has no patience with astrology.

Chaucer's own views on the philosophy of life are well indicated in his

poems. As a philosopher his ideas are those of the acute observer of the man of the world, and the courtier, rather than those of the doctrinaire and the school man; they are well shown in his estimate of what makes a true gentleman, as given us in the *Wife of Bath's* tale:

'Looke, who that is moost vertuous alway,
Pryvee and apert, and moost entendeth ay
To do the gentil dedes that he kan,
Taak hym for the grettest gentil man.
Crist wole we clayme of hym oure gentillesse,
Nat of oure eldres for hire old richesse:
For, though they yeve us al hir heritage,—
For which we clayme to been of heigh parage,—
Yet may they nat biquethe for no thyng,
To noon of us, hir vertuous lyvyng,
That made hem gentil men y-called be,
And bad us folwen hem in swich degree.

'Wel kan the wise poete of Florence,
That highte Dant, speken in this sentence,—
So in swich manerism is Dantes tale,—

'Fulselde up riseth by his branches smale
Prowesse of man, for God of his goodness
Wole that of hym we clayme oure gentillesse;
For of our eldres may we no-thing clayme,
But temporel thyng that man may hurte and
mayme."

Take also the excellent advice which he gives in his "Balade de bon Conseyl" entitled Truth—a beautiful little piece and well worth quoting in full.

"Flee fro the prees, and dwelle with sothfastness

Suffice unto thy thyng though hit be smal;
For hord hath hate and clymbyng tikelness
Prees hath envye, and wele blent overal;
Savour no more than thee bihove shal;
Werk well thy-self, that other folk canst rede
And trouthe shal delivere, it is no drede."

Tempest thee noght al croked to redresse
In trust of hir that turneth as a bal:
Greet reste stant in litel besynesse;

An eek be war to sporne ageyn an al;
 Stryve noght, as doth the crokke with the wal,
 Daunte thy-self, that dauntest otheres dede,
 And trouthe shall delivere, it is no drede.

That thee is sent, receyve in buxumnesse,
 The wrastling for this worlde axeth a fal.
 Her nis non hoom, her nis but wilderneese.
 Forth, pilgrim, forth! Forth, beste, out of thy
 stal,
 Know thy contree, look up, thank God of al;
 Hold the hye wey, and lat thy gost thee lede,
 And trouthe shall delivere, it is no drede.

Envoy

Therefore, thou vache, leve thyn old wrecched-
 nesse
 Unto the world; leve now to be thral;
 Crye him mercy, that of his hy goodnesse
 Made thee of noght, and in especial
 Draw unto him, and pray in general
 For thee, and eek for other, hevenlich mede;
 And trouthe shall delivere, it is no drede.
Explicit le bon conseil de G. Chaucer.

Finally let us regard Chaucer as a poet. "What is a poet?" asks Wordsworth, in one of his Prefaces, and then proceeds to answer: "He is a man speaking to men: a man, it is true, endowed with more lively sensibility, more enthusiasm and tenderness, who has a greater knowledge of human nature, and a more comprehensive soul, than are supposed to be common among mankind; a man pleased with his own passions and volitions, and who rejoices more than other men in the spirit of life that is in him; delighting to contemplate similar volitions and passions as manifested in the goings-on of the Universe, and habitually impelled to create them where he does not find them. To these qualities he has added a disposition to be affected more than other men by absent things as if they

were present; an ability of conjuring up in himself passions, which are indeed far from being the same as those produced by real events, yet (especially in those parts of the general sympathy which are pleasing and delightful) do more nearly resemble the passions produced by real events, than anything which, from the motions of their own minds merely, other men are accustomed to feel in themselves: whence, and from practice, he has acquired a greater readiness and power in expressing what he thinks and feels, and especially those thoughts and feelings which, by his own choice, or from the structure of his own mind, arise in him without immediate external excitement."

Now Wordsworth is a poet of considerable eminence and may well be taken as a safe guide as to what the qualities that make a poet should be. Let us examine Chaucer by these hypotheses. Had Chaucer a 'lively sensibility,' had he 'enthusiasm'? Read his *Canterbury Tales* and see these qualities on every page. Had he 'tenderness' and 'pathos'? Read his account of Constance in the *Man of Laws'* tale, of Griselda in the *Clerk of Oxford's* tale, of Earl Hugelyn of Pisa in the *Monk's* tale. Had Chaucer 'a great knowledge of human nature,' a 'comprehensive soul'? Read his Prologue to the *Canterbury Tales*, especially his description and marshalling of the pilgrims. Does he 'rejoice in the spirit of life that is in him'? Go with him on a May morning to hear the small birds sing, to enjoy the perfume of the flowers and the beauty of our English landscape.

His is intensely the poetry of life in all its glorious fullness. In fine, there are none of the qualities mentioned by Wordsworth which Chaucer has not in the highest degree.

Again, with Wordsworth, "Poetry is the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings." Surely to this we must add 'expressed in rythmical form' for, as Dr. Gosse has truly pointed out, in his excellent article on Poetry in 'Chamber's Encyclopedia', "The idea of poetry cannot be divorced from the incident of 'making' whether we call it with Wordsworth 'impassioned expression' or employ the broader and simpler word 'execution.' Until the passion and the truth are fused into actual speech, and until that speech takes a rythmical form, those elements may be as 'poetical' as you please, but they do not form poetry."

Now this digression as to the nature of the poet and his art, and these quotations one from a poet, the other from a critic of poetry, have been given here for the purpose of showing that Chaucer possessed these qualities in the highest degree. It is obviously useless to praise up this or that man as a poet until we have thoroughly made up our minds, after consulting authorized exponents of the art, as to what qualities we should look for in the writings of a good poet. Now Chaucer is no mere good poet, he is a master-poet, the founder of a school, and the pattern for those who came after him. In the poetry of the middle ages his works stand alone, pre-eminent, and no poetry from his day till that of

Spenser, "the poet's poet," who looked for inspiration in his works, can "hold a candle" to Chaucer's genius. Judged by the exacting standard of present day criticism Chaucer, as a poet, has impassioned expression, powerful imagination, wonderful descriptive power, and last, but, by no means least, correct rhythm and versification. "He is content," (says Hazlitt) "to find grace and beauty in truth. He exhibits for the most part the naked object with little drapery thrown over it. His metaphors, which are few, are not for ornament, but use, and as like as possible to the things themselves. He does not affect to show his power over the reader's mind, but the power which the subject has over his own."

Lastly, as to Chaucer's place and rank among our English poets: all men rightly regard Shakespeare as our greatest poet, as indeed he is one of the grandest of all time; while to compare Chaucer with Milton's sublime grandeur would not be profitable; but next after these two great poets, looking from all points of view so as best to grasp the whole effect, we may class Chaucer as coming, if at a remote distance; while in his mastery of the poetic art (these two being excepted) he has only been equalled in our own day by Tennyson.

Like Shakespeare,

"Dear Son of Memory, great Heir of Fame"

Chaucer needs not

"For his honour'd bones

'The labour of an age in piled stones.'"

He has reared his own enduring monument and achieved all the immortality that this transient world can give.

PERCY PANKHURST, LITT. D., '08.

A TRAVELER'S THOUGHT OF HOME



PENSIVE traveler thought of home

Couched near the blue Pacific's strand
And thus mid the twinkling sleigh bells

His heart went out to his native land.

"Thy plains are covered not with snow,

No ice obstructs thy rippling streams

For on thy rain besprinkled soil

The warming sun e'er brightly beams.

Thy hills are draped with redwoods tall

And scattered o'er with sentinel pines

While low on their shoulders, sloping walls,

Peacefully cling the creeping vines.

Broad valleys green stretch out below,

In holy peace their vales recline.

The stateliest of these old-word lands

Cannot at all compare with thine.

Oh may He grant who moulds our lives

When once again His birth draws nigh

My heart may throb with cheerful beat

Beneath the blue of the western sky."

Norman Buck, '12.

THE CHRISTMAS STORY

THE Christmas story is decadent and on the wane. I do not setup as an iconoclast. I admire the real, good, cheery, old fashioned Christmas story redolent of plum-pudding, and pastry, and presents, and pleasure and play. But the good old fashioned Christmas story is no more. In its place we have an ever-recurrent and seemingly inexhaustible crop of near-Christmas stories,

machine made and cut to a conventional pattern with just a dash of a 'twas-the-night-before-Christmas sort of air to hide the tatters on the threadbare plot. But the age of the good, old-fashioned Christmas story is passed. It has given way to an anaemic progeny. I cannot write a Christmas story. Below you will find the proofs.

THE CARDS OF PROPHECY

IT was the night before Christmas. (This is the Christmas air). The younger of the two men threw his cards on the table in disgust.

"Pshaw!" he said, springing to his feet, "I cannot keep my mind on the cards tonight. I'll have to give up the game."

His companion glanced up at him coolly from beneath his shaggy eyebrows. Life to him was no more than a bigger game and he took it as unconcernedly as he gathered in the stakes across the board.

"Cool down, youngster, and tell us the story," he said, and added shrewdly, "Is it a girl, sonny, and won't she have you?"

The younger man fingered the chips before him uneasily. Suddenly he turned a quick eager glance on his companion.

"You can do it, Mac," he said, excitedly, "yes, maybe you can do it. Listen!

"All that you know about me is that I have money and that is all you care to know. I don't blame you. I furnish the money and need the diversion and you need the money and furnish the diversion, so it's a fair trade and no one the loser. But tonight you fail to amuse or divert. Perhaps I can turn you to a better use.

"Five years ago we came here from the West, my father and I. Everybody in the Western city from which we came knew old Jabez White, but in New York he proved to be a little toad. He didn't even make a splash. Then he got to monkeying with Wall Street and one night he was reported missing. The police found a body a couple of weeks later in the East river that they

identified as Jabez White and when I found that the only inheritance my father had left me was a pile of debts I went to work. I was getting along nicely and might have settled down and been happy if my Aunt Elizabeth hadn't died in the West and left me a couple of millions. As soon as I quit work I began to worry about the old man. Jabez White wasn't one to slough off life so easily and I couldn't help thinking that he might still be alive. No use to put an ad in the newspapers, for the old man was self made and couldn't read a line, and I put no trust in detective agencies, so all I could do was to sweat and worry. But the other night when I was coming home I happened to glance out of the car window and I saw in the light of a street lamp a man that I knew at once. He was dressed wretchedly, almost in rags, but the face and figure were undoubtedly those of Jabez White. I pulled the bell cord and got out as soon as I could, but the car was crowded and before I could get back to where I had seen him my father was gone. I made inquiries but no one in the neighborhood knew him. He had vanished as completely as before."

The old gambler listened carefully but said no word. It was a part of his business to take things as they came.

"This is where you come in, Mac," the young man continued. "I want you to find my father for me. You're an expert with the cards. Just shuffle them up and deal them out fortune-

teller fashion. There's no harm in making a try."

The gambler scratched his head thoughtfully. "I've done a little of everything from street to nature faking in my time," he answered, "but I reckon this fortune-telling's the biggest fake of them all. I've found out that you can't buck another man's game with any sort of success and fortune-telling's a little out of my line, but as you say, there's no harm in making a try. I guess you'll have to name some card to sort of represent, so to speak, your old man."

"Let's see," said the other, "he was all heart and ace high, the old man was. Yes, call him the Ace of Hearts."

The gambler shuffled and cut the cards. Then he dealt them slowly one at a time face upward on the table. The first card was the Queen of Hearts, the second the Jack of Clubs, the third the King of Clubs, and the fourth the Ace of Hearts."

"There's your answer, sonny. I reckon we'll just look for the Queen of Hearts and she will do the rest. Leastways she'd ought to if I was any shucks of a fortune teller, which I ain't."

After they were out in the street and had walked a couple of blocks in the open air things began to look different to both of them. The gambler was the first to speak.

"See here, sonny," he said, "it strikes me that we're a pair of fools on a goose chase. If we hadn't been imbibing too freely of the joy that kills we'd have known it sooner. Come on. Let's—"

He bit his sentence off short, for his companion had suddenly darted across the street, narrowly dodging a car on the way. He set out in pursuit and the two of them brought themselves up short in front of a very pretty girl. But they did not see her face. They had eyes only for a package that she carried in her hand. It was one of those fancy boxes of candy that they put up for the Christmas trade and although it was wrapped in paper both could plainly see that it was fashioned in the shape of a human heart.

"The Queen of Hearts!" the gambler gasped, "Don't let her get away."

The other raised his hat and stepped into her path.

"I beg your pardon," he began, but got no further, for a neatly aimed slap caught him squarely on the cheek. At the same time he felt himself seized roughly from behind.

"Mashing, are yez?" said a rough voice in his ear. "Ye're pinched."

He turned around to explain to the policeman but the gambler pointed to the stick at that worthy's belt, the symbol of authority.

"The Jack of Clubs," he whispered.

When they had arrived at the station house and harmlessly inscribed themselves on the book as Smith and Brown respectively, the young man turned to the gambler angrily.

"This is a nice mess you've gotten me into. Wouldn't this look nice if the papers got hold of it. 'James White

Arrested on Christmas Eve for Insulting Lady.' My friends would like to read those headlines tomorrow morning over breakfast, wouldn't they? Where's your King of Clubs, huh? Where's your Ace of Hearts, huh? This is a pretty mess." He ended with something that sounded like the explosion of a tire which left him breathless.

"I told you not to expect me to buck this game," the gambler answered quietly. "The Fates are an ornery pair of triplets and great practical jokers. I guess it was just one of their jokes to show us the Queen of Hearts and the Jack of Clubs and land us in the jug. Now they're probably laughing up their sleeves."

Just then a policeman entered. He was old, and fat, and solemn, and walked with a slow dignified tread.

"Hello," said the gambler looking up. "He might be the Emperor of Siam he looks so solemn. Or—by Jove! the King of Clubs!"

The dignified cop walked up to the desk sergeant.

"I got a funny old cuss outside," he said in a voice that filled the room. "Claims to be a busted millionaire or something, but he's sure on the rocks now. He says his name is Jabez White."

The gambler winked solemnly at the gas jet.

"The longer you live the more you learn the less you know," he said.

THE WOMAN

“**C**HERCHEZ la femme,” the French say and they ought to know. From the day that Eve handed the crabapple to Adam in the Garden of Eden to the little blonde fairy that you pawned your watch to take to the theatre last night, there’s always been a woman at the back of everything. The trouble is to find her out.

Shorty was drunk, and busted, and disconsolate. Oh, I forgot. It was Christmas Eve. He went out in back of Spiegler’s place and sat on an empty beer cask and held his head. It was raining a little and after a while the drip of the water from the dance hall roof that trickled down the back of his neck, sobered him a little. Then he got up from the barrel, kicked his way through the mud around the shack to the dreary little main street, and sham-bled up town towards the post office. As he proceeded somewhat erratically up the street he began in a half drunken way to soliloquize brokenly with himself.

“Yes, Shorty, old boy, you’re sure up against it for fair. Whiskey’s what done for you, Shorty, whiskey and cards and the women. Yes, and the women! There’s women and women, Shorty, old boy, and some of ’ems women and some of ’ems devils and the trouble is you can’t generally tell them apart till after it’s too late. Too late! I think it’s always been too late with me. That’s the trouble, it’s always

been too late. I ain’t never done nothin’ on time. I’ve always been too late.”

He stopped for a moment to listen to a Salvation Army preacher who was heroically preaching in the rain to half a dozen loafers.

“Men, it’s never too late to give up sin and vice,” he was saying. “Mend your evil ways. Come to God. It is never too late with Him.”

Shorty laughed harshly.

“You’re a d——d liar,” he shouted fiercely. “It’s too late, it’s too late, it’s too late!”

Then he stumbled on till he came to the brightly lighted post office where they were distributing the evening mail. He turned in there and took his place at the end of the long, tortuous, snakelike line that waited before the general delivery window. The line was slow of motion and before Shorty reached the window he was fairly sober. At last his turn came and the clerk gave him a letter addressed in a firm but unmistakably feminine hand. It was Christmas eve and Shorty never failed to receive one of those letters at Christmas time no matter where he was.

Fifteen minutes later a flashily well dressed fellow clapped Shorty on the back. Shorty hastily put the letter he had been reading into its envelope and crammed it into his pocket.

“Hello, Bud,” he said, turning around. “How goes it?”

"Hello, Shorty," Bud answered.
"Come and have a drink."

"Can't do it, Bud, I'm on the water-wagon. For good, too, I hope," he answered, unconsciously squaring his shoulders as he spoke.

"Aw, cut that Shorty, it's too late for you to begin that gag," Bud said, using almost the very words that Shorty had spoken three quarters of an hour before.

But Shorty simply raised his head and responded, "It's never too late."

Bud was a philosopher of a kind and looked behind effects to their causes.

"Who was the girl you got the letter from that I saw you reading just now?" he asked.

Bud half-unconsciously bowed his head when Shorty answered him reverently in two words:

"My mother."

MAURICE T. DOOLING JR., '09.

PARTING OF FRIENDS



OLD Year, whither goest thou?
 Why dost thou leave us thus—
 When hast thou not been treated well
 By every one of us?

And still thou dost not answer
 But hurriest on thy way
 As if thy God were calling thee
 For the final judgment day.

What will this new year bring us?
 No one but God doth know
 If it will bring us happiness
 Or troubles, sorrows, woe.

But thou, old friend, we love thee
 And we hate to see thee go
 We know thou hast done thy best for us—
 Yes, that, Old Year, we know.

And when thou wilt meet the New Year
 Just shout above the din;
 Tell him to be as kind to us
 As thou hast always been.

Robt. E. Jeffress, '12.

CHRISTMAS EVE AT WATSON'S

IT was Christmas Eve. Night fell swiftly with the falling snow-flakes from the leaden clouds above, though far more silently and sure in its descent. The snow had been falling for three days and the giant pines that draped the shoulders of the mountains groaned beneath its weight, while ever and anon large masses of it, shaken from the bending trees by the furious blasts of the storm, dropped heavily to the ground.

Such was the aspect of the weather on the twenty-fourth of December, as darkness settled over the lonely little mountain valley, in which the snug log cabin of the Watson family with its adjacent farm buildings clustered in the rear, lay half hidden by the drifting snow.

Inside the cabin a bright fire was blazing in the great open fire-place, casting huge distorted dancing shadows upon the opposite wall. The few chores were over and Mrs. Watson, the mother of the family, was engaged in setting the table for supper, while the others with the exception of the father who had started on the two day trip to the settlement to obtain some much needed supplies the day before the storm, were gathered before the fire. Robert, the oldest, a curly haired lad of eight years, was seated upon a stool thoughtfully gazing into the molten depths of the fire, while little Willie, his four year old brother, ably assisted

by five year old Mary, was engaged in playing with Nig, a large battle scarred peer hound that lay upon the hearth vainly trying to sleep.

At last supper was ready and with a final anxious glance at the doorway as if half expecting to see her husband standing there, Mrs. Watson took her place at the table and tried vainly to eat cheerfully and hide her fears for his safety. Meanwhile Mary kept up a continuous eager prattle about Santa Claus and the various presents she was sure she would find in her stocking the next morning, unknowing that her poor mother, though answering cheerfully was cut to the very quick by the thought of the disappointment her little ones would receive if her husband were unable to return. Then too, the thought that had been haunting her all afternoon struck home with threefold force—where was he? He should have been home early that afternoon and she knew that he would come despite the storm. Was he lost, or—dead? She staggered at the thought as though struck a sudden blow and turned her face for a moment to regain her composure.

A silence fell upon the group. The stout cabin reeled and trembled beneath the blows of the storm and ever the subdued hiss of the driven snow rose strangely loud in the intervals between the screaming gusts. Robert was eating mechanically. He had seen his

mother turn her head and young as he was he knew by the look of pain that crossed her face what she was thinking of. He had fears of his own, too, but,—"well, come what may, he'd be a man and, after all, what was the use of looking at it that way? His father had been out in worse storms than this and had come back all right, so what was the use of worrying about him now?"

Little Willie at last broke the stillness. "I want my papa," he demanded with a queer catch in his voice that betokened a coming storm.

"Oh! papa's all right. He's sure to be here in the morning and Santa Claus will have——"

"I want him now," he broke in.

"No dear, papa isn't here. Don't cry. He'll surely be here tomorrow," his mother replied.

Willie gazed for a moment with swimming eyes and a lump rising in his throat, and as his brother grinned fiendishly at the thought of the impending concert he let out a wail like a lost spirit, slid out of his chair onto the floor under the table and started in, his sister soon joining in sympathy.

In vain were his mother's efforts to quiet him. In vain did she threaten him with the usual and effective method which reposed peacefully on a nail beside the door and which she had not the heart to use. Willie however, only kicked the harder and screamed, if possible, the louder, while his brother all undetected returned with interest all past scores whenever Willie was un-

wary enough to come within range of his feet.

Finally his mother more to hide her feelings than from any other motive, arose and cleared away the table while Rob fed Nig and replenished the dying fire.

The dishes done, his mother came and settled into a comfortable rocking chair drawn up before the fire and his little sister took a seat beside her. They had not been there long watching the whirling smoke vanish into the blackness of the chimney, when Willie, unnoticed, crawled from his retreat beneath the table and curling up in the capacious corner formed by the wood-box and the stone front of the fire-place, was soon in the land of dreams.

An hour passed when suddenly the wind and snowfall ceased. Mrs. Watson got up and went to the door, pushed it open and looked out—but her husband was not in sight, ineed, she had hardly expected to see him. Low over the mountains the moon shone through a rift in the clouds. The new fallen snow glittered in its pale light and the rock ribbed mountains rose majestic before her, each ridge crowned with silver and the base hid in impenetrable shadow. Beautiful in summer when smiling with verdure; but now grander and more awe-inspiring, as clad in their winter raiment, they raised aloft their ragged crests outlined in lines of light against the driving storm clouds. Closing the door with a sigh the mother returned to her place by the fire, and as if that were a signal to the

warring elements, the lowering clouds once more obscured the moon and from their black depths the snow again descended.

Time passed slowly and for the most part, in silence. Mrs. Watson had picked Willie up and was holding his sleeping form in her arms, but she made no move to put him to bed as usual.

The little clock on the mantle struck eight, and a short while afterwards, Nig rose suddenly from the hearth where he had been dozing and stood there listening, his powerful muscles twitching uneasily.

"Papa's coming," Rob announced, "look at the dog, he hears him."

"No, it can't be; perhaps something is

trying to get into the chicken house. Are you sure you locked it?" his mother asked, though only too glad to grasp at that straw herself.

A moment passed, and emitting a joyous bark, Nig whirled around and spilled Rob out of his chair on to the floor in his mad rush for the door where he stood yelping and scratching. An instant later, Rob, followed closely by the rest of the family, reached the door, flung it open and looked out into the storm where the dark forms of the two horses hitched to the loaded sled, with Mr. Watson leading them, began to take shape from amid the whirling snow wreaths.

NORMAN BUCK, '12.

The Redwood

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The object of the Redwood is to record our College Doings, to give proof of College Industry and to knit closer together the hearts of the Boys of the Present and of the Past.

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EDITORIAL COMMENT

"A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!"—old and trite and common. Yes, but ever new and fresh, and glorious, when sincerely uttered from the fullness of a joyous heart. "A Merry Christmas!"—the very expression is filled with the season's joy and love and peace. Aye, this is the

season of joy on earth and peace to men of good will. So much so that an editorial discussion of any other topic at this time would seem sadly out of place, and so we have determined to confine ourselves to a few general thoughts suggested by the Christmas-tide.

Nineteen hundred and eight years ago a man and a woman, a humble carpenter and his wife, footsore, and travel stained, and weary, entered the town of Bethlehem. The town was crowded with people come to be enrolled for the census of the Cæsar, and the two travelers sought in vain for shelter. You all know the simple story. There was no room for them at the inn and they were forced to seek the shelter of a stable. And there, among the meanest and commonest of surroundings, with none of the pomp and glory which we are wont to associate with earthly royalty, the Royal Babe, the King of kings, was born. We love to dwell on the simple scene. The Infant lying, roughly swathed, upon a bed of straw; the tender care and devoted love of the Virgin Mother; the solicitous pride and joy of the honest carpenter; and the simple, touching reverence of the sturdy, humble, God-fearing shepherds, summoned by the angel voices to worship their new born King. Nothing could be better calculated to show the depth of the God-man's love for us than the humbleness and simplicity of His birth, except perhaps the stupendous and heroic culmination of His life that came thirty-three years later, in the gloriously dreadful ordeal of His suffering and death upon the cross.

"And there was no room for them at the inn." People of all ages have been accustomed to point to this as an example of inhumanity and selfishness unequaled throughout the centuries. We ourselves have no doubt pictured the heartless inn-keeper turning away the

weary travelers from his door and wondered at his cruelty. But are we just in this? The little town of Bethlehem was filled with a multitude of people and its facilities must have been strained to the utmost. We can readily imagine the inn early filled and after that the host was doubtless compelled to turn away, not Joseph and Mary alone, but dozens and perhaps hundreds of others as well. How different is it with us nineteen centuries later. At this season of the year when we go about with a smile on our lips and a "Merry Christmas" ever in our mouths, the same Christ, the same Infant King, who was born that night in Bethlehem, is seeking entrance to our hearts. He comes seeking admission even as the carpenter and his wife did long ago in Bethlehem and we have no good cause to deny Him. Let us not say, because our hearts are filled with sordid, worldly guests or, what is worse, with sin and vice, that "there is no room for Him at the inn."

The Christmas time is necessarily a time of cheerfulness and pleasure. We can not help being filled with a joyous and cheery optimism and we have tried to fill THE REDWOOD with the same spirit. We have even gone so far as to forsake entirely our usual penchant for the tearful conclusion to our stories and have gone in entirely for what is called in common parlance the "happy ending." We have done all in our power to live up to the spirit of the season. And so we shall conclude as we began by wishing our readers, priest and student, alumnus and friend and casual reader, all alike, "A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!"

MAURICE T. DOOLING JR., 09.



The spirit of Christmas has filtered through even to the heart of the exchange editor, and, so, we feel something of peace and good will towards all whose productions have been fortunate or unfortunate enough to fall under our eye. With then, a wish to all our contemporaries of a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, let us to our task.

The first magazine that we take up is the diminutive *Touchstone*. We are reminded of the old saw, "Precious things come in small parcels" and we are inclined rather to admit its truth. For in the twenty-four pages of reading matter of the *Touchstone*, are not a few good articles.

The Civil War, like the Trojan War to the wielders of the quill when the world was younger, has furnished and will furnish to the story writer many a theme familiar indeed, but always appealing, always of heart interest.

"Under Orders," the better of the two stories, is an incident taken from this source. A young lieutenant is ordered by his superior to destroy the home of the people who reared him. In executing this sad duty he is placed in

some difficult situations. He meets the girl he loves and she reproaches him, for his so called cowardice. In striving to protect a Southern officer, in whose possession are some valuable documents, she tells Steve, the young lieutenant, that she is engaged to the Southerner. That evening as he is alone in his tent, thinking of the sadness of the world, a letter comes from the girl explaining the situation.

"A Summer Outing in Luzon" convinces us that the days of heroism and bravery are not yet over, and that should America at any time be forced to call for brave men, she will not call in vain. "Reflections" a poem has charm and sweetness.

In "A Questioning of Principle" *The University of North Carolina* has one of the best stories on this month's fiction list.

The University of North Carolina Magazine It is commendable not only for the manner in which it is written, but also for the plot, which is new and meritorious.

The story is of a crook who turned from a criminal to an honest man. Coming to the town of Bellevue with well laid plans to obtain an honest name and then

fleece the people, he far exceeds his own expectations. After a few years he is called by general consent, "Honest Joe Burton." Appointed treasurer of a bank, he plots to steal two hundred thousand dollars, all its ready cash. But at the last moment he wavers. Deeming his honest name greater than the riches he refuses to steal, and is shot by a pal.

Of the verse, "Rondeau" pleases us the most.

If size or quantity counts for anything the *Holy Cross Purple* makes a good showing. Yet it does not lack merit. "A Phantom Engine," a piece of fiction, has a few incidents verging on the improbable, but nevertheless the story

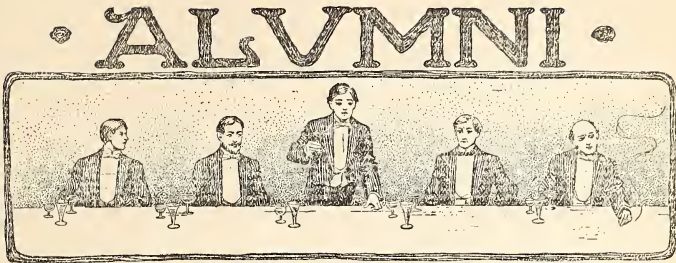
is interesting. "Mrs.———née Porter," is a humorous tale, clever and attracting. "Twas Pretty Costly," one of the best pieces of verse, is as the name may suggest, a sprightly little thing full of life and wit.

THE SORCERESS

The wizardry of silver sanded beaches,
The sobbing of the surf among the shells,
The inner creed that none but Nature teaches—
Wet woods, and haunted hills and sunset
dells;
A golden glory in the sky; the bells
Of eve, a requiem for the dying day;
These are her only sorceries, these the spells
That thrall the mind, and steal the heart
away.

Rogonell, in the Carolinian.

W. I. O'SHAUGHNESSY, '11.



It will be of interest to the Alumni to know that the work of investigating into the life and merits of Padre Magin Catala, is progressing rapidly, an ecclesiastical court having been held at the College, with Rev. Father Gleeson presiding. Father Catala, who is the first missionary from the Golden State to have his deeds studied in an effort to place his name in the Catalogue of Saints, labored at Santa Clara Mission for thirty-six years, from 1794 to 1830, during which time he had the consolation of baptizing several thousand Indians.

Father Catala was born at Mount Blanc, Catalonia, Spain, in 1761 and joined the Franciscan order in 1778, at the early age of 17. He was the first pastor of Santa Clara Mission Church and has been justly styled "The Holy Man of Santa Clara."

At the annual memorial services of the California Pioneers, held at San Jose on November 15, Hon. William P. Vevee, A. B., '74, pronounced an eloquent eulogy of which the following are ex-

tracts: "In the wonderful volume of human history, there is no brighter page than that which records the deeds of the California Pioneers. Even in fiction there cannot be found a story which surpasses their story in human interest—in romance and bravery—in all the elements which appeal to the imagination. In Greek legend the tale of Jason and the Argonauts of Thessaly in their search for the golden fleece of Colchis, is not more replete with stirring adventure or deeds of valor than that of the Argonauts of California in their search for the golden stores of the new El Dorado, * * * * for it was not the lure of gold which drew them to the unknown land, it was the spirit of adventure and the wanderlust which drove them to the brink of the western sea."

* * * * *

"Westward the course of Empire takes its way."

"Who can tell to what heights of power and glory California may yet attain? Situated upon the western verge of America, fronting the greatest of oceans, whose waters wash the shores

of empires, where teeming millions dwell, it needs no stretch of fancy to forecast her future. None of us may live to see California reach the zenith of her grandeur, for most of us are in 'the sere and yellow leaf;' but our descendants will surely behold the great day.

"As we turn our gaze backward and contemplate the work of the pioneers of California, a work which they were especially raised up by Providence to perform, let us resolve for ourselves and children that we will ever hold in hallowed remembrance those who are departed and will honor and reverence those who still survive; that we will imitate their example of service and self-sacrifice and inculcate in our children and children's children the rugged virtues which they so nobly displayed in their lives. The ranks of the living, alas! are gradually thinning from year to year and the noble band of pioneers has dwindled to a mere handful, and soon the last survivor will be no more. Though they shall all have disappeared from earth and the grave shall have closed over them, they will not be dead. The pioneers of California can never die the death of oblivion.

"Cold in the dust the perished heart may lie,
But that which warmed it once can never die."

We recently glanced at a paper in which appeared an extract from the "Sacramento Bee" of which Valentine

S. McClatchy, S. B. '77, A. B. '78, A. M. '79 and Charles K. McClatchy, A. M. '01, are the editors. The article in question

seems to be a case of the Bee stinging a bigot. After impressing on the unfortunate his utter narrowmindedness, it quotes a little history and pays the following tribute incidentally to three of Santa Clara's sons: "No more luminous page was inscribed in the Spanish American War than that written in the Philippines by the First Regiment of California Volunteers, composed very largely of Catholics, commanded by a Catholic who is now Governor General of the Philippine Islands, and chaplained by one of the bravest men who ever wore a cassock, the late Father McKinnon." The able editor continues: "Our correspondent knows little of the political history of this State, if he does not know that the ablest man who ever sat in the Senate of the United States from California was a Catholic—a man of granite honesty, of unimpeachable integrity, a born and almost matchless orator, dowered with the highest gifts from the Almighty, and accolated with the royalty of American manhood—the late Stephen M. White."

In a recent public letter, President Elect Wm. H. Taft, speaking of the Church and the Philippine Islands, pays a high tribute to Governor General James F. Smith, S. B. '77, A. B. '78, A. M. '79, Ph. D. '03, one of Santa Clara's most honored sons. He says, "The present Governor is a Roman Catholic, but he is one of the most careful men in maintaining an impartial attitude between Catholics and Protestants that we could possibly have. He does not forbid

teachers to take an interest in Protestant Sunday Schools or to attend Protestant churches. Only by law there is enforced upon teachers the non-teaching of religious matters in the public schools."

James A. Bacigalupi, A. B. '03, has removed his law offices to rooms 205-206,

'03 Bank of Italy Building,
Clay and Montgomery
Streets, San Francisco, where he is now practicing law for himself. Best wishes, Jim!

It is our sad duty to report the sudden death of the Father of Martin Carter, A. B. '06. Mr. Carter came to California from Canada
'06 over thirty-five years ago and was a member of the well known firm of Carter Bros., the car builders of Newark. Mr. Carter was a thorough gentleman and was highly respected by all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance. He was a great lover of horses and was the proprietor of the famous Nutwood Stock Farm near Irvington, which has turned out many of the world's famous trotters and has added in no small measure to the glory of the California turf.

In the name of the Faculty of Santa Clara College and of the "Redwood" Staff, we extend to his bereaved children our heartfelt sympathy.

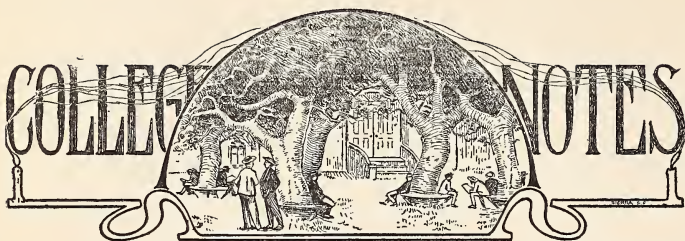
Hon. Joseph Scott, Ph. D., '07, who went to Europe in the interests of the Knights of Columbus with Rev. Joseph P. McQuaide, also an alumnus of ours,
'07 is once again in California, after having trav-

eled through Canada, England, Ireland, France and Italy. In the Eternal City Mr. Scott through the efforts of his former Professor, Cardinal Merry del Val, had a private audience with the Holy Father and the following day assisted at his Mass in the Sistine Chapel, to celebrate the fifth anniversary of his coronation.

At London he witnessed the Olympian games and to use his own words, "gave a good old California yell when the Americans won the first places." Speaking of legislation in England Mr. Scott says, "the trend of legislation in England is more radical than ever. There is a great deal of respect for America and the Americans in some quarters but there is much jealousy everywhere. Theodore Roosevelt is a great man abroad. You strike it everywhere. They concede his moral integrity and admire his strenuousness and his capacity for work. They are intensely curious about our battleship fleet and its movements. There are all sorts of conjectures, but they can't understand the object of the cruise. They want to know what's back of it."

Francis M. Heffernan, A. B. '08, last year's Business Manager of THE REDWOOD, was a most welcome visitor to
'08 the Sanctum and Campanus last month. Frank officiated as touch judge at our conquest over the University of the Pacific, his presence on the field helping to inspire the team to victory. Frank is at present Manager of the "Perfection Vacuum Machine" and is located in the Humboldt Bank Building, San Francisco. Good luck, Frank, from all the fellows, from the Seniors to the Midgets.

ALEX. T. LEONARD, '10.



The House

"Christmas comes but once a year and when it comes it brings good cheer," says the old song. However, we, of the House intend to anticipate the coming of Christmas by about a week. Hence, on Thursday, December 17, we shall all meet together for the last time this semester, and setting aside for the moment the discussion of the grave questions which have occupied our attention during the past few months, we shall call into our midst the Spirit of Christmas Present, and yield to him the honors we have hitherto been lavishing on the Spirit of Forensic Debate. But of our banquet and its attendant speech-making, more in the next issue of THE REDWOOD.

The closing session of the House has certainly been a gratifying one to all concerned. Decimated as our ranks were at the beginning by the inroads of the Senate, we have more than made good our losses. Our new recruits have proven themselves men of the right calibre for Philhistorians, full of interest in the work of the House, resolute in their determination to carry the banner so

gloriously borne by their predecessors, on to battle and to victory, united in their endeavor to make the scholastic year of '08-'09, the golden jubilee year of the House's foundation, a memorable one in its history.

The debates have been lively affairs full of snap and ginger. The last two, on the exclusion of Asiatics from this country and on Prohibition, were especially interesting. In the course of his remarks on the Chinese question, Representative "Sheebo" Sheehy of Petaluma scored a decided hit by his graphic description of the condition of California fifty years hence, if the present influx of orientals were to continue without interruption.

The House intends to extend an invitation to the faculty, the Senate and the Junior Dramatic Society to attend an open debate early next year.

Banquet of the Junior Dramatic Society

The members of the Junior Dramatic Society held their Christmas banquet on Wednesday, December 9, where amid the flow of seltzer and song they cele-

brated appropriately the success of the past four months. A unique feature was introduced on the occasion when the members entered the hall arrayed in the costumes of various nations. After a grand march around the banquet hall, they sat down to table where their souls were made comfortable with the good things Mr. Feehan, master of the revels, had the caterer provide.

Mr. Fox S. J., was toast-master and the speeches of the young Websters and Ciceros were well received. It will not be without interest to note down the names of some the members and the nationality they represented: Mr. E. McCarthy appeared as a Semite, Mr. L. O'Connor as the Ausonian, Mr. N. Buck as Homo Hottentotus, Mr. F. Hoedt as the Pajama boy, Mr. Flood as a Spanish Courtier, Mr. Feehan as an Ottoman, Mr. McGowen as a Paraiso Infant, while Messrs. Jeffress and Walterstein disguised as Santa Claus reminded the banqueters of the near approach of Christmas.

At a convenient hour the company disbanded, taking away with them more pleasant memories of happy hours spent in the classic halls of the Junior Dramatic Society.

The Play

"In the Fool's Bauble," the beautiful romantic drama by Rev. John D. McCarthy S. J., which was presented during the recent Thanksgiving week, has woven another wreath in the form of a great dramatic triumph, for the venerable brow of Alma Mater.

So much enthusiasm prevailed concerning this play that three presentations were deemed necessary, each surpassing the former in artistic finish. These took place on Tuesday afternoon, November 24, Wednesday and Saturday evenings, November 25 and 28.

The cast of characters and synopsis of the play have already been printed

in THE REDWOOD, while the local newspapers have been lavish in their praise of the actors. On this account we will not attempt to rehearse individual merits, thus also saving ourselves the obligation of doing justice to all concerned. For so cleverly did each participant enact his part that it is really difficult to single out any one for extra praise.

In general, however, we wish to commend the five musical numbers given by the College Orchestra under the direction of Jerry McCarthy '11. We wish to express our gratitude to the good friends of the College who made to order and gratuitously, the superb array of handsomely designed costumes; we wish, in fine, to congratulate Dan Tadich, '11, and his efficient stage-crew for their dexterity and taste in quickly setting the numerous and splendid scenery; we wish, in fine, on behalf of the Faculty and Student Body to thank and compliment every member connected with the enterprise and who may have in any way contributed by his talent and generosity to the unqualified success of the undertaking.

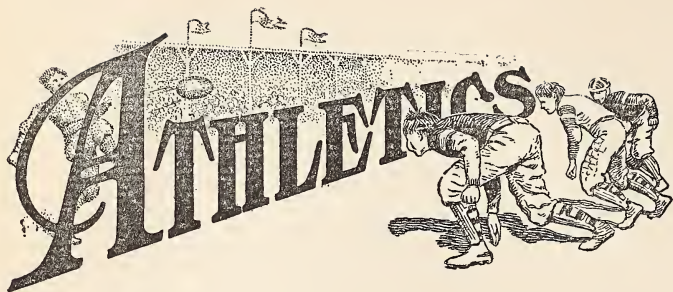
The Sophomore Sweaters

The campus was brilliantly emblazoned recently when the indomitable college-spirited Sophomores appeared in deep red sweater coats, upon which reposed their class numeral '11, embraced in black.

Such a class showing as this is to be recognized and appreciated by the entire yard, for it shows not only class spirit but college spirit as well, and of that extremely necessary article to keep the yard alive, we are sadly in need.

This year the Sophs have led the way with the first appearance in class insignia, but we are given to understand that other classes are soon to follow and the news is music to our ears. It's up to the other classes now to follow the leaders.

R. E. McCABE, '10.



Rugby

Rugby, to use an expression of the ardent pig-skin devotee, is "a back number." The exeunt of the men of the crimson jerseys and padded mole-skins has brought to a close a season of defeat and victory. The team has sipped of the wine of defeat, of bitter defeat, and it has drunk of the wine of victory; yea, of glorious victory. The greatest triumph of the year came when Pacific's veteran squad was conquered. It was *the* Big Game of the season, and Santa Clara's victory was well earned.

With but two veterans of last fall's famous fifteen in College, Coach Howards's endeavors have been most successful. He succeeded in overcoming all obstacles, and the team's triumphs on the gridiron speak of his ability.

Father Stack, S. J., the genial moderator of athletics at Santa Clara, has at all times worked for the best interests of the varsity, and his untiring efforts have on all occasions evinced his deep interest in the success of the team.

Rugby, the very word is sacred at Santa Clara. It is the midget's hobby, the day scholar's pride, the second division's ideal and the first division's joy. Seven fifteens were engaged in the pursuit of Rugby honors, which means that fully one hundred and twenty-five players, each in his respective class, fought for the glory of old Santa Clara. With Rugby held in such high esteem the future for crack fifteens at Santa Clara was never brighter.

In recording the deeds of Santa Clara's gridiron heroes, and in compiling the records of the many fifteens, first and foremost to be lauded are the proud possessors of the block S. C., the varsity. The personnel is given herewith:

J. D. PETERS, CAPTAIN — FIVE-EIGHTHS

"Coon," as he is popularly called on the campus, is a wonderful Rugby player. He plays with a naturalness and vim that captivates the spectators. His work in the Stanford and Pacific struggles classes him with the best five-



MANNIE E. REAMS



CHARLES W. DOOLING



JOHN W. MALTMAN



GEORGE S. DE LORIMIER

eighths on the Coast. This is Peters' last year at Santa Clara, and when he departs he will leave behind lasting memories of a brainy captain and clever player.

M. E. REAMS—THREE-QUARTERS

In "Babe" Reams Santa Clara has a spectacular back. His long runs were thrilling, and when once under headway he is a difficult man to stop. Besides his natural ability as a ground-gainer, he possesses a trusty right foot that spells woe unto the opponent's goal posts.

C. W. DOOLING—THREE-QUARTERS

Long, slender "Skimp" was the find of the year. From the ranks of the second team he was called to strive for the varsity. As a clever dodger and speedy back "Skimp" showed his mettle and won his position on the fifteen. Great things are expected of the tall boy next year. He holds the office of Sergeant-at-Arms in the Philalethic Senate.

J. W. MALTMAN—THREE-QUARTERS

Maltman, although incapacitated for a time by injuries, always put up a plucky fight. He was fast, and as a tackler excelled. Maltman graduates with the class of 1909 and holds many offices of honor, being Treasurer of the Student Body and Senate, and Business Manager of THE REDWOOD.

G. S. DE LORIMIER—THREE-QUARTERS

De Lorimier was a beginner at Rugby this season. So well did he master the tricks of the new game that it was apparent that he had in him the making of a star. He had a good kick and

often found touch. De Lorimier is a member of the House of Philhistorians.

M. S. SHAFER—FULLBACK

Fullback, the most difficult position to fill on the Rugby field, was ably taken care of by "Pudgy." His tackling was classy and his steady kicking gained many yards for Santa Clara. Shafer is Captain-elect of the baseball nine, Recording Secretary of the Senate and a member of St. John Berchman's Sanctuary Society. Shafer graduates with the class of 1909.

C. J. SMITH—FIVE-EIGHTHS

Another member of the Senior Class to achieve fame on the gridiron was Smith. His passing was excellent, and taking to account that this was his first year at Rugby his work has been a revelation. Full of pluck and nerve Smith's tackling bordered on the sensational.

H. GALLAGHER—HALFBACK

Full of ginger, and with a level head between his shoulders, the encouraging words of "Hap" Gallagher often brought the varsity out of a tight place. In getting the pigskin from the scrum to the backs "Hap" was adept.

D. TADICH—WING FORWARD

As a hard and steady worker on the Rugby field Tadich is without a peer. He heaves the ball to the forwards accurately and tackles with a vengeance. Dan is Manager of the track and basketball teams, and Treasurer of the House.

M. F. BROWN—FORWARD

A star of the first magnitude was the big "Boilermaker." In every scrimmage, and following every play, the

husky forward was all over the field. Brown belongs to the Senate and leaves Santa Clara with the class of 1909.

H. L. GANAHL—FORWARD

In breaking up the opponents' rushes, and in ever keeping his eagle eye on the ball, "Sailor" shone. As lockman his ease in working the oval from the scrum to the half was always noticeable. Ganahl is a member of the House of Philhistorians.

W. J. ROBERTS—FORWARD

Keeping Ganahl company in the front rank is that machine of grit and fight—Roberts. "Bogie" is always in the thickest of the fray, and in the battle against Stanford Second Varsity had the honor of scoring the tying points.

G. L. DUFFEY—FORWARD

Duffey is one of the heaviest men in the scrum and is extremely fast for his weight. In breaking up passes and starting dribbling rushes "Fat" is foremost. Duffey is another player who belongs to the House.

J. K. JARRETT—FORWARD

"Barney" Jarrett, the stately forward from the far off isles of Hawaii, is a terror to his opponents. He mixes in every dribble, and when it comes to the art of tackling "Barney" is invincible. In the House Jarrett is entrusted with the office of Sergeant-at-Arms.

H. N. BARRY—FORWARD

From the wilds of Nevada came Barry, one of the best forwards that ever donned the war togs for Santa Clara. His ability was more than once demonstrated by his fearless manner of

play. In the House Barry occupies the chair of Recording Secretary.

A. J. MULLEN—FORWARD

Iu Mullen, the largest man on the team, Coach Howard unearthed a gem. Although unfamiliar with Rugby this year, "Adonis" has all the traits of a hardened veteran. Mullen is enrolled as a member of the Senate and is in his Senior year.

B. A. BUDDE—FORWARD

"Moonrise" Budde is always in the game from the start until the referee's whistle announces the end. His tackling and dribbling were very good. Another season at the new game will work wonders with Budde. He is affiliated with the House of Philhistorians.

Having striven to treat the relative merits of the players individually, and with justice to all, there yet remains one whose unselfish labors made the season what it was. P. Arthur McHenry's reign as Manager of the varsity of 1908 was one grand success, for he gave to Santa Clara a schedule of games that was unparalleled in her Rugby annals. McHenry is a member of the Philaletic Senate.

Track

The sleepy spirit which has hung over track activities for a number of years has vanished, and once again to the track do the lovers of athletics at Santa Clara extend the right hand of welcome and success. Interest to do things on the cinder path, and in the



MERVYN S. SHAPER



CYRIL J. SMITH



HARRY M. GALLAGHER



DANIEL J. TADICH



MICHAEL F. BROWN



HERBERT L. GANAHL



WILLIAM J. ROBERTS



GEORGE L. DUFFEY

field, is unbounded, and with such promising spirit victory should be Santa Clara's watchword.

The debut of the men of speed and litheness, and of brawn and skill, was most gratifying to Captain Hardin Barry and Manager Tadich. A wealth of splendid material was unearthed, and when the stage of final development is reached new stars will be discovered in the track firmament. Captain Barry will guard the destinies of the crimson and white athletes, and under his leadership the colors of Santa Clara should be well to the front. Manager Tadich is striving to obtain the best schedule possible and his efforts are bearing fruit. Day after day he labors with but one object in view, that object being to give Santa Clara a track team that is second to none.

In the different events Santa Clara will be well represented. The dashes will be taken care of by Peters, Askam, Zorb, Reams and de Lorimier. Peters and Zorb are at their best in the 100, while Reams, Askam and de Lorimier shine in the 220. Morgan, Hirst and Reams will look after the places in the high and low hurdles. Captain Barry, Posey and Mullen are showing class in the 440, while in the half and the mile Swall, Murphy, Tadich, A. Hansen, G. Hansen, Sheehy and O'Shaughnessy have exhibited good form.

In the field events Santa Clara should be highly successful. In the shot-put and hammer-throw Captain Barry, Reams, de Lorimier, M. Brown and Worden will hold sway. Reams, Morgan, Askam and Meyers are guarding

the jumps, and in the pole vault Reams and Morgan star. With the above-named men as a foundation, and the splendid talent that is yet to be developed, all indications point to a most victorious season on the track and field.

FRESHMEN 53, SOPHOMORES 47

The first interclass meet of the year resulted in victory for the Freshmen. The meet was close and exciting throughout and was undecided until the relay was run. In the relay the Freshmen four won handily. Askam was the star of the meet. He scored 14 of the fifty-three points that were annexed by the Freshmen. H. Barry, Posey, Meyers, Tadich and de Lorimier performed nicely for the Sophomores. The honors of the Freshmen fell to the lot of Askam, Swall, Worden, Flood, Zorb, Dobbins and Hogan.

Basketball

And still another sport has made its entry. Basketball is again in vogue and the candidates for the varsity five are practicing daily under Captain Murphy's tutelage. An abundance of excellent material is in College this term and high hopes are held for a crack five.

The interclass games have proved most exciting. The speedy Sophomore team administered a terrible beating to the Freshmen quintet. To the Freshmen's lone point the Sophomore's made 33. Captain Murphy, Herbring and Ray starred. The Juniors fell before the Sophs by a score of 28 to 6. The Sophomore line up was: Forwards,

Ray and Herbring; center and captain, Murphy; guards, Posey and Tadich.

The husky Seniors have yet to meet Captain Murphy's bunch, and a battle royal is expected. The managerial lines are in the hands of Dan Tadich. Games will be arranged with the different high school and college teams in the State. For the basketball team of nineteen THE REDWOOD wishes a season of unbroken triumphs.

The Second Team

Under the management of Maurice T. Dooling Jr. and the captaincy of Howard Lyng the second varsity had a most triumphant season. Santa Clara High School was twice defeated and the High School champions, San Jose, were held to an even score.

Desmond Gallagher, the little New Zealander, was an admirable coach, for the victories that were gained by the seconds were only possible through his labors.

Goetter, Hogan, Morgan, Barry and McCabe are players who should make a strong bid for places on next year's varsity. The line-up of the second varsity follows:

Forwards—W. Lyng, Hogan, Lowe, Mayerle, Degnan, Boles and Goetter. Backs—W. Barry, Capt. Lyng, Morgan, Kennedy, McCabe, McDonnell, Askam and Taylor.

The Juniors

The Juniors, the premier fifteen of the second division, have brought to an end a series of very important games.

Coached by Father O'Brien, S. J., whose knowledge of Rugby worked wonders, the Juniors were practically unbeatable at their weight. In Captain Flood, McCarthy, Dobbins and O'Shaughnessy, the Juniors have a quartet which bids fair to win places on next year's varsity.

In their series of games Mountain View High and the ambitious Freshmen of Santa Clara High were defeated by scores of 9 to 3 and 11 to 3 respectively. The heavy second team of Palo Alto High took the Juniors into camp by the close score of 11 to 8. The day scholars were overwhelmed by the rushes of the Juniors and were unable to make a point, while the Juniors had little difficulty in annexing 23. The following players constitute the Junior Rugby Team of 1908:

Forwards—Hoedt, Mgr., Kennerson, O'Shaughnessy, Griffin, Thomas, Cosgrave, Shipsey, Stewart, Ernst, McGowan, Vaughn, Boland and McLaughlin.

Backs—McCarthy, Ford, O'Connor, Green, Flood, Capt., McGovern and Walterstein.

The Savages

As fierce and warlike as their name implies the Savages were ever seeking an enemy. But two games were lost throughout the year and on both occasions the huskies from Palo Alto Grammar School were the victors. In revenge Palo Alto was scalped once, San Jose High Third Team twice, Santa Clara Grammar once, and the Day Scholar Seconds once. Such an extensive schedule of contests reflects much



JAMES K. JARRETT



HARDIN N. BARRY



ANDREW J. MULLEN



BERNARD A. BUDDE

credit on the managerial abilities of Harry Curry. Captain Warren, Upchurch, Caffaro and Mallen should have little difficulty in making the Juniors next season. The personnel of the Savages follows:

Forwards—Johnson, Mallen, Maher, Sick, De Martini, Mahoney, Jeffress, Broderick, Harvey, Gallagher and Nolan.

Backs—Curry, Mgr., Neth, Lynch, Cauhape, York, Upchurch, Warren, Captain, and Caffaro.

The Outlaws

The Outlaws were the unlucky team of the yard. They played but two games and lost both, mainly through lack of experience. The Outlaws have several players of Savage calibre, namely, Rianda, Ross and Reynolds. The line-up of the Outlaws follows:

Forwards—Cresalia, Cholvin, Kingston, H. Whelan, Klein, Costello, Belinger and Martin.

Backs—Ross, Mgr., Rianda, Marciano, Reynolds, Cleghorn, Whelan, Captain, and Wickersham.

The Midgets

The little fellows of the third division put up a gilt edge article of Rugby. What they lacked in strength they made up for by valor. They worsted the Outlaws and the third fifteen of Santa Clara Grammar easily, and broke even with the Third Day Scholar Team. Bright futures on the football field are in store for Hatt, Dakin and J. Cosgrove. The Midgets' players were:

Forwards—W. Casey, Mgr., Menager,

Gilsenen, Roulliot, Kileen, Lejeal, Twohy, and Dakin, Captain.

Backs—Bressani, Hatt, Hughes, G. Mahoney, J. Cosgrove, Grantham and McKevitt.

The Day Scholars

Captained by B. Hartman and managed by J. Barton the heavy Day Scholars First Team played consistent Rugby throughout the season. They lost their first match with the Juniors but succeeded in trimming them later in a hard fought contest by the score of 6 to 3. The Hartman, Aquistapace and De Fiore brothers were the mainstays of the Day Scholars fifteen. In battle array the Day Scholars lined up as follows:

Forwards—Jacobs, Dougherty, Hartman, D. De Fiore, L. De Fiore, Wilcox Fowler and C. Acquistapace.

Backs—Harkins, Kelley, Quevedo, J. Acquistapace, F. Acquistapace, Davney, Young, and B. Hartman, Captain.

With the Team in Hawaii

(Concluded)

SANTA CLARA 7, PUNAHOU 2

In the second post-season game before a small but enthusiastic horde of dyed-in-the-wool fans Santa Clara easily defeated the fast Punahous. Friene twirled for the crimson and white and but one earned run was scored off the big fellow's delivery. The other run was occasioned by a combination of errors. Williams pitched for the Punahous and proved the easiest kind of a proposition. The Puns scored first

blood in their half of the second. Two singles, a fielder's choice, and two errors resulted in a score. In the seventh the Puns brought another run across the pan which was due to misplays by Santa Clara's infield. With the Punahous in the lead and visions of an inglorious whitewash in the minds of Santa Clara, that olden time determination to do or die was brought into play. The seventh inning witnessed a slaughter. Williams' choicest were walloped to all corners of the field and when the smoke of battle had cleared away the score boy chalked down seven for Santa Clara. The remaining innings were scoreless and another victory was Santa Clara's reward.

The batteries were:

Santa Clara—Friene and M. Shafer.
Punahous—Williams and Lyman.

But two more games remained to be played before Santa Clara began their homeward journey. The nine of the U. S. Milwaukee, champions of the Navy, were given a severe drubbing by the Collegians. Kilburn had his trusty left arm in perfect trim and the sailor lads were helpless. St. Louis opposed Santa Clara in the farewell contest and won a fast game by the close score of 4 to 3. "Kil" as usual pitched a strong and steady game.

With the championships of Hawaii, Japan, and the Navy as insignias of their conquests, the team's record is unparalleled in the history of baseball at Santa Clara.

The Honolulu Advertiser does the following to say about the team's sojourn in the islands:

"When the steamer Alameda leaves port this morning the Santa Clara boys will be aboard and not a fan in Honolulu but will be genuinely sorry to see them go. They have played great ball and have shown our local teams what good team work can do.

Not only individual work and team

combination but the unconquerable "Esprit de corps" is what really won the games for them. No matter how the game went against them in the early innings, they would buck up under reverse and usually began to do things in the sixth or seventh.

Their visit has been a pleasure to them and equally so to the local fans. Always the best of sportsmen, always playing the game and always fit and ready they have been to us an example of an ideal college team."

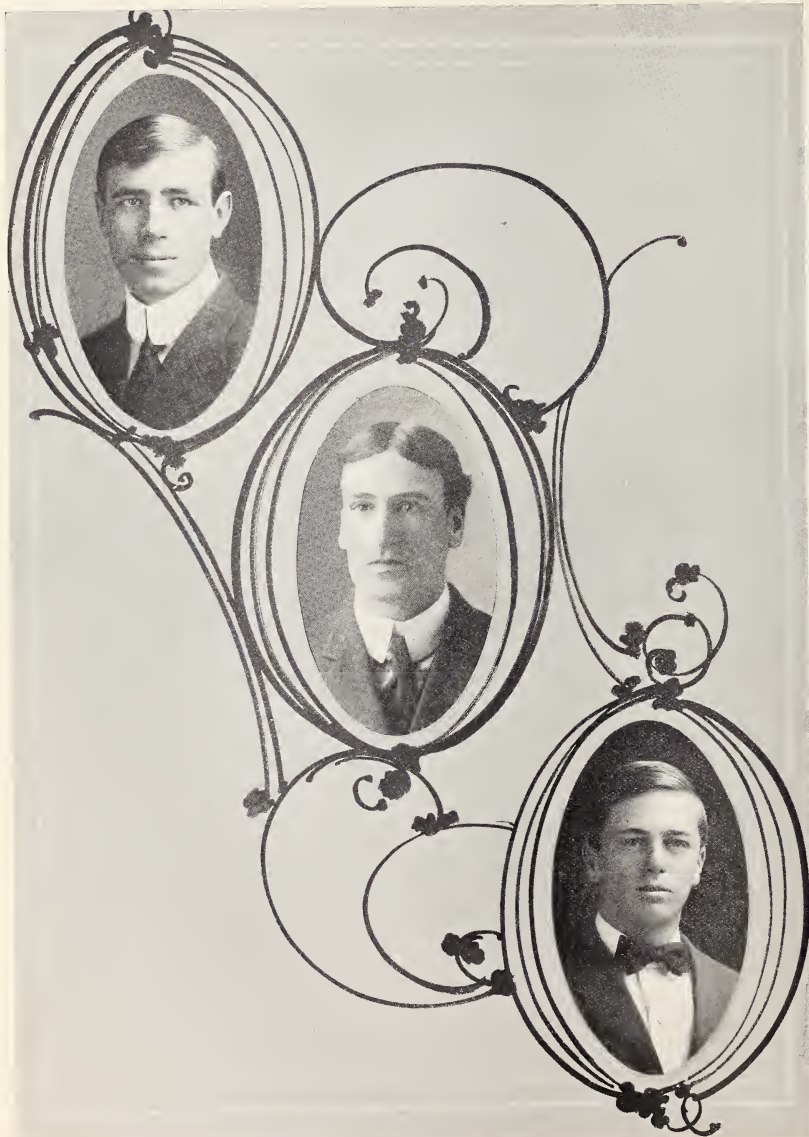
The farewell accorded Santa Clara's victorious nine impressed another journal as follows:

"Oh, what a sad parting when the Santa Clara boys left. Heart breaking? It was worse than that, it was heart rending and then some. Down at the Oceanic wharf yesterday morning there were a dozen husky athletes half hidden by flowers and leis.

Before the steamer left the boys got together and gave a few college yells and then started in cheers for everybody. Banzais for the Keios, hip hurrahs for Pat Gleason, cheers for all the teams they had played against, and then a long series of rallies for individuals who had gained their favor.

As the steamer slipped away from the wharf the band struck up "Aloha Oe" and the little group of flower-decked youths stood out on the fore deck a sight to gladden and sadden the hearts of everybody who saw them. Gladdening, because they were so good to see, young, straight and strong in their youthful strength and ripening manhood, and saddening because they were leaving us; and, to some, because they were going back to where it is cold and hot and dry and wet, where life is a hurried hurly burly, back to the place that calls them across the ocean to wean them from the "Dolce for niente" of the Mid Sea Isles."

J. MORRIN McDONNELL, '12.



VARSDTY BASEBALL OFFICERS, 1909

MICHAEL F. BROWN,
Manager

THOMAS E. KELLEY,
Coach

MERVYN S. SHAFER,
Captain

The Redwood.

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SANTA CLARA, CAL., FEBRUARY, 1909.

No. 5

MESSINA

FAR far away our dearest thoughts are turning
To stricken Sicily
Far far away the ruins are burning
Silent and luridly.

Hid in the depths of this charnal mass
Silently thousands sleep
While o'er the dread ruins the vultures pass
And their dire vigil keep.

While thousands are sleeping, thousands are weeping
Their loved ones forever lost;
Death with his scythe is the harvest reaping
Regardless the bitter cost.

The thousands buried, forever gone,
Locked in Death's dreadful tomb
Sadly will tell as Time's tide rolls on
The tale of a nation's doom.

A. C. Posey, '11.

HIS GUARDIAN ANGEL

THE sun had long since set on the peaceful little French village of St. Claire. That gentle, thoughtful calm that envelopes the world when the dusk is waning had come and gone. One by one the village lights had sprung up in dwelling and tavern with almost the same regularity as the stars overhead. Slowly the evening had drifted by with its characteristic peacefulness and content, and now all was again darkness save for the lights of the two rival taverns which alone vied each other in the darkness of the night.

Did I say alone? Ah, no; not to-night, for at the east end of the village, where the church and presbytery stood, a light gleamed through the shutters of M. le Curé's study. This was unusual. Still an unusual scene was taking place within. On one side of the table sat the curé himself; on the other side, a stranger. The curé was a strongly built man in the fullness of his manhood. His iron-black hair was touched with gray. From his eye gleamed only kindness and justice, yet backed by a certain firmness and dignity of character.

The man opposite him was of an entirely different type. He was a tall, thin man, with a large frame and big bones. His face was sallow. His mustache and eyebrows were a thick black. Two small dark eyes gleamed over his hooked nose with a cunning, malicious light. His whole appearance was cold

and repulsive. The man appeared to be an Italian.

The two were sitting in uncertain silence. Presently the Italian glanced furtively at his companion's face and spoke:

"So you won't marry us, M. le Curé; your answer is final, then?"

"Yes, final, M'sieur," replied the curé steadily.

"And again, I ask for a reason," said the Italian, striving hard to check his temper. "Do not play with me, M. le Curé. I wish to know why; why you will not marry us. Have you anything against either of us? I demand an answer."

The curé turned slowly about and faced him. Then said in an even voice:

"I'll give you an answer if you must have it. I know you, Sebastian Mazza, I know you well. I remember you since our school days. Ah, you start! You recognize me! Yes, I am Paul Gauthier, that little schoolfellow of yours. I remember well your character at school,—a mean, cowardly bully. Your after life also is partly known to me; ten years in a Naples prison for attempted murder; the ruin of Martin Sholes, the young Englishman, and cause of his suicide at Monte Carlo. How many persons you have ruined, and how many crimes committed, God only knows, and now you have the audacity to come here into my peaceful flock and prey upon that innocent

young girl, Lucile Lariviere, and entice her into your claws. Sebastian Mazza," continued the priest, rising and leaning across the table, trembling with passion, "they are still looking for the murderer of Jean Lafavre, and by heaven I have——"

At the mention of the name Jean Lafavre, the Italian rose and turned deathly white. Almost instantly a knife gleamed in the lamplight. "Don't mention that name," he hissed.

The curé, without taking his eyes from the other's face, grasped his wrist and with a powerful turn sent the blade rattling across the room.

"Not this time, Sebastian Mazza; perhaps you're more successful from behind. But go now. I've given you your answer. And don't let me see you remain one day in this town or I'll make it too hot to hold you. I think we understand each other, now go!" and the curé pointed to the door.

The Italian, who was standing in a menacing attitude before the table, kept staring at him hatefully, biting his lip till the blood came.

"Go!" commanded the curé.

The other, with an attempt at a sneering laugh, but which was more like the snarl of a beaten dog, took his hat from the table and slunk to the door. There he turned and with a face almost diabolical, uttered this threat:

"Paul Gauthier, you know too much. You have bested me to-night. I made a bad move and I'll leave these parts. But before I go let me warn you,—have a care for yourself! You *are* dealing

with a hard man, M. le Curé, so take good care of yourself! You know too much! Good-night!"

* * * * *

It was late the next evening, after the above scene had taken place. The curé was pacing up and down his study wrapt in thought. During the whole day he had been restless and nervous, thinking what action to take concerning the affair of the evening before. Presently he paused and looked at his watch.

"I wonder what keeps Pierre to-night," he muttered. "Here it is after eleven."

He continued his pacing for another quarter of an hour with the same frown upon his brow.

At length he heard Pierre's step along the gravel walk and a door opened and closed at the rear of the presbytery. Presently there was a knock at his door and a person entered.

"Ah, it's you, Pierre!" said the curé. "What makes you so late to-night?"

"Why, you see, M. le Curé, it's this way," answered Pierre, who was an old man, and who fulfilled the office of sexton about the church, "it's this way: I was coming down the road, M. le Curé,—coming down the road, when Joe Valois came hurrying up behind me, all excited, M. le Curé. When he saw it was I he said 'Quick, Pierre, get the curé, tell him to come at once, Madame is dying. I am sure she is, Pierre, she is going fast. You hurry on and tell him. I must go back. Quick, Pierre!' so here I came at once."

The curé studied him carefully to see if the effects of his evening conversation at the village tavern had unsteadied him any.

"Did that make you any later?" he asked, quietly.

"Oh, no, no! Not that, M. le Curé, not that! I accompanied Louis Marceau home; he lives up the road above Valois', you know. We were talking——"

"Yes, I see," broke in the curé. "But about Joe Valois, he lives about a half a mile up the road in that green cottage, does he not?"

"Yes, yes, M. le Curé, right out along the main road, half a mile, then turn and take the path through the little wood to his house."

"All right," Pierre, "I'll go immediately. Get me my coat."

A few minutes later the curé was walking along the moon-lit road with his hands tightly clasping the Blessed Eucharist to his breast. As he walked he tried to keep his thoughts on his present mission, but try as he might he could not do so. His mind kept ever reverting, as it had all day, to the interview and threats of the Italian, Sebastian Mazza. Especially now on this lonely road, the history, the treacherous character, the forbidding appearance of the man struck him more forcibly, and unconsciously a shudder of dread passed through him. He was fairly convinced the man was a murderer, and knowing his character he felt that such a knowledge made his own life very insecure. Although the curé was a brave man, all sorts of ap-

prehensions and fears kept crowding upon him till he was quite worked up by the time he reached the path that left the main road.

As he turned to take this path he started aghast at the sound of a rustling noise in the underbrush some few yards in front of him. He peered ahead quickly to see whether it was only a delusion of his worked-up imagination. But no. He saw plainly without a doubt a figure stealing into a gap in the underbrush. Not only that, but he knew whose the figure was. The whole truth dawned on him in an instant. He stood paralyzed. His limbs grew weak, and a cold sweat rose to his brow. He heard his own breath coming in gasps.

The only thing he had control of was his mind and that worked with wonderful rapidity. He saw it was too late to turn back, as the crouching figure was only some twenty paces ahead; so before he realized it he had continued his way along the path. Step by step he approached the fatal spot. The tension was so great he could barely keep from crying out. All the while he kept muttering to himself, "Oh, my guardian angel, help me! Help me, my guardian angel!"

One more step and he would be even with the hiding figure. He knew the man was there; he felt the gaze of two malicious eyes peering at him strongly; he heard the creature's breath coming and going. He grew faint and weak, and almost wavered as he drew alongside.

"Help me, my guardian angel!" he

repeated fervently, and by a great effort drew apast the spot expecting at once to feel the point of a knife pierce his throbbing heart. However, step by step he drew away and nothing happened. A great feeling of surprise and relief came over him. A few minutes later he stumbled up to the house. He remained a long while without to regain his strength and composure, and to thank God for his safety.

When he entered he found the patient delirious, so he sat down to wait till she came to. Hour after hour passed till at length dawn had broken before he could administer the last sacraments. Having comforted the patient as much as possible the curé took his leave and soon regained the presbytery without further trouble.

* * * * *

The curé used to often ponder, after that, on his wonderful and inexplicable escape from death. He brought forward several reasons, but they all seemed impracticable, so after awhile he let the matter drop from his mind.

Some months later he was surprised to receive a summons to the prison. It appeared a prisoner had been tried and condemned for murder and wished to make his last confession to him. Im-

mediately he hurried to the jail and was shown to a certain cell. On entering he beheld the form of Sebastian Mazza, with his face downward on the table.

"Ah, it's you, M. le Curé," he said, sorrowfully, looking up. "They did get me after all for that murder, M. le Curé. my God! what a wretched man I am!"

The curé immediately set about comforting him and after some time had heard his entire confession and given him absolution. As he was about to withdraw the man said:

"M. le Curé, you are lucky. You remember the night after our last interview. You went on a mission to the dying that night. I knew of it and I lay in wait for you. I heard you coming along the path and I clenched my dagger to plunge it into your heart. But when I saw two men pass by I checked myself and let you pass unmo-
lested. Yes, M. le Curé, you were wise in not going out alone that night, for, my God! I would have done it! Good-bye, now, M. le Curé, and pray for me."

The cure passed out of the prison, and as he reached the outer walls he muttered to himself, "My guardian angel, my guardian angel, I thank you!"

GEO. S. DE LORIMIER 'II.

SANDS OF GOLD



T evenshade a youth and maiden wandered
 Along the golden sands that fringe the sea.
 The silver moonlight danced upon the waters,
 The stars in heaven twinkled in their glee;
 The waves that kissed the shore were softly sighing,
 Reluctant from the golden sands to part,
 While thrilled the maid at love's impassioned story
 And yielding sighs betrayed her captive heart.
 O, golden sands, what secrets are ye keeping
 With stars above? What tales ye might unfold?
 O, silvery moon, do not thy beams, like voices,
 Prate of that night upon the sands of gold?

O, golden sands! O, star thy vigil keeping!
 O, moon and wave! what tales ye might unfold—
 The tryst,—the pulse of joy in fever leaping,—
 The lingering, last caress, O sands of gold!

The days have fled and with them love hath flitted!
 Thou tell'st another tale, O, watching star!
 The distant main is dancing on its bosom
 The bark that bears the faithless one afar.
 The mournful waves are solemnly entoning
 A requiem, lost maiden, unto thee,
 Who gazest on the face of night despairing
 And quenchest thy vain passion in the sea!
 O, silvery moon, thy beams upon the waters,
 This night a chilling vision pale behold!
 O, maid deceived, no more love's wraith shall haunt thee—
 The spectre grey hath fled the sands of gold!

O, sands of gold! O, star, thy vigil keeping!
 O, moon and wave! what tales ye might unfold
 Of heart-despair, that hath no balm in weeping—
 Of cold, white lips that kiss the sands of gold!

Chas. D. South, A. M., '01.

JACK DAVIS

“COME on! Sit down, Jack, and take a hand,” said a little group of men seated around a table in the Bar III, a rustic but the most substantial building of Marcus, then but a small town which like many others had sprung up in the desert in the trail of some great railroad, and where occasionally the cowboys strayed to drown out the hardships of the work on the range.

“Well, don’t mind if I do,” remarked Jack, a rather breezy young fellow, who as they well knew, had just returned from the round-up with a well-lined money-belt and felt inclined to splash a little. They readily made room for him and the cards were spun around.

“Curse the luck!” growled Jack after a short time at the game. “I’m about all in, but here’s my shooting irons and I will go you another turn.” Again the cards went around and again, as before, the cards went against him.

“Look here, boys,” he said as he staggered to the floor. “I’m about all in but I’m no quitter. I have out there the best little cow-pony ever ran these hills, I’m going to beat you dirty pack out dry, so I’m going to plank her against your gold. How’s that?”

“Let her go,” chimed in the bunch as he resumed his seat and they played again. He picked up his cards, nervously, one by one, and a gleam of triumph lit up his eyes as he exultantly

lay down three aces and gazed contemptuously across the table at the men who fumbled vainly with their cards; but his manner changed and he stared wildly as one man calmly showed up three deuces and two kings. White with rage he arose to his feet and grasped at his holsters, but they were empty, and then in a dazed manner he turned and walked out into the clear starlight to where his patient little pony was waiting for him. As he neared, she gave a joyful whinny and rubbed her nose in a gentle manner against his rough shoulder.

“Poor old girl,” he said, as he buried his face in her mane, “you were the first pony I ever had when I came out here but a few short years ago and you were the only friend I ever had besides my mother,” he whispered; “and only yesterday I got a letter showing how much she loved me and wanted me to come back to her again. I saved a little money that you helped me to earn and decided to go back for Christmas, but Pet, to-day I lost it all—all and—you too—so I guess the game’s up with me. Well good-by,” he said, as she nosed up close beside him, “good-by!”

And he staggered blindly out into the open prairie while behind he heard the pitiful whine of the horse as she tugged and pulled, vainly trying to follow the man she had loved and served for so long.

* * * * *

The next morning broke damp and cloudy and two rough looking men riding in off the range were attracted by the figure of a man stretched face downward in the wet prairie grass.

"Well, Draper," said one, as he reached down and shook the man, "I guess luck's our way. Here's our man from all appearances lying right in our road. Get up!" shouted the man, as he turned him over and snapped at him with his whip.

"Go on!" muttered Jack, "I'm going back home this Christmas. I told her I would."

"Well, you won't get there very soon at the rate you are going now," remarked Draper, as he drew the bewildered man across his saddle. "Better come to town now and we will give you a good start."

In a few seconds Jack was seated behind Draper and the trio entered town. At the hitching post of the Bar III they dismounted. Jack, having recovered somewhat, gazed around for his faithful little mare, but she was gone and then in a dejected mood he followed the two men within.

"Now stranger!" whispered Draper as they were seated at a little table in the rear of the room, "You seem to be about down and out and need a lift, I saw you out there this morning, deserted and about ready to cash in and felt inclined to help you. I brought you here and I am going to give you a new outfit and a good start. At present we have a little deal on which you can play a

leading part in and it will be well worth the time spent. I think I heard you remark this morning that your mother wanted you to come back."

"Yes," said Jack, as he buried his head in his huge hands, "but I guess I can't do it this year."

"Well, brace up," said the stranger, "this train that runs through here is pretty heavily loaded now, during the holidays and we might kind of accommodate the company by unloading a little of the junk on the heavy grade down the line. Do you see?"

"I don't think I'm in with you," replied Jack as he started to rise. "It don't kind of run in my line of business."

"Oh, that's all right," promptly returned Draper, as he pushed a bottle across the table. "It's no more than right for us fellows out here. You see the railroad comes in, cuts up our land, settles things around here so that we are forced to hunt new grounds. A little lift that wont hurt them, and we are hard up, so we may as well borrow a little from them as any one; besides," he added, as he saw the liquor take the desired effect, "You need the cash to go home this year."

"That's right!" growled Jack, in a semi-conscious mood, "I must and will see her, so I may as well borrow a little from them as any one, eh?"

"That's the game, I will get you some irons and horse meat and we will board her tonight as she slows up the grade in the canyon down here. Then we

will hit for the north and you can strike east and home, to-morrow morning."

That night at dusk, the three assembled and stole slowly out of town.

"Curse the luck!" growled Draper, as they advanced down the canyon in single-file. "That moon shines light as day, they could pick us off like crows on a fence."

"Not much danger of that," remarked his companion, "the bunch on this line are pretty well bulled and besides since it's so clear we may as well finish her up clean by going through each car. There are a bunch of tourists going through here now and—"

"Suit yourself," broke in Draper, but for my part I would leave them alone, it's risky and there's not much in it anyhow."

"Now, look here!" he snarled, after some moments of silence, as he turned in the saddle, his mean and desperate face plainly visible in the moonlight. "Since you are so bent on going through the cars we will line them out first, and then cut the train and run the engine and mail car up the line. But mind this, keep your nerve for if you don't I'll pop you like a rabbit, you hear?"

In silence Jack sat and gazed at the water as it rushed down the canyon at his feet and lost itself in the dark shadows of the pines far below. Was it a dream, or was he about to commit one of the first crimes he was ever guilty of? How fast the years had gone since he had left home and vividly the old place came back to him as if reflected in that clear, cold water. How

on the night of his departure he had so faithfully promised to return and how many pleading letters she had sent,—if she could see him now, he thought, with this mask and by the lonely track, her son—a common thug. He was thus musing when he was startled by the clear whistle of the train far down the valley and he could plainly hear the chug of her engines as she took the heavy grade far below.

"Look here!" growled Draper, as he advanced to where Jack was standing. "I will go down half a mile, board the engine and stop her here, then you two fellows line out the cars, and remember I will stand by and if one of you flinch I will shoot you like a dog! Do you hear?"

Jack and his companion sat in silence for awhile behind a large boulder and listened to the train thug, thug, up the track, unaware of the danger lurking so near. As Jack sat there watching the approaching headlight a strange fear crept over him and he trembled in every limb. What, if he should flinch?

"Brace up!" the other man said, as if reading his mind. "I felt that way the first time I turned the job but you will get used to it in time."

"Do you think so?" replied Jack, "Well, I don't. You fellows pulled me into this, but by the God above me, you won't get me again!"

"You are right," remarked the man. "You are a young fellow just started in life and can do better, but as for me I was brought up in this kind of work so I may as well stay it out."

They were thus talking when the train stopped opposite them and they jumped out just as Draper was marching out, the engineer and fireman.

"Out with those cars," they heard him shout as they came near, "and be quick about it!"

The passengers of the first car having been lined up out in the clear moonlight, Jack kept them covered and the other man went around with a sack into which to drop the valuables, while Draper, with a mean and cunning smile sat by and watched the renovating. The first three cars having been cleared, there remained the chair-car, which was promptly ushered out. By this time Jack had somewhat recovered his nerve and was gazing fiercely at each passenger as they passed out in the clear moonlight. He was thus engaged, under the direction of Draper when an elderly lady stepped from the train and gazed a moment helplessly at the masked man and then took her place in the line. Under the gaze, Jack suddenly became rigid, his huge form trembled and the gun fell from his grasp. But it had no sooner hit, when Draper seeing all lost, fired and made his escape, leaving Jack a wounded man and in the iron grasp of the law. A crowd soon gathered around the wounded man, and he was quickly taken back to Marcus, but as the town was unable to boast of a jail, Jack was taken to a small hotel and given a room where the doctor examined him soon after, giving small hopes of his recovery.

* * * * *

"Well," murmured Soames, the grizzled but vigilant protector of the peace of Marcus as he spit at a knothole in the sidewalk, "the law will never get that young fellow and I guess it's just as well for—"

"Wake up, Soames!" called Jed Parker, foreman of the Tree SSS outfit, as he rode up and swung his leg carelessly over the hitching rail, "how's that young fellow coming on?"

"He's just about holding his own, but I'm afraid he is a dead one, for sure."

"Poor kid!" replied Jed, as he lit a cigarette, "he was a good fellow after all and was the best man in the outfit for his age. It's hard luck. I wonder where his folks are?"

"His mother is here," replied Soames as he made a vicious spit at the knot hole. "She came in on that train the kid held up, but she didn't recognize him. She is up with him now. You see, the boys thought, as she didn't know about the deal, they would spare her the extra sorrow by keeping mum about the affair. She thinks he has been accidentally shot in some way and is overjoyed at being able to be near him and help him. The boys drop in and help once in awhile and she is so grateful to them that they stick around like a bunch of big boys, ready to help with anything that will please her."

"Bully for them!" said Jed, as he threw his leg back over the stirrup, "I guess I will go up and see the kid. So long!"

* * * * *

That night after a hard struggle the

poor fellow passed away and extensive preparations were made for his funeral. From all the ranges the men rode in adorned with bright new handkerchiefs around their tanned necks to pay honor as was never before seen in that rugged place to the departed young fellow and his afflicted mother.

"Mrs. Davis," remarked Soames, as he accompanied her to the train next day. "The boys wish me to extend their heartfelt sympathy to you and express the highest esteem of your son in all his dealings with them."

"He was a good son to me," replied Mrs. Davis, "and I leave feeling thank-

ful that he performed his duty well and gave satisfaction to all he worked for. And Mr. Soames," she called back as the train moved out, "again I thank you and all those rough but noble hearted men who helped in my trouble I shall never forget them. Good bye."

"Good-by!" bluttered Soames, as something caught in his throat. "Well, she is at least happy in the ignorance of his unfortunate death, and that helps a lot. Well, the boys stood by like trumps too," he muttered as he turned toward town, "and it's just as well. It's just as well."

RALPH GOETTER, '10.

TO AMBITION



MISERABLE and most deceiving phantom,
That with some giddy and still falser name,
Doth lure the human mind to break its fetters
And climb the creaking, shattered steps of
Fame!

What object canst Thou have in thus deceiving,
And lifting man to where Thou fear'st to tread
And then to take thy ladder out from under
And lay him as thy victim, cold and dead!

Wm. C. Talbot, '12.

CHAUCERIAN PAPERS

IV

CHAUCER'S LESSER WORKS

For out of olde felde, as men saith,
 Cometh al this newe corn from yeer to yeer;
 And out of olde bokes, in good feith,
 Cometh all this newe science that men lere."
 (Parlement of Foules)

Chaucer's early work, as we have already indicated, was formed on the line of French and Latin Models, especially the former; and, among the earliest poems extant, we may place his 'A. B. C.', already referred to, in which he addresses the Blessed Virgin in a series of stanzas, each commencing with a letter of the alphabet, that the order of the verses might be better kept in mind for purposes of recitation. This poem was written, (according to Speght) for the poet's patroness, the Duchess Blanche, as a prayer for her private use, and is a beautiful example of mediæval devotion. The opening stanza is a fine one:

"Al myghty and al mercyable Queene,
 To whom that all this world fleeth for socour
 To have relees of sinne, of sorwe, and teene!
 Glorious Virgine, of alle floures flour,
 To thee I flee confounded in errour,
 Help, and releeve, thou mighti debonayre,
 Have mercy on my perilous languor!
 Venquished me hath my cruel adversaire."

Chaucer's early ambition was to make a translation of the 'Roman de la Rose', a French poem, originally consisting of just over 4,000 lines and written about 1237 by a young clerk

named Guillaume de Lorris, who died early leaving the poem incomplete. Some forty years afterward his unfinished work was taken up by another French writer, Jean de Meung, and brought up to some 7,700 lines in length; but whereas the originator of the poem wrote on the subject of love, as the fair dames of his time approved of it, his continuator wrote on a number of other subjects of interest in his day, and in place of being a laudator of fine ladies, refers to them, as also to the clergy, especially the Dominicans, in biting sarcasms.

Chaucer left off this work of translation from French originals, which had earned from Eustace Deschamps, a contemporary writer and friend of Chaucer, a complimentary ballad hailing him as "Grant translateur, noble Geoffroi Chaucier," as he felt his own genius rising within him, urging him on to themes of his own composition, and for the next poem he found a suitable subject in his "Dethe of Blaunche the Duchesse," the first wife (as we have already mentioned) of John Gaunt, and mother of King Henry IV.

This lady died in 1369, and Chaucer lamented her death in a court poem in eight-syllabled rhyming verse, in which Chaucer pictures himself lying in bed

sleepless from a 'sickness' that he has 'suffred this eight yere' and takes up a 'romauce' in which he reads the story of Seys (Ceyx) and Alcyone, where the drowned King appears in a dream to his widow. Chaucer, reading this, falls asleep to dream that on the conventional May morning he is awakened by the 'smale fowles' making melody. The windows of his room are painted with the tales of Troy and all its walls finely pictured with 'al the Romaunce of the Rose.' He hears the sound of the hunter's horn and finds that the Emperor Oclavian (a fiction for King Edward III) and his suite are hunting the deer. The poet strays out by himself and lo! under an oak the figure of a man in black, 'a wonder wel-farynge Knight,' of some four and twenty years seated with his back against an oak and, in answer to the poet's enquiry, thus lamenting :

'I have of sorwe so grete woon
That joye gete I never noon.
Now that I see my lady bright,
Which I have loved with all my myght,
Is fro me deed and is a-goon.
Allas, Deeth, what ayleth thee
That thou noldest have taken me,
When that thou toke my lady sweete
That was so fayr, so fresh, so fre,
So good, that men may wel se
Of all goodness she had no meete."

This is the burden of a poem which honours faithful wedded love; giving us the portrait of a noble gentlewoman who had been the poet's friend. Amid all the conventionalities and artificial situations with which the poem is oppressed we have the picture of a sensi-

tive man mourning with real regret and sorrow for the dead, and of earnest sympathy shown in return for the mourner's confidence.

In Chaucer's 'Compleynt unto Pite,' we have the earliest examples of the famous Chaucerian stanza, the *ryhme royal*, as it is called from its subsequent use by the poet-king James I. of Scotland. In this poem Chaucer wishes to complain to Pity of how he had been treated through the cruelty and tyranny of love who had troubled him for his truth. But when he ran to pity he found her dead, slain by Cruelty. So the complaint is never made to Pity, but the poet tells us the substance of it in nine more stanzas called 'The Bille.'

The 'Compleynte of Mars' is taken from the *Metamorphoses* of Ovid and tells us of the love of the god Mars for the goddess Venus and how the jealous Phoebus Apollo found it out. The first part, consisting of 154 lines, in seven-lined stanzas, is supposed to be told by a bird on St. Valentine's Day in the early morning and deals with the story of Mars and Venus (the planets) in allegory: then we have the 'Compleynte of Mars,' consisting of a 'proem' or prelude followed by fifteen stanzas in five parts; of which the first deals with the lover's devotion, the second with his lady's heaviness of heart, the third with love that brings woes more often than the moon changes, the fourth compares love to the 'broche of Thebes,' which brings evil on its possessor, the fifth invites all Knights, ladies, and lovers to sympathize with Mars.

The 'Compleynte to his Lady' is a poem of 128 lines, in four portions, dealing with unrequited love, and is an 'interesting pot-pourri of verse forms, (Pollard), the first part containing two seven-lined stanzas, the second one of eight, the third consisting of seventeen lines, while the fourth has eight stanzas of ten decasyllabic lines. In the second and third portions we have the earliest examples of Dante's *terza rima* in English literature. The poem is practically a collection of verse-fragments and is interesting from this point of view alone—its subject being merely conventional.

A more ambitious poem is his 'Compleynte of Faïre Anelida and False Arcite.' Like the last mentioned it is of interest for its metre. Commencing with an Invocation to Mars of three seven-lined stanzas followed by a Complaint consisting of a prelude, strophe and antistrophe, each of six stanzas, and a conclusion. The prelude, conclusion, and first four stanzas of each strophe, being each of nine decasyllabic lines, with rhymes arranged *aab*, *aab*, *bab*; the fifth stanza consists of two parts, of eight lines, octosyllabic, save for the fourth and eighth which are decasyllabic. The rhymes running *aaab*, *aaab*, *bbba*, *bbba*. In the last two stanzas of each strophe variation is obtained by rhyming the fourth and eighth syllables in each line—rather a tedious arrangement and one that our author appears soon to tire of, as well he may! for after the 'Conclusion' the poem is

prolonged for only one verse more and is left unfinished.

This poem also shows Chaucer in the early stages of his work, when he is in danger of becoming a slave to rhyme and fanciful metres. All these early minor poems are far removed in poetic genius from the finished products of his later years, when no longer using poetry as a mere machine he makes verse a more natural vehicle of thought.

These earlier attempts are completed by the 'Parlement of Foules,' or Assembly of Birds—an allegorical poem, described by Morley as written in honour of the Duchess of Lancaster's (who is disguised as a female eagle) wooing by three suitors; of whom one, 'a tercel eagle,' a royal bird, meaning John of Gaunt, wins the lady; but more probably (as Ward says) in honour of the wooing of Anne of Bohemia, the sister of 'good King Wencelsas,' by a prince of Bavaria, a Margrave of Meissen, and by our own Richard II, in succession—the latter marrying the lady. This poem is one of Chaucer's first masterpieces and gives us abundant proof of the wideness of Chaucer's reading. The poet describes how that reading in Cicero's Republic he comes across the Dream of Scipio—the hero of the third Punic War—wherein the great Africanus explains to him man's duty here and his destiny hereafter. The reading of this dream causes Chaucer to fall asleep and to dream that the great Roman general had appeared to himself, and led him to a gate leading to a park, 'walled with grene stoon,' having over the

gate inscriptions of gold and black, conveying an invitation and a warning. He passes through and finds a beautiful park filled with trees bearing perennial leaves; the oak, the ash, the elm, the box tree, the fir, the cypress, the olive and 'eke the drunken vine,' and 'victor palm' are all represented. There, too, was a garden 'ful of blosny bowes,' while on all the boughs were birds singing like angels in their harmony, and from stringed instruments came forth sweet melodies. In the park are personifications of Cupid, Pleasure, Array, Lust, Courtesy, Delight, Beauty and Gentleness, with many others, about the temple of Venus. Before the door of this sat the dames Peace and Patience, while within were the goddess Venus with her attendant Riches, and other deities. Passing from thence the poet comes upon Dame Nature seated on a hill, surrounded by birds of every kind and size, for it is St. Valentine's Day on which birds choose their mates.

"There myghte men the royal egle fynde
That with his sharpe look perseeth the soune;"

together with the goshawk, the gentle falcon and the hardy sparrow hawk, the gentle dove,

The jalous swan, ayens his deth that syngeth;
The oule eke, that of deth the bode bryngeth;
The crane the geaunt, with his trompes sounes;
The thief the chough, and eek the jangelyng
pye;

The scornynge jay; the eles foo, the herounes;
The false lapwing, ful of trecherye;
The stare, that the counseyl can be wrye;
The tame ruddok, and the coward kyte;
The cok, that orloge is of thorpes lyte;

The sparwe, Venus sone; the nyghtyngale,
That clepeth forth the grene leves newe;
The swallow, Mortrer of the Flyes smale,
That maken hony of floures fresshe of hewe;
The wedded turtle, with hire herte trewe,
The pecok, with his aungels fethres bright;
The fesaunt, scornor of the cok by nyght;

And many others too

'That in this world han fethres and stature,'

Dame Nature, the 'vicaire of the almyghty Lord', directs now each fowl to choose his mate—the tercel eagle first and after him all the rest after their kind. The first tercel makes suit, with many fine words, to the fair formel eagle which Dame Nature holds in her hand; while two others also seek her favour. Nature bids the other birds declare which of the three is the most worthy and then with many interruptions and much chatter they gave their views. Dame Nature bids the formel speak for herself, and she asks for a respite until 'this yeer be doon', and afterwards to be free to make her own choice. This boon is granted; and then with a roundel

"Now welcom, somer, with thy sounes softe,
That has this wintres weders overshake
And driven away the longe nyghtesblake:"

the Parlement comes to an end.

Besides the dream of Scipio, a subject which exercised a wide influence over writers in the middle ages, extending even to Dante, the sixteen stanzas, describing Cupid preparing his arrows by a fountain, are translated direct from the 'Teseide' of Boccaccio—which places beyond question Chaucer's knowledge of Italian; while the idea of Dame Nature personified is derived from Alain de

l'Isle's Latin work, 'De Planctu Naturae.' The character of Genius, who comes to the aid of Nature, is taken from the 'Roman de la Rose.'

Coming now to Chaucer's translation of 'Boece,' Anicius Manlius Severinus Boetius (or Boethius), Roman Senator and author of the famous 'De Consolatione Philosophiae,' was born about 470 A. D., of an illustrious Roman family, which provided several consuls to the state. Carefully brought up, Boethius studied enthusiastically philosophy, mathematics, and poetry, and translated the works of Aristotle, Euclid, Archimedes, and others. Having gained the confidence of Theodoric, King of the Goths, then ruling at Rome, he was appointed to various honours in the court and state, being made consul in 510. But Boethius' freedom of speech regarding the royal method of selling corn at a high price, when times were bad, and the royal command that no one should sell corn till all the King's was sold, together with his strong faith in his own ethics, brought down upon his head the vengeance of those in power. Boethius was hurried away to imprisonment at Pavia and executed (some say after horrible tortures) in 525.

During his imprisonment he wrote the famous treatise on Philosophy—a work which, in its style of Latinity, imitates the best models of the Augustan age. The *Consolatio*, piously theistic in its language, caused Boethius in the middle ages to be accepted as a Christian writer, but his Christianity is now-a-days called into question. In the

treatise the author feigns himself visited in prison by his divine mistress, Philosophy; who lends an attentive ear to his troubles, and then proceeds to apply her remedies; showing him how inconstant fortune is; reminding him of his past prosperity, and of the blessings still remaining to him in the love of his wife and children. Then she shows him that riches, honour, and fame do not give man true happiness, which is alone to be found in the Supreme Good; concluding with the advice:

"Withstond thanne and eschue thou vices; worschiþe and love thou vertues; arise thi corage to ryghtful hopes; yilde thou humble preires and heyghe. Gret necessite of prowesse and vertu is enchargid and comaundid to you, yif ye nil nat dissimulen; syn that ye worken and don (that is to seyn, your dedes or your werkes) byforn the eyen of the juge that seeth and demeth alle thinges!"

The original prose of Boethius is interspersed with short poems. Chaucer's translation is wholly prose, which does not always run very smoothly, and is sometimes obscure. But this translation of Boethius left Chaucer profoundly influenced by the philosopher's doctrines, and in the *Troilus* and *Cressida* (IV. lines 963-1059) the poet introduces a long passage regarding the doctrine of Freewill, and has used ideas gathered from the same source in his later poems, "The Former Age," "Fortune," "Lak of Stedfastnesse," "Gentilesse," and "Truth;" the last of which—a fine little poem—has already been quoted in full.

The beautiful and well-rounded poem, *Troilus and Criseyde*, consisting of over 8,000 lines in five books, is one of Chaucer's best, and a production of his maturer years. Written in stanzas of seven decasyllabic lines, it deals with the story of the Trojan Prince Troilus and his love for the fair Criseyde, her faithlessness and transference of affection to Diomedes.

The story is a free version of the 'Filostrato' of Boccaccio, and in the hands of Chaucer becomes a more wholesome tale, and includes much good counsel together with a long argument on predestination and free-will; while, with Chaucer, the character of Pandarus is a new creation, endowed with a power of life which has no rival in English literature up to the time of Shakespeare. The closing lines of the poem have already been mentioned, and make a fine moral to a poem, the beautiful setting and splendid versification of which deserved a better subject for the poet's genius to be spent on. Chaucer includes this work in the 'translacion and enditynges of worldly vanities' which he afterwards retracted, along with 'many a song and many a lecherous lay, that Christ, for his grete mercy, forgeve me the synne.'

The 'Hous of Fame' is one of Chaucer's incomplete works. It seems as if the great master-poet was about this time casting about for some grand subject on which to exercise his genius, being dissatisfied with each in turn; though, certainly, the 'Hous of Fame' and the 'Legende of Good Women' con-

tain much admirable work. The former consisting of three books of octosyllabic rhyme, opens with the usual mediæval 'figure' of a dream, in which the poet sees the Temple of Venus, built of glass, amid a vast wilderness of sand. On a tablet in the temple Chaucer sees written the opening lines of Vergil's *Aeneid* followed by the whole story of the capture of Troy. On leaving this temple the poet is seized by a great golden eagle, the bird of Jove, who bears him aloft to the 'Hous of Fame.' Here—an idea borrowed from the *Metamorphoses* of Ovid—are carried all the rumours of earth; its situation being between heaven, earth and sea. Then Chaucer describes the 'Hous of Fame,' upon the walls of which are graven the names of men once famous; now, alas, these are melting away; but the names of men of 'olde tyme,' who had great renown, were as fresh as if just newly written. Within the temple sat the goddess Fame, on a throne of Ruby, in a mighty hall, and surrounded by all the great writers of by-gone days.

Those seeking Fame approach the goddess, who sends for the wind-god Aeolus, with his trumps of gold and black, representing Fame and Slander. Some, who had deserved well, were trumpeted by slander, while others were treated well; some who desired their good works to be hidden were granted their request, others obtained their desire through the golden trump of Fame. Chaucer himself refused to petition the goddess—he would await the verdict of posterity. From the

House of Fame Chaucer passed to the
House of Rumour,

'ful of shipmen and pilgrymes
With scrippes bret-ful of lesynges
Entremedeld with tidynges,
And eek alone by hemselfe.
O, many a thousand tymes twelve
Saw I eek of these pardoneres,
Curroures, and eek messangeres,
With boistes crammed ful of lyes,
As ever vessel was with lyes,'

A few more lines follow and then the poem abruptly closes, just as the poet sees coming 'a man of greet aucto-rite.'

The "Legende of Good Women" was intended by Chaucer to consist of a Prologue—in this case a fine piece of work, and existing in two forms, showing the incompleteness of the poet's revision,—and stories of nineteen famous women who 'weren true in loving all their lives' concluding with the story of that crown of womanhood Queen Alcestis who gave her own life to save her husband's.

Of the nineteen legends planned, only nine were completed. These celebrate (1) Cleopatra and her love for Anthony; (2) Thisbe, who refused to survive her lover Pyramus, (the subject of Bottom's play in 'Midsummer Night's Dream'); (3) Dido; (4) Hypsipyle and Medea, Jason's victims; (5) Lucretia; (6) Ariadne, saved and deserted by Theseus; (7) Philomela, Tereus' victim; (8) Phyllis, who committed suicide on account of Demophon; and (9) Hypermnestra, slain by her father because she would not kill her husband. With the assistance of

some hints in the Prologue to the 'Legende' and the mention of the 'seintes legendes of Cupide' in the opening of the Man of Law's Tale, we may make a good guess at the names of the other ten women, whose praises Chaucer has omitted to sing. For the legends Chaucer has given he made use of the *Metamorphoses* and *Heroides* of Ovid, of the 'De Claris Mulieribus' and 'De Genealogia Deorum' of Boccaccio, and of Vergil's story of Dido; while it is worthy of note that the Prologue to the 'Legende' exists in two versions, an earlier and a later, the former having 545 lines and the latter 579. The poet, however, left the work unfinished and partly unrevised.

We now come to Chaucer's Later Minor Poems of which we have (1) the playful little ballad entitled 'To Rose-mounde' of which the Bodleian library at Oxford holds the only known M. S. (2) 'The Former Age,' in which the poet acts the part of 'laudator temporis acti;' (3) 'Fortune' or 'Balades de visage sans peinture,' a triple ballad with an envoy in praise of the friend with the 'unpainted face' who befriends us in adversity; (4) 'Truth,' 'Balade de bon Conseyll' already quoted in full; (5) 'Gentilesse,' showing Chaucer in his gravest mood and dealing with the qualities which make a gentleman, (Cf. Wife of Bath's tale 1109-1176); (6) 'Lak of Stedfastnesse,' addressed in an envoy to King Richard, and probably written at the time when the young king was taking over the Government into his own hands from his guardian uncles; (7)

'Compleynt of Venus,' three ballads translated from the Savoyard poet Sir Otes de Granson, 'flour of hem that make in Fraunce,' and addressed to a lady of the royal house, who was probably Isabella, Duchess of York; (8) 'Envoy to Scogan', a playful piece reproaching his friend Scogan for giving up his lady at 'Michelmesse,' and taking the opportunity of bringing before his friend 'that knelest at the stremes hede of grace,' his own needs; (9) 'Envoy to Bukton,' a 'bitter-sweet balade,' as Heath calls it, containing Chaucer's counsel concerning marriage; (10) 'Compleynt to his purse,' a sadly humorous little poem, certainly one of the last he wrote and addressed to Henry of Bolingbroke, 'conquerour of Brutes Albion,' beseeching him to 'Have mynde upon my supplicacioun.' Since Henry gained the throne in 1399-1400, the latter year being undoubtedly that of the poet's death, Chaucer, after presenting his poem and receiving the desired favour, did not long enjoy the patronage of his royal master, whose kindly father had been the poet's lifelong friend.

Chaucer's prose treatise on the Astrolabe shows him to have been not

only a literary man, but also a man of no mean rank in the science of his day. The astrolabe, an instrument for observing the position of the stars, has long been superseded as an astronomical instrument; but it is said that a chance astrolabe falling into the hands of Peter the Great of Russia helped to spur on the enquiring mind of that brilliant sovereign through whom the civilization of Western Europe was introduced into that vast empire.

Chaucer's treatise on the Astrolabe, which is unfinished, was begun at Oxford about 1392 for his little son Lewis, then ten years old. Mainly founded on the 'Compositio et Operatio Astrolabie' of Messahala, an Arabian Astronomer of the eighth century, it describes the nature and use of the instrument in English; while in the 'fore-word' he quaintly bids little Lewis to "preie God Save the King, that is lord of this language, and alle that him feithe berith and obeith, overiche in his degre, the more and the lasse."

In 1872 the treatise was reprinted and edited for the Early English Text Society by Professor Skeat.

PERCY PANKHURST, Litt. D., '08.

A QUESTION

TO A. I.



LITTLE girl with eyes of blue—

Eyes of changing blue and grey—

Life has carried me from you,

Life has drifted you away.

Little girl with dancing eyes—

Mem'ry cannot fit their hue—

Liquid depths where laughter lies,

Laughing eyes yet tender too;

Little girl with tender eyes—

Joy-filled eyes and joy-brimmed heart—

We were bound by filmy ties,

Time has broken them apart.

Little girl with wistful eyes—

Eyes that change from grey to blue—

Would they fill with glad surprise

Should life drift me back to you?

Maurice T. Dooling, Jr., '09,

AS TOLD BY THE BOATSWAIN

"Quartermaster!"

"Sir?"

"Why didn't you report the Admiral returning?"

"I did, sir."

"You didn't. Don't contradict me, do you hear?"

"Well, sir, I sent the messenger boy down to your room to tell you and I guess you must have been asleep."

"You lie!"

The quartermaster threw down his telescope, walked around the hatch and faced the officer.

"What was that you said?" He spoke in a low tone and his voice was tense.

"I said," began the officer, "that you lied, and I am going to report you to——"

"Then, by heaven! you'll have something to report me for!" The quartermaster's fist struck out, catching the officer full on the jaw, knocking him like a log to the deck. The officer sprang up, his face livid with rage.

"Corporal of the Guard! Master-at-Arms!" he shouted. "Secure that man and bring him aft to the mast!"

The quartermaster, without waiting for the Master-at-Arms and Corporal of the Guard, walked aft to the place justice is administered by the Captain.

"Orderly!"

"Aye, aye, sir!"

"Report to the Captain that Johnson is at the mast for striking an officer, and

that the officer of the deck would like to see him."

"Messenger, report the same to Mr. Evans!"

In a few minutes the Captain, a big six-foot-two, whole-hearted man, came stromping out of his cabin followed by his First Lieutenant.

"What's this mean?" he bellowed. "Striking an officer, insolence, insubordination! Stand forth, Johnson, and let me see you!"

Johnson moved out and stood before him.

"What does this mean? How dare you strike an officer? Don't you know you can be sent to prison for five years? You're a disgrace to your country and to your home. What's that you say? He called you a liar? What if he did, that does not excuse you! It was your place to report that to me. Got anything to say for yourself?"

"No, sir, I have nothing to say."

The Captain turned his back and commenced walking up and down with the First Lieutenant.

"Well, Evans, I guess that the only thing I can do is to give him a trial by general court-martial."

Yes, Captain, I guess that is about the only thing left to do."

Get his record for me, Evans."

The First Lieutenant left the Captain and went to his office and got Johnson's record; hurrying back he handed it to the Captain. Coming up to the luck-

less quartermaster the Captain read: "Insolence to superior officer, five days' double irons, insubordination, five days' solitary confinement on bread and water, drunk on duty,"—well, Johnson, I guess that is just about enough. Your record is pretty bad, and I don't see what I can do but give you a general court-martial."

Turning to the officer of the deck he said, "Confine him under sentry's charge to await trial by general court-martial." And turning abruptly on his heel he went below.

So there he was in the brig awaiting a general court martial, which could end but one way, five years at the Naval Prison in Cavite. He had stood there all the morning looking out through the barred port-hole, across the water at the city of Manila. But his thoughts were far away in the homeland. He saw his mother, getting old and grey now, reading one of his letters. She would not understand, she would only know that her son was a convict. He saw the disgrace and shame weighing her down with an unbearable burden until finally she passes away to that rest that finds peace eternal.

* * * * *

"Now, look here, fellows, there's only one way to do this thing and that is to get up a Fourth of July party and ask the Old Man to whitewash the books."

The speaker, a young fellow of about twenty-two, was sitting on top of the

signal locker talking to the signal boys and quartermasters.

"It's a dirty shame that Johnson should be cinched up for that, and he a short-timer, too," said one of the signal boys.

"Say, Chief," spoke up the first speaker, "will you go down and speak to the Navigator and see what you can do for Johnson? In the meantime we will get the catamaran fixed up so that we can have that Fourth of July party."

"All right, go ahead, I'll see what I can do with his nibs."

At that the quartermasters and the signal boys went forward and hoisted in the catamaran, a flat-bottomed boat used to clean the ship's sides, and rigged masts and sails in her. Then, the boat being ready, they went below to put on costumes. One dressed like Uncle Sam, another to represent the Admiral, a third to portray the Goddess of Liberty, and a fourth, a mock boat-swain, with a pair of beer bottles tied together for binoculars. The catamaran being ready they all got into her, passing their painter to the dinghey which was to tow them. After a wide detour they came slowly back to the ship, with all their flags flying, and up alongside the starboard gangway. They were received with all due honors, side-boys, guard and band, and escorted to the Admiral's cabin by the Captain.

"Well, Admiral, we came aboard to see if the ship's company and officers were getting on all right."

"Yes, I think everything is O. K., Uncle Sam."

"Won't you have something to drink?"

"You bet, bring it on."

"Say, Captain," said Liberty, "here's a present for you."

"Thank you, my dear young lady." Then tearing off the paper from around his present he found that he had a large white-wash brush.

"You can use that on the books, Captain," said the boatswain.

"I believe," said the mock-admiral, "that you have a prisoner on this ship awaiting trial by general court-martial?"

"Yes, that's right."

"His papers haven't gone to the Admiral yet, have they?"

"No."

"Well, we want that case squelched."

"I'm very sorry, but I can't accommodate you. Johnson is guilty of striking an officer."

"If we can get Mr. Woods to let it go, will you let him off then?"

"I'll consider it," said the Captain. "In fact I'll send for Mr. Woods at once and see if we can not settle the matter now, but as you know, if he desires to push the case, I am powerless to prevent him. Just make yourselves comfortable till Mr. Woods comes." And with that he touched a button on his desk that called the orderly.

"Orderly, present my compliments to Mr. Woods and tell him the Captain wishes to see him in the cabin immediately, and also get the States mail from the Flag Office."

"Aye, aye, sir," answered the orderly, and was off.

In a few minutes he was back with a bundle of mail which he put on the Captain's desk and reported that Mr. Woods would be up in a minute. In the meantime the Captain had begun to look over his mail. Picking up a letter and holding it to the light he muttered, "I wonder from whom this can be," and slowly tearing it open he read it over carefully twice and then said, "Well, I'll be ——!"

Just then Mr. Woods came in.

"Sit down, sir, sit down. I called you up to see if you would not let the Johnson affair go. You know it is the Fourth of July to-day, and it has been the custom in the Navy from time immemorial to grant to the men any favors that they might ask on this day, so some of the boys got up an Uncle Sam's party to-day in order to intercede for Johnson. In fact," he continued, turning to his desk and picking up the letter he had just read, "I have received a letter from an old school-mate of mine, a girl, and from whom I haven't heard in years. She is the mother of that young fellow forward. Having heard that I was her son's commander she asks me to be good to him for 'Auld Lang Syne,' and says that she has only been able to support herself and two small sons through the allotment of \$25 made to her by her son."

He stopped talking and his eyes were strangely moist, and if anyone had been near him they would have heard him mutter, "Poor, poor Nellie, you must have had a hard time of it."

"Sir," said Mr. Woods, "under the

circumstances I will let the matter rest entirely in your hands; and, besides, the blame is partly my own, for I did call Johnson a liar."

"Thank you, sir, thank you; that will do," said the Captain. "As you go out, send the officer-of-the-deck to me."

"Well," said the Captain to the Fourth of July party, "I guess I will give Johnson another chance."

Just then the officer-of-the-deck came in.

"Did you send for me, sir?" he queried.

"Yes, release Johnson and send him aft to me."

"Very well, sir."

"In a few minutes Johnson was released and aft.

"Johnson," the Captain said, "after due deliberation I have decided to let you go this time. There, there, don't thank me, and I hope you will appreciate my action by your future good behavior. That's all now; get out, all of you!"

The party, headed by Johnson, slowly filed out of the cabin.

"Tell Mr. Evans," shouted the Captain after them, "to make everybody special first-class, and to give liberty."

There was a happy reunion on the

bridge of the U. S. S. Minnehaha that night.

* * * * *

The following report received from Manila, dated January 19, 1909, was seen recently in one of the daily papers of San Francisco:

"MANILA, P. I., Jan. 19, 1909.

Explosion aboard the U. S. Battleship Minnehaha. Ship saved by heroism of seaman. The Battleship Minnehaha, while on the target range in Manila Bay, had a serious accident in the forward turret while firing. It seems that a flare-back from the big twelve-inch gun caused an explosion in the turret, which resulted in the death of nine seamen and one officer. It was due to the pluckiness of Quartermaster Johnson that the ship was probably saved from being blown up. Johnson, upon seeing the danger, immediately sprang into the turret and fought the fire with his bare hands and jumper. He was finally overcome, but not until he had put the fire out and dragged the unconscious body of Ensign Woods out on the deck. Johnson, for his act of heroism was promoted to rank of chief quartermaster. Ensign Woods will live."

L. H. GANAHL, '11.

AS AN OFFICER OF THE LAW

THE fugitive, panting, sweating, struggling, groaning, cursing, his blood-clotted garments in rags, his right arm hanging limp from the bullet wound in his shoulder, stumbled and groped his way up the narrow, rock strewn path that led to the little cabin. He labored heavily as he walked. Once he half-tripped over a projecting root and went to his knees and a second time he fell heavily and rose with a muttered curse. At length he gained the door of the cabin and stumbling against it, fumbled a moment clumsily with the latch, and kicked it open.

The woman who had been stirring a pot of soup before the open fire turned at the sound of his entrance with the spoon still held in her hand. The man lurched across the room to where the woman stood and sprawled down weakly at her feet.

"For God's sake, something to eat," he sobbed out, "something to eat and drink!"

When she had rudely dressed the jagged, splintering wound in his shoulder and he had eaten the plate of steaming soup that she had given him, he glanced around. Though he was much refreshed there was still in his eyes the half crazed, half terrified and wholly desperate look that we are wont to associate in our thoughts with a hunted animal.

"I must hurry or they will get me. I must get away," he cried. Then turning suddenly to the woman, "Have you any cartridges in the house?"

When she shook her head for answer he groaned.

"Only two more," he said, "between me and death. Good God!" and stumbled through the cabin door and on up the mountain-side. The woman watched him out of sight before she turned back to her cooking.

Half an hour after the fugitive had disappeared a young man, dusty and tired, stumbled up the pathway to the cabin. Across his left arm he carried a rifle and the gleaming metal star pinned to the front of his rough woolen shirt marked him as an officer of the law.

"Mother," he cried going to the door, "Mother! Where are you?"

When she appeared in the doorway he continued breathlessly, "Have you seen him, mother? He must have passed by here. I wounded him below but he got away from me in the brush, confound him! When I picked up his trail again I could almost follow him by the traces of blood. He must have been badly wounded to bleed so much. I have tracked him this far. He must have come here. Which way did he go then, mother?"

The woman was slow to answer but once she began to speak her words came rapidly enough.

"Yes, I have seen him, Joe. He was here. He came into the cabin bleeding and exhausted and fell groaning and whimpering at my feet more like a wounded dog than a man. I fed him and washed his wound and dressed it

for him. But he was terror-crazed and would not stay. He went on up the mountain weak and wounded though he was—went on up the mountain like a crippled stag pursued by hounds. God, it was pitiful! You don't, you can't intend to follow him, Joe. You couldn't kill him like he is."

"Mother," the young man answered steadily, "I am the sheriff of this county. I must do my duty as an officer of the law. Justice demands his life and I will take it if I can. It is my duty."

"Justice," she said, "Why it is murder!"

"Justice," he responded calmly, "Western justice and crude perhaps, but justice none the less. He has taken another's life and he must lose his own. It is my duty to enforce the law. I am an officer, I must."

He started to move away but she threw herself upon him.

"Do not go, Joe," she begged. Then unmindful of her inconsistency. "He will kill you, Joe. He is a desperate man and fighting for his life. Besides he will stop at nothing. He has already served one term in prison for murder, a cold-blooded brutal murder. I know, Joe, for we were neighbors in the East. He will kill you, Joe. For my sake, for God's sake don't go. That man will murder you. Your father——"

"My father," he broke in, "my father if he were alive would have me do my duty. As an officer of the law I must have his life. I have already wasted too much time."

He tore himself away from her and started up the mountainside nor gave the slightest heed as she shouted after him.

* * * * *

It was in the cool of the evening that

the sheriff began his descent. He had fulfilled his duty as an officer of the law. Somewhere up there among the rocks he had left a bloody, crumpled thing that had once been a man. Justice—Western justice—was satisfied. He had done his duty and he should have been content. And yet something was wrong. Ever as he climbed slowly downward he was haunted by the memory of a haggard, white face with a jagged red bullet wound in the temple. A haggard, white face, thin, horror-haunted, hunted—aye, that was it—hunted even to the death! Then he would hear his mother's words—"Justice! Why it is murder," over and over again—"Why it is murder, murder, murder" and then he would see that white, hunted, staring face, as he had seen it looking from the crumpled mass up there among the rocks—with the red bullet wound in the temple. But, pshaw! It was justice all the same. He was no old woman to pale at the sight of death. He had only done his duty.

When he reached the cabin he found his mother waiting in the doorway with a look of trouble on her face.

"Well, mother, I got him," he said, with an attempt at levity. "Shot him through the temple. He never—"

He stopped abruptly, for such a look of terror, of blind, gripping horror, and an indescribable something else that he could not understand, had crossed her face, that he would have considered it exaggerated had he seen it on the stage. She steadied herself against the doorpost and when she spoke he scarcely recognized her voice.

"God help you, boy," she said. "You have killed your father."

MAURICE T. DOOLING, JR., '09.

The Redwood.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE STUDENTS OF THE SANTA CLARA COLLEGE

The object of the Redwood is to record our College Doings, to give proof of College Industry and to knit closer together the hearts of the Boys of the Present and of the Past.

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EDITORIAL COMMENT

It has been tentatively suggested to the faculty that a certain amount of literary work should be required from the members of the Senior and Junior classes of the College. Whether or not the faculty will take any action upon this suggestion remains to be seen. For a very selfish reason of our own, however, we should be delighted to see something done in the matter; for we feel that THE REDWOOD would benefit greatly by such a change. The fact is

significant that in the issues of THE REDWOOD from September last to the present number there has been *not even one contribution from the members of the '09 class, and only a single contributor from the class of '10*, outside of members of the staff. The italics tell their own story. This means that THE REDWOOD must depend almost entirely upon the two lower classes for support, while those who could give to it the maturer work that their advanced studies in

philosophy and the sciences would yield display towards it only a sort of passive indifference. The totality of their actual support is the fifteen cents that they pay each month—we know not how willingly—for a copy of the magazine.

Even a casual consideration of the above facts is sufficient to show that there is something wrong. We are satisfied—without conceit—that THE REDWOOD is a good college magazine. In our eyes it is one of the most important branches of undergraduate activity and as such deserves the support of all classes alike. Seniors and Juniors are only too willing to participate in athletics. They devote themselves willingly to the debating societies. It would seem then, logically, that they should also contribute readily to THE REDWOOD. We can see no reason why the study of ethics should any more dull literary ambition than it dulls athletic enthusiasm or the penchant for debate.

We would welcome then the introduction of any plan by which Seniors and Juniors might become more frequent contributors to the magazine. We will welcome the experiment of incorporating in the course a certain amount of literary work for the upper classmen. If the faculty find it inadvisable to take this step then some other plan must be hit upon to enlist the interest of these two classes.

A movement is on foot in the two houses of the Literary Congress to issue a challenge to St. Ignatius College for an open debate to take place sometime

in the near future. It would seem to us that the importance of this can scarcely be overrated. We have all too little in common with our sister college in San Francisco, and anything that tends to bring us closer together should be enthusiastically received. This year we have already met St. Ignatius in basket-ball for the first time in many seasons, and it seems probable that we shall also face them on the cinder path and the diamond. This is one step in the right direction. The open debate will be another. We would be only too glad to see this intercollegiate debate become an annual affair.

Farewell! The curtain trembles to the fall.

*Reluctantly the last slow speech is spun.
Farewell! And tho' our part seems
scarce begun,*

*There will be no encore, no curtain call.
The scene is ended, and the play is
done.*

The curtain trembles to the fall! Valedictories are wont to run a wordy course, but somehow before we go we find ourselves strangely silent. There is so much to be said and yet so little we can say. For our successor on THE REDWOOD we have nothing but good wishes. For THE REDWOOD itself we have every hope and expectation of its continued success. For ourself—well, they have been pleasant days, the days we have given to THE REDWOOD, and we can not see them pass without a feeling of regret. But we have served out our allotted time. Before the curtain falls we have only to say—Farewell! The play is done!

MAURICE T. DOOLING, JR., '09.



It is seldom that one can pick up a magazine—not necessarily a college magazine, by any means—and read it through with unfailing interest and pleasure. Indeed we are wont to regard such a magazine

**The
Columbia
Monthly**

as partaking more of the ideal than the real. And yet we found *The Columbia Monthly* for January to be, so far as we are concerned at least, just such a magazine. Its every article possessed a certain refinement of literary finish that we found very agreeable. But what pleased us most was the healthy, human tone that it maintained throughout. It seems to have sloughed off—we hope forever—that air of the unreal, the bizarre, the grotesque, and the gruesome—an unhealthy striving after unhealthy models—that we have learned by experience to associate with its name. It even goes so far as to decry editorially the gloomy tendency in undergraduate verse!

Its fiction is sane and human, with a relieving touch of humor and a kindness of treatment that is admirable. Its verse is refreshingly simple and wholesome, showing none of those alarming

tendencies that it editorially decries. But above all did we enjoy the essay of appreciation of "Mr. William Millijan Sloane," a subject which, since he is both a graduate and faculty member of Columbia, is peculiarly fitted to discussion in the *Monthly*. It displays a breadth of treatment and a sympathetic understanding as interesting as it is instructive. In concluding, we cannot refrain from congratulating the *Monthly* again on its newly acquired tone of healthy, wholesouled, human life. May it long continue in its present wholesome course!

We had expected on picking up the *Wesleyan Literary Monthly* to find something exhaling the spirit of Christmas. However this was not the case. Still what was set before us proved equally good.

The opening article "A Chance Acquaintance" though a serial, proved very interesting. Like most other serials it ends at the most attractive part, so we shall await with pleasure the arrival of the second chapter. "The Man Who Ruled" is a humorous tale

**The Wesleyan
Literary
Monthly**

of the envy of Senor Piquot, a Mexican train dispatcher.

The verse strikes a deeper and more solemn tone than the fiction. "Summer Clouds" the best, has an ease and swing that is pleasing.

The editors of the *Amherst Lit* seem to have put their heads together to bring forth a good healthy Christmas number

Amherst and we rather think
Literary they have succeeded.
Monthly An argosy of enter-

taining and instructive stories is their offering. What probably is the best of these, is the unpretentious, well-told childhood story of "The Pleasant Loves of Bumble and Kenneth." The plot is simple and unadorned. Yet it so well portrays the period of happy, care-free childhood that it brought back to our mind the thought of the time when we too, had wandered off in like situations. "Mr. Byshu's Balloon Ride," a humorous story, is enjoyable. It is easy to imagine that in such a state a similar disaster would come to any one.

Like the Wesleyan bards, the poets of Amherst sing of deeper and more solemn things. All the verse especially "The Far Sea" fills one with feelings of pensive gloom and sadness.

Unlike the other magazines the essay seems to be the strong point with the December *Xavier*. With but a single

Xavier story and but few
verses, the excellence of this number depends chiefly upon the the essays. The paper on "John Mil-

ton" is appropriate on this the tercentenary of his birth. It shows both research and erudition on the part of its author and well repaid us for the time we spent in perusing it. But the essay that pleased us the most and seemed the most suitable to this time of the year was "Christmas—Its Spirit." By the quotation of verse from every class of Christmas poems—from ale drinkers to worshipers—its charm and beauty was greatly enhanced.

This magazine has won our admiration for the courage and energy displayed by its editors in getting it out in St. Jerome the face of a calamity
Schoolman that would have acted as a deterrent upon any but the pluckiest of editorial boards. In spite of a fire that swept away almost the entire college they published their magazine, drawing upon the conflagration itself—which had robbed them of all other sources—for their material. We desire to congratulate them for their display of pluck, and to sympathize with them in their hour of need. May we also hope that their college will rise, phoenix like from its own ashes, bigger and better than before. Such a happy consummation would be put a small part of the reward their heroism deserves.

It is not often that a High School magazine deserves more than a passing notice, yet certainly the Christmas number of this magazine is an exception. Good Mission High
San Francisco correct taste, usually so

rare, is displayed on every page,—in the verse and in the prose articles, in the cuts and in the printing, in the cover and in the delicate tint of the paper. It is indeed a thing of beauty. But to those just graduated, this number of the magazine will be moreover a precious souvenir of pleasant school days that they should and will cherish through their life. To the editor-in-chief and his staff, we of THE REDWOOD offer our sincere congratulations.

THE SONS OF CAIN

We fought and lived and suffered in the coun-
try God forgot,
With never a hand to lift us or to cleanse the
eternal blot,
Till we felt the seared flesh quiver and heard
the voice of the slain,
And we read the burning letters, branded "The
Sons of Cain."

We were lords of the sword and hammer, kings
of the shield and spear,
And we saw no power above us and knew no
righteous fear,
For the Brute was the soul within us, and we
sought the brother's life
Till the land lay stark and empty and the soul
was cursed with strife.

We knew no love but passion, no law but our
own fierce will,
No draught but the blood of the slaughtered,
no joy but the joy of the kill,
For we dwelt in a Hell whose making we owed
to our own wild lust,
Where faith in a better living was buried in
age-old rust.

We live in a pit of darkness whose fiends of
anger wail
And with ghosts of forgotten ages, stand 'round
at our feasts and rail
Till we hurl the cup in their faces and curse
the procession of pain,
For they bid us hope in the future who never
shall hope again.

When the angel of Death stood over, we
jeered, for we could not die,
And his iron that swept above us we thought
was a mocking lie;
But we felt the seared flesh quiver and heard
the voice of the slain,
As we read the burning letters, branded "The
Sons of Cain."

—STANLEY M. CLEVELAND
in the U. of Va. Magazine

W. I. O'SHAUGHNESSY, '11



We take the liberty of publishing an article which recently appeared in our esteemed and ably edited Catholic Weekly, *The Monitor* and which, we believe, will be of interest to all old Santa Clara boys, as Dr. Walter S. Thorne is its author and Father Magin Catala "The Holy Man of Santa Clara," the subject.

EDITOR MONITOR:

Father Picardo's letter to the *Monitor*, touching the history of Father Magin Catala, recalls to mind an incident I shall venture to relate.

While a student at Santa Clara College fifty-one years ago, our teacher of Rhetoric was the Rev. Father White. Father White was a genial and lovable character and, the class exercises concluded, it was his wont to amuse or instruct us on subjects germane to our immediate work, or at times he would relate incidents connected with his interesting life, and especially his work among the northern Indians to whom he at one time was an accredited missionary.

I well remember one bright afternoon in a recitation room, fronting the garden, gay with bright flowers; we were seated around the table,—our class of about eight with Father White at the head, his genial face beaming upon us, while he related the following: "Many years ago, a father connected with the early missionary work of this church, held the deserved reputation of seer or prophet. His was a most holy and remarkable character. He predicted events that invariably transpired, among which was the day, the hour and the manner of his death.

Among his many prophecies was the following: 'At the place now called Yerba Buena (the site of San Francisco) there shall one day arise a great and populous city. This city will be builded by a race of foreigners and they will possess the land. This city will flourish and its inhabitants will become rich and powerful, and when at the height of its prosperity, it will perish by earthquake and fire.' "

It is my recollection that Father White told us that the above prophecy

was on record in the archives of Santa Clara College. Three days before the catastrophe of April 18, 1906, I related the above prophecy at a dinner.

Very Respectfully,

W. S. THORNE, M. D.

The following letter we recently received from Mr. W. A. Goulder, of Idaho whose friendly exertions in our behalf

'53 have an added value, as

Mr. Goulder, though enjoying the best of health, has not only filled out the proverbial three score and ten, but has already finished four score and ten and has his eye calmly set on the five score mile-post.

Boise, Idaho,

Dec. 19, 1908.

Alumni Editor, THE REDWOOD,

DEAR SIR:

Your letter of the 2nd inst. is before me.

Fifty-five years now separate me and the time when I was connected with the persons and events of which you write, but I will endeavor to dig up something of what remains in a memory that has certainly had time enough to have lost all impress of what happened so long ago. The fortunes of a rambling, pioneer miner led me in August, 1853, to the gates of Santa Clara College, where I found Father Francis Veyret, whom I had known in Oregon, before he had cast in his lot with the Jesuit Fathers. Father Veyret was a very dear friend of mine, to whom I was indebted for many acts of kindness. At our meeting in Santa Clara he welcomed me most

cordially and presented me to Father Nobili, then President of the College. Through their joint efforts in my behalf, I was accepted as one of the teachers in that institution.

The morning following my arrival I was assigned to the chair of Modern Languages, with freedom of excursion into the realm of the three R's. I can safely venture to talk big now, as there are few persons living who can contradict my statements.

Among the students in my class I can now remember Armstead Burnett, a son of Governor P. H. Burnett, Barney M. Murphy of the distinguished Murphy family, Thomas White of San Jose, Henry Seger and Johnnie Carroll of San Francisco. There were others but their names have escaped me.

Among the students in the other classes I remember John Burnett, Martin Murphy, Edward Johnson and young Scho of San Francisco. Besides these there were several Mexican, French and Italian boys whose names I cannot now recall, with the exception of one, whom we called Splivalo. I remember that name because I have frequently seen it in the City paper. Our Prefect of studies, also Director of Vocal Music, was a German whose name has also gone from me. Among the lay teachers in the College was a Mr. Mitchell and, another, Mr. Egan. Some of the old Rocky Mountain Missionary Fathers resided in San Jose and were frequent visitors at the College. Among others I remember Father Joseph, who conducted our retreat. Father Accolti visited us once

in 1853, when about to start on a visit to Europe.

Santa Clara was at this time little more than a sleepy Mexican village, while the old Mission buildings presented nearly the same appearance as during the Franciscan regime.

A Mr. Alexander Forbes then owned and occupied what is now a portion of the College grounds. His sons were also students in the College, and I think that one of them was among the number assigned to my class. At night I had for my sleeping apartments one of the dormitories, which I shared with some fourteen boys and about a basket full of fleas. I could manage to keep the boys still till they went to sleep, but the fleas were beyond my power and skill and spent the entire night in sleepless activity and riotous living.

Our good Bishop Glorieux told me not long ago that while at Santa Clara last summer he had the pleasure of meeting Father Cataldo. If he is still at the College I wish to be kindly remembered to him. He can tell you more about me than my modesty will allow me to say for myself.

I dearly love to scribble, but in this matter I am frightfully handicapped as I am obliged to write my ideas (?) with a lead pencil, as they refuse to flow with the ink; and often after I have written a little something a first-class expert is required to decipher my penmanship. I sometimes see a copy of THE REDWOOD with which I am very much pleased. I think I owe this pleasure to my young friends, Willie and

Johnnie Regan, who visit sometimes here in the great city of Boise.

Hoping that this is only the beginning of a long acquaintance, and that I may hear from you often, I remain

Yours most sincerely,

W. A. GOULDER.

In the Los Angeles *Tidings*, under the heading "Representative Catholics of this Diocese," we notice the names of a number of Santa Clara Alumni, including Hon. M. T. Dooling, Ph. D., '01, Hon. John A. Covert, S. B., '91, Joseph Scott, Ph. D., '07, Edward White, '70, a brother of Hon. Stephen M. White, S. B., '71, and Hon. Reginaldo F. Del Valle, S. B., '73, who was recently appointed Water Commissioner of Los Angeles. It was at Mr. Del Valle's home, "Camulos," that Helen Hunt Jackson obtained the plot and color for her famous novel "Ramona."

It is said that General James F. Smith, S. B., '77, A. B., '78, A. M. '79, Ph. D., '03, is shortly to return to California from the Philippines."

'78 "Jim," we understand, is to be appointed to the Federal bench, soon after the inauguration of President Taft; and that he may be assigned to a Pacific Coast district is the hope of his many friends at Santa Clara.

At the last Senatorial election the voters of San Louis Obispo, San Benito and Monterey counties, united in electing Archie E. Campbell, Com., '91, to a seat in the Senate.

We lately heard from Wm. J. Kieferdorf, A. B., '00. Mr. Kieferdorf is connected with the Eureka Construction Company, having offices in the Buckley Building, Spear and Market streets, San Francisco.

Another Santa Clara boy to be honored at the last elections '00 was Ennio Martinelli, who was elected to the Senate from Marin county.

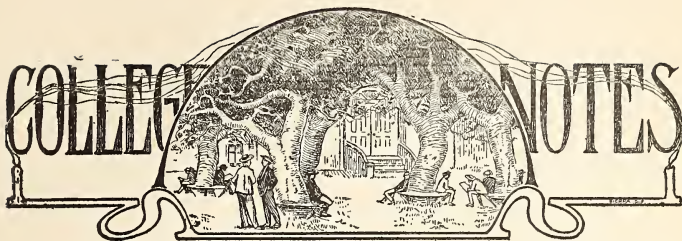
Once again Ralph C. Harrison, A. B., '05, is a familiar sight on the Campus. Ralph is "boning" a little on mathematics and chemistry, '05 preparatory to taking an examination at the Presidio of San Francisco for a lieutenancy in the Army. Ralph has promised us a story in the near future, and those who were

acquainted with THE REDWOOD in '04 and '05 know what to expect.

We have at hand a letter from John W. Byrnes, A. B., '06, in which he incloses a number of notes '06 concerning Alumni of the College. We take this opportunity to thank Mr. Byrnes and to assure our readers that anything concerning old boys will always be gratefully received by the staff.

Joseph R. Brown, A. B., '07, has been honored by his classmates at Georgetown, where with our '07 former editor, Anthony '08 B. Diepenbrock, A. B., '08, he is studying medicine. Joe has been elected President of his class. Congratulations, Joe!

ALEX. T. LEONARD, '10.



Senate

The Philalethic Senate convened on the 13th of last month, and the second session of that illustrious body was set in motion.

Under the guidance of the new President, Rev. Father J. P. Lydon, the election of officers for the ensuing semester took place. The following Senators were unanimously elected, the Secretary casting the society's ballot:

Recording Secretary, P. Arthur McHenry, '10; Corresponding Secretary, Reginald L. Archbold, '09; Treasurer, John W. Maltman, '09; Librarian, Howard J. Lyng, '09; Sergeant-at-Arms, Adrew J. Mullen, '09; Reporter, Robert E. McCabe, '10.

After listening to a few remarks from each of the newly-elected officers, the President then proceeded to appoint the following standing committees:

Committee on Ways and Means, John W. Maltman, Chairman, Maurice T. Dooling, Jr., and James R. Daly; Committee on Library, Howard J. Lyng, Chairman, Manuel J. Ferreira and William B. Hirst; Committee on Resolu-

tions, Mervyn S. Shafer, Chairman Charles W. Dooling and Robert E. McCabe; Committee on Rules, John W. Maltman, Chairman, Maurice T. Dooling, Jr., and Howard J. Lyng; Committee on Invitations, Reginald L. Archbold, Chairman, P. Arthur McHenry and Mervyn S. Shafer.

On Wednesday evening, the 20th of the month, the second meeting of this semester was held, and the following question was hotly debated: "Resolved, That the expressions of President Roosevelt in his message to Congress regarding the employment of Secret Service Agents, were not justified by facts."

The affirmative side was upheld by Senators Daly, Archbold and Hirst, while the negative and victorious side of the question was taken care of by Senators M. Dooling, McCabe and Shafer.

A most important event at the last meeting of the Senators was the presentation of a bill which read, "Resolved, That the Literary Congress of Santa Clara College challenge St. Ignatius College of San Francisco to a public

debate, to be held either in San Francisco or in Santa Clara."

The bill was passed by a unanimous vote, and then referred to the House of Philhistorians for their sanction. In all probability the resolution will meet with favor in the House, and if such is the case and the debate becomes a certainty, both the House and Senate will have this as a special inducement toward encouraging their efforts, and it will act, in a way, as a preliminary for the big Ryland debate at the end of the semester.

The House

The House of Philhistorians has entered upon its work of the semester with much energy and enthusiasm. The fact that the Golden Jubilee of this body will take place during this session has acted as an incentive to make the year a banner one.

Under the able direction of Rev. Joseph Stack S. J., it is already assured that a most successful session is at hand. Walter F. Crowley, Harry M. Gallagher and Robert Murphy have been elected Representatives for the coming term. As these gentlemen are of known debating qualities they should prove a valuable acquisition to the Philhistorians.

On Wednesday evening, January 27, the House held an open debate, which was very well attended. The assemblage was held spellbound by the eloquent appeals of the debaters. The question at issue read: "Resolved, That

the attitude of the United States, in regard to Chinese Exclusion, is justifiable." The affirmative was ably expounded by Messrs. Budde, Lindley and Sheehy. The negative was upheld in a creditable manner by Messrs. Ganahl, Ford and Browne.

The Judges, Rev. Fathers Lydon, Fox and Deeney, after complimenting both teams for their excellent work, decided in favor of the affirmatives.

The officers elected for the ensuing term are Hardin Barry, Clerk; Edward White, Corresponding Secretary; Daniel Tadich, Treasurer; James Jarrett, Sergeant-at-Arms; Thomas McCormick, Assistant Sergeant-at-Arms; John Irlarry, Librarian; George Duffy, Assistant Librarian.

Among the Theater-goers— Abroad

On Monday evening, January 18, a large portion of the student-body, attended Martin V. Merle's great masterpiece, "The Light Eternal," at the Garden Theater in San Jose. The play was produced by the Del S. Lawrence Stock Company under the personal direction of Martin Merle, and to say that the company did justice to the drama would be putting it mildly. Mr. Merle, as well as all that witnessed the play declared themselves highly pleased with the manner in which it was staged.

A more enthusiastic audience could hardly be imagined than the one which greeted the author that Monday night. Curtain call followed curtain call, and at

the end of the third act in the midst of a wild outburst of applause on the part of the entire audience, Martin Merle stepped on to the stage and in a few words expressing deep feeling, thanked his supporters most sincerely.

Among the Theater-goers— at Home

Thanks to the thoughtfulness and kindness of Rev. Father Gleeson and Father Lydon we recently enjoyed two most pleasurable entertainments in the the College Hall.

The inclemency of the weather, which has held almost full sway for the past week or more, inspired our worthy President and Vice-President with a happy thought which resulted in putting a rather deep dent in our not very bright prospects of having to spend a monotonous Thursday afternoon watching the rain play havoc with the base-ball diamond.

The first of these entertainments was on Thursday, the fourteenth. The program consisted of some exceedingly well-rendered music by the College orchestra; solos by Rudolph Swall and George J. Mayerle, and several catchy songs by the "Bald-headed" Quartette, consisting of Messrs. Posey, Mayerle, Gallagher and Lowe. The "Baldies" scored an enormous hit owing partly to the fact that they were so ably supported by the "bald-headed" row in which sat some thirty odd of the "Bald-Headed Fraternity."

The big feature of the afternoon was

Father Bell's illustrated lecture, or rather a series of various kind of pictures, principally some magnificent views of Rome. Father Bell's descriptions of the scenes as they were thrown upon the screen were extremely interesting, and the attention and appreciation shown by his audience spoke highly for his efforts.

At the conclusion of the program we repaired to the dining-room where a sumptuous refreshment table had been laid under the direction of Father Lydon.

The second entertainment was on Thursday, the twenty-first. Ralph C. Harrison, '05, who is at present residing at the College, acted in the capacity of "Billy Jordan," and announced each specialty in its turn.

George J. Morgan opened the program with a well-received mandolin solo. He was followed by Edmund S. Lowe who rendered with deep feeling, "Rocked in the Cradle of the deep." George J. Mayerle closely followed him, giving in excellent style, "Locked in the Stable with the Sheep." Jerry T. McCarthy then gave a violin solo. All of these artists were received with great applause. James R. Daly next recited "Lucky Jim" in his usual masterly style.

Through the kindness of Mr. Lawrence of the Del S. Lawrence Stock Company of San Jose, we were next favored by the appearance of four of his most prominent actors. We listened with intent ears and smiling countenances to funny stories in three dialects, Irish, Scotch and Chinese, told respectively by Alf. J. Layne, Arthur Cyril, and Chas. D. Edler. From start to

finish the audience was in one uproarious burst of laughter and applause. The stories told were all new ones, and the manner in which they were delivered was taking.

Last but not least, Miss Florence Chapman entertained us by singing "Oh Gee! be Sweet to Me, Kid," and "Glow Worm" in a most pleasing manner. We hardly deem it partial in stating that Miss Chapman made the biggest hit of the afternoon, especially when the nature of the audience is taken into consideration.

In the name of the Faculty and Students of the College, we take this opportunity to most sincerely thank Mr. Lawrence, as well as those members of his company who succeeded so well in entertaining us; their next will certainly be looked forward to with great expectancy.

An Exodus

Not to be outdone by the Seniors of last year in the way of aspiring after and obtaining variety, as to place of

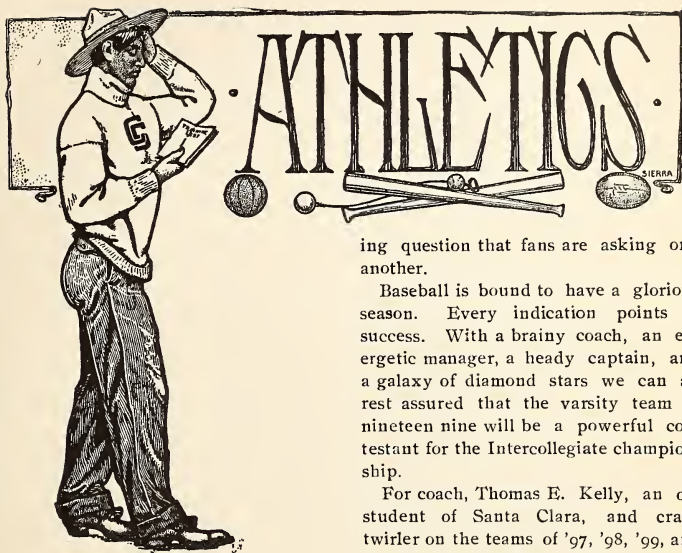
abode, the dignified upper classmen, due to receive their sheepskins at the close of this semester, recently decamped from the senior quarters, and now hold forth in all their depleted glory in a more spacious residence.

Whether the decampment was wholly voluntary or otherwise remains still a mystery. If voluntary, we congratulate them on their use of good judgment in the selection of their new habitation, for the Pioneer Institution boasts nothing better than the one of their choosing.

The yard in general appreciates this great show of sociability, and many have expressed themselves as hoping to become soon acquainted with the new arrivals on the campus.

The seniors appear well pleased in their new quarters, although, say they, the place has not the romantic air they have basked in during the last five months, for no longer, as in the days of yore are their slumbers disturbed in the early hours by the crowd of Father Minister's educated laborers serenading beneath the windows.

R. E. McCABE, '10.



Baseball

The dull, dreary days of winter have vanished, a California spring now greets us, and baseball, that grand old National game, has been ushered into the limelight. The great American sport has been ever popular at Santa Clara and the brilliant successes of the nines of old will ever serve as worthy models for the nines of the future.

"What do you think of the prospects of this year's team?" is the predominant

question that fans are asking one another.

Baseball is bound to have a glorious season. Every indication points to success. With a brainy coach, an energetic manager, a heady captain, and a galaxy of diamond stars we can all rest assured that the varsity team of nineteen nine will be a powerful contestant for the Intercollegiate championship.

For coach, Thomas E. Kelly, an old student of Santa Clara, and crack twirler on the teams of '97, '98, '99, and 1900 has been secured. The selection is a wise one. Kelly has had twelve years experience in professional ball. He had charge of baseball at Alameda High School the past season and from a green squad he brought forth a nine that was the talk of Academic circles. The following named players have been selecten by Coach Kelly and Captain Shafer to uphold the chances of the crimson and white. The infield is at all times subject to change.

Behind the bat will be Captain Shafer, star catcher on last years champs. Cap.

is full of ginger and has the knack of steadying the infield at critical moments, down to a nicety. In the box Santa Clara is well fortified. Charlie Friene, the old reliable is showing great form and the fans are happy. Helping Friene is young Walterstein of last year's Juniors. Wally shows great promise and Coach Kelly predicts another Kilburn. "Nig" Peters is taking care of the initial sack in big league fashion. Peters covers a wealth of ground and pulls in the seeming wild throws with ease. Little Vic Salberg is gathering up everything that comes in distance of the keystone sack. McGovern is filling Art Shafer's shoes at shortstop in a manner that has excited much comment. The ex-"All Star" fields deep and has a strong whip to first. Cavorting around the difficult corner is Reams of Rugby fame. He has splendid form and stings the horse hide in good style. Ford will be seen in the role of utility infielder. He hits well for a youngster and his fielding is improving daily. The outfield positions will be divided among Jacobs, Donovan, and C. Dooling. All have shown class so the outfield situation is well in hand.

Manager Brown is busily engaged these days in perfecting the schedule. If the proposed invasion of Japan does not materialize, a trip to the Alaska-Yukon Exposition which will be held at Seattle is contemplated. Many games are now pending and Manager Brown promises the fans the best attractions that can be secured. At pres-

ent Manager Brown has completed arrangements for six games. The incomplete schedule is as follows:

February 4th, Stanford at Stanford.
 February 13th, Stanford at Santa Clara.
 February 25th Stanford at Stanford.
 March 4th Stanford at Stanford.
 March 13th Stanford at Santa Clara.
 March 27th, Stanford at Santa Clara.
 March 6th California at Berkeley.
 March 10th California at Santa Clara.
 March 18th California at Santa Clara.

Diamond Glistenings

What promises to be the chief event of the baseball year at Santa Clara seems now assured. Arrangements have been effected by Manager Brown of Santa Clara and Tip O'Neil, representing the Chicago American League Baseball Club whereby a game will be played between the varsity nine and the former World Champions, if a stipulated sum can be guaranteed. The game will probably take place during the early part of March.

Doc White, the big leaguers' wonderful southpaw, formerly pitched on the Georgetown University team.

Many thanks to Father Stack, S. J., that Sodality Field has been greatly improved. The diamond has been levelled off and the sharp turns on the track rounded. An entrance facing the street car line has been erected and new bleachers have been built. It is the present intention of the management to convert Sodality field into an ideal Athletic Park.

"Coon" Peters is still slapping the horsehide in his old time manner. His long home run in a recent practice game was a beauty.

Under Coach Kelly's direction two batting cages have been made. Hitting practice has now become more convenient than by the old method as no catcher is required. Thus such painful injuries to a backstop as severe sprains and broken fingers are obviated.

Recent visitors to the campus were Harry Wolters, our former crack left-hander and leading pitcher of the State League, and Thomas, catcher on the San Jose State League Team. They participated in a practice affair and gave ample evidence of their class.

"Ye Fans," have you not eyed in amazement the accurate pegs to second bag that our sterling receiver "Cap" Shafer has made? When it comes to pilfering the middle station Fandom fears not the foe.

Having Father Galtes, S. J., Director, Devereaux Peters, Coach, and George Boles, Manager, the second team has begun active work. A squad of thirty-five players is enrolled and competition for the various positions is keen.

Energetic Manager Boles has six games arranged for his proteges. Two matinees will be held against Palo Alto High School, Berkeley High School, and St. Ignatius College Second Nine. In each instance one meeting will be held at home and one at the visitors grounds. Many other institutions are being corresponded with, so

the opportunities for the second team to demonstrate its superiority will be manifold.

Basketball

The basketball season is now at its height. The varsity squad is practicing faithfully in anticipation of several hard contests.

Manager Tadich is busy arranging the schedule. Stanford was corresponded with in regard to a series of games but as the wearers of the cardinal are not playing basketball there is nothing doing. In all probability the fives representing California, St. Ignatius, Belmont and the nearby High Schools will be met.

SANTA CLARA 18 ST. IGNATIUS 11

The varsity basketball season opened at San Francisco with the speedy five of St. Ignatius College as opponents. Captain Murphy's colts by their clever work earned a hard fought victory.

The game was played on the floor of the Auditorium Rink and attracted a goodly number of spectators. Herbring was the bright luminary in Santa Clara's constellation. Of the eighteen points scored by the crimson and white, the little forward contributed twelve. By far the most spectacular throw of the game fell to the lot of Captain Murphy. From the center of the floor he deftly shot the ball into the basket.

In the first half Santa Clara ran up thirteen points and St. Ignatius five.

In the second half the St. Ignatius

five exhibited much dash and vigor and succeeded in annexing seven points. In this section of the game the intercepting of throws and the breaking up of passes by Guards Posey and Goetter was a brilliant feature. When the referee called time Santa Clara had secured eighteen points and St. Ignatius eleven.

Santa Clara's lineup was: Forwards, Ray, H. Lyng and Herbring; Center, Murphy, Captain. Guards, Hirst, Posey, Mullen and Goetter.

The players have nothing but words of praise for the splendid treatment accorded them by the St. Ignatius management. The team was escorted from the depot to the college in automobiles and throughout their sojourn in San Francisco were treated most royally.

BELMONT, 11

S. C. JUNIORS 7

The military boys from Belmont journeyed to Santa Clara, their purpose being to conquer the Juniors. They returned home triumphant bearing with them the fruits of their toil, a score of fourteen to seven.

The Juniors have been reorganized but a short time and the splendid showing they made against their stronger and heavier opponents was most gratifying. Ray, Flood and Goetter starred for the Juniors. Ray, at forward, converted a foul and shot two baskets. Flood neatly shot a difficult basket from the side of the court.

The Belmont players worked together and their passing was their strongest point. Their unity of play, no doubt,

was the result of careful practice. A return game has been arranged to be played at Belmont and the Juniors are determined to win.

The personell of the Juniors was: Forwards, Ray and Scherzer, Captain; Center, R. Flood; Guards, Green, O'Connor, Manager, and Goetter.

Track

Owing to the heavy rains and chilling winds that were prevalent during the past month work on the cinder path was practically at a standstill. Occasionally however a few of the faithful braved the elements and proceeded to limber up. Now that the skies are clear again and the air warmer, workouts will be resumed and the best men in the many events will be picked for the team.

An invitation to enter a team in an indoor meet to be held under the auspices of the A. A. U. at San Jose, has been received. A number of our stars will undoubtedly appear and Santa Clara's colors should be well to the front. Manager Tadich is striving to arrange dual meets with St. Ignatius College, University of Pacific and the High School Track Teams.

At this late hour we hear briefly of two Santa Clara victories. On Feb. 4 the basketball team defeated the St. Ignatius five by a score of 27 to 22.

On the same day, with a crippled nine, we defeated the Stanford baseball team in a closely contested game on Palo Alto field 2 to 1.

J. MORRIN McDONNELL, '12.



THE LATE STEPHEN M. WHITE
(U. S. SENATOR FROM CALIFORNIA, 1893-1899)

The Redwood.

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SANTA CLARA, CAL., MARCH, 1909.

No. 6

THE FAITHFUL SERVANT

TO STEPHEN M. WHITE

I know the Master Mind and work His will,
To serve in little things as well as great,
To face unflinching either good or ill,
To mold his Fortunes and to conquer Fate.
To hear the Master Voice, when ebb and flow
Of passions cease and Life's frail strand is
 spun,
As did that other servant long ago—
 "Thou good and faithful servant, nobly done!"
Maurice T. Pooling, Jr., '09.

STEPHEN MALLORY WHITE

(1853-1901)

ON the 11th of December last the citizens of Los Angeles unveiled a monument dedicated to the memory of Stephen Mallory White. The Angel City points justly with pride to the statue of a man whose works will endure with history. When the present generation has passed, and a new one takes its place amid Time's cycle, White's figure will be looked to with reverence and pride as a man among men; one who has done more for the Southland, and for California, than any of his predecessors. On February 21st last was commemorated the eighth anniversary of this great man's death.

It will not be inappropriate then, at this time, to review briefly the life of this great statesman, one of the greatest that Santa Clara has ever produced. We shall leave to another time and to abler pens, the task and the pleasure of considering Stephen White as an orator and public speaker. Our purpose will be merely to recount the chief events of his life.

"The evidence is all in; the case is submitted." Such were the last words earth caught from the lips of Stephen White as he lay on his bed of death. Characteristic indeed were they of the man, who, in life, had appeased earthly courts with these terms, but now the case was before a higher Judge. Doubt, no one will, that his sentence was other than heaven for eternity.

Stephen M. White was born in San Francisco January 19, 1853, four years after the discovery of gold in California, and less than three after California had joined the Union. The humble cottage of his birth stood on Taylor Street, between Turk Street and Golden Gate Avenue, and, built in 1850, had held its own against the ravages of commercial San Francisco until the year 1881, when it was torn down to make way for new buildings.

The father of the late Senator was William F. White, who came from Ireland to this country with his parents and settled in Pennsylvania. It was in New York, however, at Oxford Academy, that he received his education. At the time of the gold excitement in California, White, feeling the impulse of adventure, obeyed it, and arrived with his bride in San Francisco January, 1849. His young wife was, before their marriage, Miss Fannie Russell. Left an orphan at an early age she grew up in the home of her cousin, Stephen R. Mallory, in Florida. Mr. Mallory was at one time a United States Senator, representing Florida, and was also a Confederate Cabinet member during the Civil War. For Stephen Mallory the subject of our sketch was named.

After the birth of the future statesman the family moved to Santa Cruz County, where the father, with Hon. Eugene Casserly, purchased the Sal Si

Puedes Rancho in the Santa Cruz Mountains. Here, amid the picturesque mountain surroundings, White spent his boyhood, and many happy hours were passed tramping over the hills and down the trout-enlivened streams. Here also we may fancy him, like Demosthenes of old, practising his powers of oratory on rock and tree. Certain it is that these earthly reminders of a superhuman power instilled into his young mind a deep sense of the greatness of his and their Maker, a sense which guided him in life and lent dignity and majesty to his oratory.

Leaving this delightful retreat, we find young White soon after attending St. Ignatius College in San Francisco, and, later, Santa Clara College, where he graduated in the class of 1871. At Santa Clara in those days were many who in after life became famous in their native state, and some even who achieved a national reputation.

There occur to us now the names of James F. Smith, Governor General of the Philippine Islands; John T. Malone, since deceased, who made himself famous as an actor and poet; John H. Campbell, for many years District Attorney of San Jose; William P. Veuve, of the same city, Valentine and Charles McClatchy of Sacramento, Alexander McCone of Nevada, Mervyn and Peter Donahue of San Francisco.

Santa Clara has always been noted in the West for its public speakers and debaters, and young White soon found ample opportunity to develop his latent ability. In the weekly contests in the

intellectual arena he was found a master, a power before his audience, always convincing his hearers, quick to take advantage of a point, yet in a gentlemanly manner. His oratory and power of debate are a lasting monument to the debating clubs of Santa Clara. White, himself, in later life paid a glowing tribute to them, and to his alma mater, when he said: "The foundation of my public speaking was laid at Santa Clara College."

His success while at Santa Clara along other intellectual lines is noteworthy. In the Commencement of 1871 he delivered in public an essay on "Poland." For his paper on the subject, "William III of England, His Life and Times," he received a gold medal. He also won the good conduct medal, another for diligence, a third for logic and metaphysics, and nine honors in other branches.

The College paper at that time was called *The Owl*, the predecessor of THE REDWOOD, and on this he achieved considerable praise for his literary ability.

Passing through the history-thronged walls of his alma mater he took up the reading of law in the office of Charles B. Younger of Santa Cruz, and three years later, April 14, 1874, was admitted to the bar by the Supreme Court at Sacramento.

Looking about for a place to settle and practice his profession, his attention was focused on Los Angeles as a city with a promising future. Accordingly he located there November 14, 1874, a young, untried, inexperienced

lawyer, but with an indomitable determination to fight his way to the top. Then came a period of hard study, of want, of privation. This was shared, however, with a friend, James K. Kays, now a prominent banker in Los Angeles. The young men rented a room on Main and Temple Streets, and started in housekeeping. How to furnish their humble quarters was the next difficulty. Together they went to a well-known furniture dealer and picked out their bare necessities. They had no money to pay, but their faces proved their credit, and the lodging was furnished.

Throughout nine long years of struggle the two lived and labored together, until on June 5, 1883, White became a benedict. The young lady of his choice was Miss Hortense Sacriste, an accomplished daughter of Los Angeles, of French descent. The marriage took place at St. Vibiana's Cathedral, on Main Street, and was attended by hosts of friends of both bride and groom, who thronged the church to overflowing. Their union was a particularly happy one, and throughout the words of God, "until death do us part," were held uppermost in their hearts.

In this same year, 1883, Stephen M. White entered upon his career of public service, each year more and more esteemed, until death terminated it eighteen years later when the highest offices of the Nation seemed to be within his grasp.

First he served as District Attorney of Los Angeles County from 1883 to 1884. His name spelled terror to evil-

doers who came under his stinging prosecution. His reputation remains as the ablest and most efficient prosecuting attorney Los Angeles County has ever had.

The first case that brought him fame was the prosecution of Mrs. Henry Amidon for being accessory to the murder of her husband. Here his genius for hard work asserted itself, for the evidence was circumstantial, and, in the legal vernacular, the case was all in the air. He labored day and night on it, and no clue arose, however slender and insignificant, which was not sifted to the bottom. His arraignment of Mrs. Amidon was masterful; it electrified the court room. Judge Sepulveda, who tried the case, afterwards said, in speaking of the trial, "White's arraignment of the woman was the ablest address of the kind I ever heard." Mrs. Amidon was sentenced to ten years' imprisonment. When the case was over, White was asked by a friend why he had taken such an interest in it. He replied: "When I first came to Los Angeles my shingle was out for some time before a client came. My first case was brought to me by Henry Amidon. He was a good man. His murder was cold-blooded, and I knew the woman to be guilty."

At the Democratic State Convention held at Stockton the next year, White was elected Chairman. This was the year the anti-monopoly fight was at its fiercest.

Two years later, in 1886, he was again Chairman of the Democratic State

Convention, and in this same year was elected to the State Senate of California, representing the district in and around Los Angeles. Here, known for his honesty and ability, he was appointed President pro tem of the Senate, and upon the death of Governor Bartlett he became Lieutenant Governor under Waterman. While in the State Senate he built the foundation and acquired the extensive popularity which carried him to the United States Senate seven years later.

The year 1888 witnessed his entry into national politics. He was, this year, a delegate-at-large from California to the Democratic National Convention held at St. Louis, and was made temporary chairman of that body. His commanding voice and quickness of mind and powers of oratory captivated the Convention. Party leaders exclaimed: "Why didn't you tell us you had that kind of man in California! We would have made him Vice-President!" From that time on White was known to Democrats all through the nation as "The Little Giant of Los Angeles."

In 1892, being a delegate-at-large to the national convention in Chicago, the convention which nominated Cleveland for a second term, he was thrown conspicuously before the eyes of the public. His notification address to Vice-President Adlai Stevenson in New York City stirred old Gotham as it had never been stirred before.

In March, 1893, he entered upon his duties at Washington. It was in the austere body of the Senate that he prob-

ably achieved his greatest success as an orator and champion of "square dealing." His masterful addresses electrified his hearers, and the spell was not broken until the last word had fallen from his lips. His knowledge of constitutional law was limitless, and in his famous argument before the Supreme Court of the United States, on the constitutionality of the Chinese Exclusion Act, his argument was so logical and so clear that his contention was upheld, and the Exclusion Act declared constitutional.

At the Chicago Convention in 1896, White achieved his greatest political success. The silver delegates, though greatly in the majority, were unorganized. White's powers of organization now came into play. He took the silver forces in hand and his influence and leadership were acknowledged by his election to the two great positions in the convention, the permanent chairmanship and the chairmanship of the Platform Committee. No one, we are told, has won these two honors at any national convention in recent years.

His masterful effort on the Cuban question, delivered in the United States Senate in the dark days of '98, when war with Spain seemed inevitable, was full of truth, of logic, and of the spirit of fair dealing, but it failed to stem the turbulent masses. The spirit of his speech is summed up in his words: "If it were found out in the end that this war be a war of conquest instead of for humanity's sake, then what a shame will blot the fair name of America!"

One of the greatest victories of Stephen M. White was won over the Southern Pacific Railroad in the matter of the celebrated "Harbor Fight" in Southern California. The following told by White to a friend apropos of this matter illustrates very well the spirit of honesty that motived all his actions in the course of his public life. Collis P. Huntington, with the Southern Pacific Railroad back of him, was doing all in his power to get the Government Appropriation for Santa Monica. Stephen M. White representing the people was fighting for San Pedro.

"I was staying" said White, "at the Normandie,—so was Huntington. We had several meetings in his room. One evening he sent for me. I went and he made a long argument with me against San Pedro and for Santa Monica. I argued my side of the case as well as I could and Huntington, being a logical reasoner, listened attentively. I guess I more than held my own. At length he said 'Do you ever drink anything?' I replied, 'Sometimes.' We went into another room and sat down. We took a drink or two, and then he asked 'if there was no way for us to get together on the harbor business.' I replied 'I did not see any way to do so; that I did not think he would give up, and I knew that I would not.' Said he, 'I do not see why. It might be to your advantage not to be so set in your opinion.' I then said to him: 'Mr. Huntington, if that harbor were my personal possession and you wanted it, there would be an easy way for us to get together and one or

both of us make some money, but as that harbor belongs to the people, and as I am merely holding it in trust for them, and have no right to give it away, to sell it or to let it be taken from the people, I do not see how we can come to an understanding.' 'Certainly,' said Mr. Huntington; 'that is very high moral ground to take, but a little quixotic. The people will think no more of you in the end. Many will think less of you.' Said I: 'Mr. Huntington, I am not taking your view of the matter, either. It is my own self-respect I am looking at now.'"

So the matter closed. After the fight was over, and White had won, Huntington, on seeing him, said, "White, I like and respect you. You are almost always against us, but it is not for what you can make out of us. You have a steadfast principle, and you fight like a man in the open and with clean weapons. I can not say that of all the public men I have had to deal with."

White's fight for the harbor of San Pedro, and against Santa Monica, was a wonderful example of a man fighting single-handed for the people against the impregnable Collis P. Huntington with his Southern Pacific Railroad.

In the fall of 1895 an organization was formed known as The Harbor League, having for its object the assistance of the Chamber of Commerce in its work for San Pedro. As the United States Treasury was at this time in a depleted condition it was proposed by the League that the agitation for the outer harbor be laid aside for one sea-

son, and that a request should be put in merely for such a sum as would be needed for the partial improvement of the inner harbor, a matter of \$400,000. Everything seemed to be working smoothly until a bill came up backed by Southern Pacific interests giving \$400,000 for San Pedro, but likewise \$2,900,000 for Santa Monica. Then followed attack upon attack by White, his wonderful powers of oratory entrancing his fellow Senators. A board of the best engineers in the country was sent to Southern California to examine and report to the Government the advisability of such a movement. They convened in Los Angeles, after carefully examining the situation, and their report went back to Washington for San Pedro and

against Santa Monica. Russell A. Alger, the Secretary of War, was determined that the San Pedro harbor fight would never be won. After five long years of combat White won out and secured for Los Angeles a free harbor at San Pedro. That he did a deed of inestimable value to Southern California time is more fully demonstrating.

Meanwhile, in the cemetery at Los Angeles, the city of his adoption, quietly sleeping the everlasting sleep, lies the dead statesman. Men are forgotten in the course of years, deeds die never to be recalled, but the memory of "our Steve," as he was familiarly called, will ever live in the hearts of his fellow Californians.

JOS. P. LINDLEY, '12.

PIONEER BART



AR off on yonder mountain side
Where the cool dusk falls at eventide
I love to list to the whispering breeze
Sadly rustling amid the trees
That mournfully yet proudly wave
Over a lone and mossy grave.

Whisper the tale through the forest hall
Sing of it, great pine, stately and tall
And let thy branches his story tell
Who lies unknown in a forest dell,
Buried in soil stained with the blood
That poured from his wound in a crimson flood—
For he was a hero—that pioneer—
And for a comrade he now lies here.

'Twas in the thick of a bloody fight
As the dusk shades fell from the wings of night
When the rifles flashed in the murky gloom
And barked as they sped their leaden doom,
While the Rangers' shout and the Indians' yell
That rose in a cadence from the dell
Were tossed by mountains to and fro
Till lost in echoes dying slow.

There in the front 'neath the forest shade
Where the flame-rent smoke like a pall was laid,
He saw a comrade wounded fall
He heard his feeble, fainting call
And springing out from a sheltering oak
He rushed through the haze of the rifle smoke,

Bound by his love on a hopeless quest
To fall with a bullet in his breast.
He shielded a stricken comrade tried
And there in the wilderness he died.
He did not die as a general brave,
No nation mourns o'er his lonely grave
He breathed his last on a mossy bed,
And the silent wild still holds its dead.

He was generous, loving, brave and bold
But he lies unknown 'neath the forest mold,
He lies unknown in a bloody grave
While o'er his head the tall trees wave
And breathe the tale with a woodland sigh
How he fought and fell in days gone by.
For all that is left is a ragged sign
On the rugged bark of a mountain pine—
A rude cross scarring a mighty tree
The sign of a soul in eternity.

Bow low, O pine, thy mourning plume
And softly wail o'er his lonely tomb;
Bow low, O pine, thy branches sere
And mourn o'er the grave of a pioneer;
Bow low to the evening breeze aloft
And tell of his deed in whispers soft
That each may go with a purer heart
To tell of the deed of Pioneer Bart.

Norman Buck, '12.

THE GREATEST OF THESE

*"Therefore you have left Faith, Hope
and Charity; these three. But the
greatest of these is Charity."*

THE town was plastered thick with them, so that wherever I turned I could see one of them staring me in the face, from the walls of buildings, from rickety board fences surrounding vacant lots, from telephone posts, from show windows, or from the sides of passing vans. Wherever I looked I found one of them peering, and aping and grinning at me and tempting me to sell a fellowman. Even now as I raised my glass to my lips I beheld one of the fiendish things in bold, black type that could not fail to catch the eye and having caught it held it. It was plastered up conspicuously above the rows of bottles at the back of the bar, and though I knew every single letter of it already as though it had been written on my brain, I half unconsciously spelled out again each heavy lettered word before I set down my empty glass.

"\$1000 REWARD!

A reward of \$1000 has been offered to the person or persons who will furnish information leading to the arrest and conviction of the masked man who, on the evening of March 6, 1905 at the corner of"

I need not tell his crime, nor give the place of its commission. Both are

well enough known to the newspaper reading public of this city who for two or three days after March 6, 1905—I have chosen March 6 because the crime was not committed on or very near that day—were gorged to surfeiting with half page scare-heads, and thrillingly exaggerated accounts of the dastardly outrage. I remember that the *Billboard*, which was violently opposed to the City Administration and seized avidly upon every opportunity to attack it, came out the next evening with a full page editorial headed

A CARNIVAL OF CRIME

in which the whole Municipal structure was torn to pieces and the police department especially was flayed to rags by the justly indignant and public spirited *Billboard*. But the staid old *Crawl* the next morning painstakingly picked up all the pieces of the City Government that the *Billboard* had so ruthlessly scattered around the previous night and with the aid of several barrels of ink and a few reams of paper carefully patched them together again, at the same time taking a covert slap—the *Crawl* does everything in moderation as becomes a paper of its conservative character—at the plebeian and demagogic *Billboard*. Thus it raged

as a nine day's wonder in newspaperdom and then waned into forgetfulness as must everything of its kind before a new sensation. Now only the black and white posters with their offer of \$1000 reward were left, a feeble reminder to the unheeding public who daily passed them by unnoticed.

So it happened that before I set down my glass my eye was caught and held by that caption of reward above the bar in Pete's, and, must I confess it, my breath came a little faster as I wiped my lips and turned away. For I thought that I knew where I could put my hand on the "masked man who on the evening of March 6"—you see I had the notice down by heart.

"Whiskey" Bill was one of those derelicts that having lost all faith in mankind and whatever glimmer of hope may have lighted the dawning of their lives, ride out a purposeless course on the sea of life with no other object than the satisfaction of the dominant passion that has lured them to their ruin. Bill's was whiskey as his nickname indicates and having fought many a battle with old King Booze in which he was inevitably the loser he had come to that state where he served his monarch blindly and devotedly and cared but for him alone. In other words he was a hopeless drunkard, a hanger-on of grog shops, a worthless bum who would beg, borrow, steal, cajole, threaten, weep or even work a little for a drink.

I had found the fellow useful to me on occasions and fairly reliable while he knew that the reward of faithfulness

was whiskey and so there had grown up between us a sort of intimacy—if that expression can be used for such a relation as ours, more like the association of a man and a half wild dog that is held in submission not by love of his master but rather through fear or some other of the baser passions.

Thus I relied upon him for the performance of such of my shady transactions as required no finesse or delicacy and he in his turn would come to me for a nickle or a dime when his craving for a drink grew irresistible. Also the scoundrel at one time took to running a liquor bill in my name but although I paid the score of something over ten dollars that he had run up in less than a week, for I had been winning heavily at the time and was in the best of humors, yet I effectually discouraged any such transactions in the future by warning all the bartenders that I would refuse to pay anymore liquor scores for Bill.

It was shortly after this that I read in the paper of the hold up which was bungled so atrociously—for though the footpad got away with the money and a nice little pile of it too, he left behind him what no foot pad of parts would ever think of leaving, a wounded and apparently dying man. This pointed to a novice at the work, and when the next day I found Bill setting them up for the crowd at Pete's I put two and two together in a way that left little doubt in my mind. But I said nothing at the time only thinking that I could use the information on Bill to strengthen

his courage if he ever should show signs of deserting me in a pinch.

That was before I began to lose. But when the luck turned against me and I began to drop my money steadily at the tables it seemed to me that everywhere I looked I saw one of those notices staring me in the face eternally with its tempting offer of "\$1000 Reward" so that the idea began to possess me to the exclusion of everything else that all I had to do to recoup my fortunes was to go see my friend Barney McMann, whose acquaintance I had already made on sundry occasions, when, however reluctantly and unwillingly I had been compelled to consult him on business which concerned myself rather directly and which on one or two occasions had threatened me with a permanent change of residence. I figured that a little information which I could impart to Barney would be very welcome to him and that I would be one thousand dollars richer after the case came to trial. One thousand dollars is not to be laughed at or sneezed at or lightly tossed away and yet, well I had never given away on a pal before not even on such a miserable one as "Whiskey" Bill.

And so when I read the notice of reward above the bar in Pete's place I was sorely tempted and when I turned away with my hand on my mouth I felt my breath come more quickly from my lungs. "Whiskey" Bill was in one corner of the saloon. I watched him as he rose unsteadily to his feet and crossed the floor to the bar. As he lifted his glass

in his shaking hand and put it to his lips, his eyes fell upon the notice on the wall and I thought I saw him tremble ever so slightly. I threw a dime upon the bar and tapped him lightly on the shoulder,

"My treat, Bill" I said, "I want to speak to you."

I led the way into a back room and he shambled after me. The room was a dirty cubby hole lighted by a single flickering oil lamp upon one wall. Beneath it was a square of white paper. I pointed to the black headline, "\$1000 Reward."

"I'm on to you Bill," was all I said.

I was watching him closely and was sure I saw him start. At first he denied the whole thing flatly. Then he began to bluster, to swear, and curse, and even—I laugh now to think of it—to threaten. But I was unrelenting and at last he broke down and blubbered out the whole thing. I laughed. The thousand dollars was now mine for the taking.

That night I made a call on Barney McMann. I pulled one of the reward notices out of my pocket.

"How much of this thousand will you give me tonight," I asked, "if I tell you where you can put your hand on this man? I'm in a hole and I need the money."

"On the level?"

"On the level," I answered.

I had had dealings with him before and he knew that I kept my word.

"Two hundred and fifty now and

the rest after conviction," he said, looking me in the eye.

"Done," I answered. "Send a man around to Pete's tomorrow morning. And don't forget the two fifty," I added.

That night I lost heavily again. When about midnight I finally quit the game in disgust Bill followed me out of the room. In the street he caught up with me.

"For God's sake don't give me up," he whimpered, "I swear I stole the money for my mother, who was sick."

I laughed. If there is anything that disgusts me it is the sight of a man in tears, and I thought the story of his mother was rather a flimsy fiction. So I turned on him fiercely.

"Be a man," I cried, and left him to his whimpering.

The next morning I came down early to Pete's. I didn't by any means want to be too late for the fun. On the corner I saw Evans.

"Confound it," I said and ducked down an alley. Evans held my I. O. U's for something like one hundred and fifty dollars and I didn't want to meet him just then. I thought I would cross down to the next street and go into Pete's by the back way. Just as I came out of the mouth of the alley I heard a great rattling up the street. A window banged down and someone shouted "runaway." Then I heard a scream. I saw an old lady standing helpless in the middle of the street and then a rough looking fellow ran across

to her and flung himself upon her and the two fell together to one side just as the wagon rattled by. Of course a crowd collected at once in the marvelous way that such crowds have of collecting and it wasn't until the ambulance had come and taken the old lady away that I got a chance to see the hero. When I did it was with a shock of surprise. There before me with a thin trail of blood trickling down one cheek was "Whiskey" Bill. He smiled faintly when he saw me.

"It was my mother," he explained as we walked together down to Pete's. "Thank God, she doesn't know me!"

When we arrived at Pete's I found Evans and a blue coat. Both of them were waiting for me.

"How about that one fifty?" Evans inquired loudly.

I turned my back upon him. The blue coat stepped up to me and called me by my name. In his hand he held a long, slim envelope which he gave to me. As I took it I felt the crackling of the bills within. "Whiskey" Bill at sight of the officer had cowered back into a corner and stood there trembling.

"How about that one fifty, d—you!" Evans cried again.

I handed the envelope back to the blue coat.

"Officer," I said, "I can't take the money. Tell Barney McMann it's all a mistake. The man I suspected is as innocent as I am."

MAURICE T. DOOLING, JR. '09.

TO FRIENDS OF FORMER DAYS



EXILES far from home and country
Wanderers from old Erin's shore
Do your great hearts turn with longing
To the happy days of yore,
To that land across the ocean
That sweet isle you once called home
Where your fondest memories cluster
And your dear old comrades roam?

Where the sunbeams kiss the blossoms
And the land seems tinged with gold
Where the lark's sweet morning carol
Calls to duty young and old;
Where the lowly moss-grown cottage
Sleeps in silence on the hill
And the first glad notes of freedom
Caused your youthful hearts to thrill?

Exiles weary and disheartened
Wandering far from Erin's shore
Do your hearts o'erflow with sorrow
As you yearn for days of yore;
For that land across the ocean
That sweet isle you once called home
Where your fondest memories cluster
And your dear old comrades roam?

W. I. O'Shaughnessy, '11.

CHAUCERIAN PAPERS

V

THE CANTERBURY TALES

"The fruit of every tale is for to say:
They eat and drink, and dance, and sing, and
play."

PROLOGUE

On the 29th of December, 1170, the great archbishop Thomas a Becket was slain, at the instigation of the hotheaded Henry II., to the great indignation and scandal of Christendom. Two years after his death, Becket was canonized as a martyr, and a yearly festival in commemoration of his death was ordered by the Pope.

In 1220 the Archbishop's bones were raised from the grave in which they had been hastily interred, two days after his death, and laid with magnificent pomp in a splendid shrine, in the Trinity Chapel of his Cathedral, where, for three centuries afterwards, they continued to be the objects of one of the greatest pilgrimages of Christendom. At the Reformation Henry VIII., who could never tolerate the idea of a subject setting up his views in opposition to those of a King, caused the bones of the saintly Archbishop to be cast to the winds, despoiled his shrine, and had his name erased from the calendar of the English Church. To complete the desecration of Becket's memory, the fine stained glass windows in Canterbury

Cathedral, which commemorated Becket's life, were shattered by the sacriligious soldiers of the Commonwealth. But no dishonour to a dead man's bones can deprive him of a nation's reverence and respect, and Becket's name still reminds us of one of the greatest of the successors of St. Augustine in the patriarchal see; while, looking back over five centuries to the age of Chaucer, we find that a pilgrimage to the Martyr's shrine was the acknowledged duty of the English faithful and made a pleasant holiday to boot.

Men go on journeys for many purposes, and the pilgrims of Chaucer's tales were no exceptions to the rule; a motley group of chance companions united on a common road and with a common goal, but with what different ends! the prioress and the parson to pray; the Knight and his young squire in search of adventure; the friar and summoner to enjoy life; the host of the Tabard for distraction and pleasure, the poet himself to study the ways of men.

So the scholar leaves his books, the monk his cloister and the priest his flock, the physician his patients and the lawyer his clients, the good wife her home and friends. To one the journey is everything, to another the goal—all

fitting into the story with wondrous method, 'wel nyne-and-twenty in a compaignye of sundry folk' with the poet and host, who, in long procession, wend their way from the old Tabard Inn at Southwark, one fine April morning, towards the close of the fourteenth century,

'from every shires ende
Of Engelond, to Canterbury they wende,
The holy blisful martir for the seke.'

The words of Chaucer quoted above show that he counted the pilgrims assembled at the Inn as twenty-nine; and they, when joined by Chaucer and the Host, make the number thirty-one; but the poet himself, as will be shown later, mentions thirty-two pilgrims not counting the Canon's Yeoman who joins them on the road near Canterbury. This slight discrepancy is one of several reminders in the work itself which show that Chaucer died without completing his task.

The idea of a pilgrimage to Canterbury serving as a connecting link to a series of tales is quite Chaucer's own, and is a device that is immensely superior to any other that has been planned; but the idea of stories linked together by a connecting thread of narrative is quite an old Eastern method, and was adopted by Boccaccio in his *Decameron*, produced about a quarter of a century before Chaucer's masterpiece. This tells of seven fine ladies and three gentlemen of rank, who take refuge, in a beautiful garden, from the plague that devastated Florence in 1348. To keep up their spirits and while away the

time, they told each other stories; and, in ten days of forgetfulness of grief and anxiety, each one tells ten tales of amorous adventures, until the century is complete. The stories are in pretty and often witty prose, but are of a dissolute character. In place of these fine ladies and gentlemen of high rank, Chaucer has given us a group of some thirty English people differing widely in station, character and position. "The very form of the 'Canterbury Tales,'" says J. R. Lowell, "was imaginative. The garden of Boccaccio, the supper-party of Grazzini, and the voyage of Giraldi make a good enough thread for their stories, but exclude all save equals and friends, exclude consequently human nature in its wider meaning. But by choosing a pilgrimage, Chaucer puts us on a plane where all men are equal, with souls to be saved, and with another world in view that abolishes all distinctions. By this choice, and by making the host of the 'Tabard' always the central figure, he has happily united the two most familiar emblems of life—the short journey and the inn. We find more and more as we study him that he rises quietly from the conventional to the universal, and may fairly take his place with Homer in virtue of the breadth of his humanity."

Coming now to the Prologue and the Tales themselves, the former an inimitable work of art, we are introduced at that time of year

"Whan that Aprille wth his shoures soote
The droghte of March hath perced to the
roote,"

to the Tabard Inn at Southwark, where Chaucer, about to start on a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Thomas of Canterbury, falls in with a group of fellow-travelers bent on the same journey. Quickly making friends, they all agree to go together and make company for each other on the way.

The list of pilgrims is as follows: (1) The Knight, an old soldier of the Cross, who loved 'chivalrie, trouthe and honour.' He had been at the Capture of Alexandria and had traveled in Lithuania, Russia, and Armenia, besides taking part in many a noble expedition on the Great Sea; when fighting in 'lystes' for the faith in Africa he had 'ay slain his foo', and was besides a true and noble gentleman:

'Of his port as meeke as in a mayde,
He never yet no vileynge ne sayde,
In al his lyf, unto no maner wight.'
He was a verray parfit, gentil Knyght.'

With this brave Knight there came his son, (2) a young squire,

'A lovyere and a lusty bachelor,
With lokkes crulle as they were leyd in
presse,
Of twenty yeer of age he was, I gesse.'

He had taken part in expeditions in Flanders, Artois, and Picardy in the hope of standing well in this lady's grace. His wonderful dress embroidered

'as it were a meede
Al ful of fresshe floures whyte and reede,'
and the songs he could sing, together with his good writing and drawing, were sure to make him a favourite among the ladies.

In attendance upon these two was

their trusty servant, (3) a yeoman, clad in a coat and hood of green, and carrying with him 'a sheaf of pecok arwes, bright and kene,' with a mighty bow in his hand and by his side a trusty sword and buckler, he wore a dagger in his belt and a St. Christopher on his breast, which, along with a hunting horn, completed his equipment.

Next came a dainty nun, a prioress, 'cleped Madam Eglentyne,' who spoke the Norman French of Strafford-at-Bowe. This lady, so well-bred and stately, would weep at the sight of a mouse caught in a trap, and 'was all 'conscience and tendre herte.' With her was (5) a second Nun, her chaplain (or secretary) and (6), (7), (8), three Priests.

Next to the Prioress' party is ranked (9) a Monk 'that lovede venerie,' a fair rider to hounds, a manly man fit for an abbot's place, and more fond of hunting than of books, this fine fellow kept horses and greyhounds, and thought lightly of the rule of St. Benedict,

'by-cause that it was old and somdel streit.'

Why should he be always pouring over books in the cloister or labouring with his hands as Augustine bade? thought this jolly Monk; and so, in the field sports and hunting was his delight:

'He yaf nat of that text a pulled hen
That seith that hunters beth nat hooly men;'

This monk knew how to enjoy the good things of life, and Harry Baily, no mean critic of men, said very truly to him,

'It is a gentil pasture ther thow goost;
Thou art nat lyk a penant ora goost.'

There, too, was (10) a Friar, a wanton and merry fellow. He knew all the taverns in town and every innkeeper and barman, better even than a 'lazar' or a beggar. A master of fair language, his glib tongue was very useful to his order in begging; easy at giving penance, he thought that in place of weeping and praying

'Men mote yeve silver to the poure freres.'

Then came (11) a merchant with a 'forked berd,' in parti-coloured dress, and on his head a Flemish beaver hat. He knew well how to profit by the turn of exchange. A worthy man withal, he lived to trade, and

'wolde the see were kept for anything
Bitwixe Middelburgh and Orewelle.'

Next (12) was a clerk of Oxford; with thread-bare clothes and mounted on a horse as 'lean as a rake,' 'for he hadde gotten hym yet no benefice,' he would rather have had at his 'beddes heed' 'twenty bookes clad in blak or reed' of Aristotle's philosophy than fine clothes or instruments of music. His speech was of moral virtue, and he himself was as devoted to learning and teaching as was the poor parson to the care of his parish.

Then came (13) a wary and discreet 'Sergeant of the Lawe,' who had often been at the Parvys (St. Paul's porch), where lawyers met for consultation; and, though a busy man, made himself out by advertisement to be even busier than he was. He knew every law case and judgment from the time of King William; and, in a plea, could carry all before him; but, among the pilgrims,

'He rood but boomyly in a medlee cote,
Girt with a ceint of silk, with barres smale.'

In the lawyer's company rode (14) a Franklin, (a country landowner, holding directly from the king and so free of feudal service). A disciple of Epicurus, this good gentleman loved eating and drinking, and was the essence of hospitality himself, while

'His table dormant in his halle alway;
Stood redy covered al the longe day.'

Chairman at the Sessions, he had been Sheriff and auditor for his county, while nowhere besides was such a worthy 'vavasour.'

We have now the middle class city element, (15), (16), (17), (18), (19) respectively being a haberdasher, a carpenter, a 'webbe' (or weaver), a dyer, and a 'tapycer' (or tapestry-maker); each clad in the livery of a city company. All were well-to do and their wives liked to be addressed as 'Madame,' while they themselves, fitted to be aldermen,

'Wel semed ech of hem a fair burgeys
'To sitten in a yeldehalle, on a deys.'

They brought with them (20) Roger (or Hodge) of Ware, a London cook, who knew (at times too well) the taste of London ale. He could roast, and boil, and fry with the best; but was a fine rascal to boot. A shipman (21) was there also from the West country who sailed in a ship called the 'Madeleine,' and knew every haven from 'Gootland' (Jutland) to the Cape of Finisterre, and every creek in Brittany and Spain. Many a draught of good Bordeaux wine had he drawn while the

Chapman (merchant) slept; while his conscience in a sea brawl troubled him not, for he sent home all his prisoners by water (i. e. drowned them); more fit to steer a boat than ride a horse,

'He rood upon a rouncey as he kouth.'

A doctor of Physic (22) is described in the words of the host as 'a proper man and a like prelate'; learned in all the lore of medicine from Aesculapius and Hippocrates down to his own day, there was none like him to speak of physic and of surgery, as befitted 'a verray parfit praktisour,' yet he carefully looked after his own health and comforts, and while 'his studie was but litel in the Bible,' he depended for his cures upon his grounding in astronomy, and upon his 'natural magic.' One thing above others he esteemed

'He kepte what he wan in pestilence,
For gold in phisik is a cordial,
Therefore he lovede gold in special,'

The Pilgrimage would have been wanting somewhat in amusing features were it not for (23) Alisoun, the gossip wife of Bath, a bold woman of ruddy complexion, who was dressed in her finest clothes, with scarlet stockings, a wimpler, and on her head a hat

'As brood as is a bokeler or a targe.'

She was an expert in cloth-making, and also in getting the better of her husbands, of whom she had had five;

thrice had she been at Jerusalem, and besides had visited Rome, Boulogne, Galicia, and Cologne, on pilgrimages to famous churches and shrines.

If the friar and the monk among the men represented the lighter side of the of the pilgrimage, the more sober side was well sustained by two brothers (24) and (25), excellent fellows, the one a poor parson of a town, the other a hard-working and good-natured ploughman. The very antithesis of his regular brethren, the friar and the monk, the parson represented the beau-ideal of a parish priest, and in fiction there are few nobler characters than he:

'But riche he was of hooly thoght and werk;
He was also a lerned man, a clerk,
That Cristes Gospel trewely wolde preche:
His parissshens devoutly wolde he teche.
Benign he was, and wonder diligent,
And in adversitee ful patient;

Wyd was his parisshe, and houses fer asonder,
But he ne lafte nat for reyn ne thonder,
In siknesse nor in meschief to visite
The ferrest in his parisshe, muche and lite,
Upon his feet, and in his hand a staf.
This noble ensample to his sheepe he yaf
That firste he wroughte and afterward he
taughte.

A better preest I trowe that nowhere noon ys;
He waited after no pompe and reverence,
Ne marked him a spiced conscience,
But Cristes loove, and his Apostles twelve,
He taughte, but first he folwed it hymselfe.

(*To be continued*)

PERCY PANKHURST, LITT. D., '08.

THE SEA LURE



He kissed me first beside the sea
He wooed and won me on the strand.
The castles that he builded me
Were woven out of sand.

Out of the sea there came two ships,
Dark hulls that thrilled my soul to dread.
He kissed me lightly on the lips.
"I will return," he said.

I wept and clung upon his breast
With loosened hair that floated wide.
The dark ships bore him to the West
And vanished with the tide.

I cursed the ships, the mocking sea
That stretched away beyond the bar,
I cursed the breeze that blew on me
Because it bore him far.

Long time I loitered by the shore,
And watched the wan moon flare and wane
Full many a night. Wild tempest's roar
I knew and driving rain.

Till one wild night without a star
The angry lightning's lurid red
Paints two dark hulls that pound the bar—
“I will return,” he said.

I found him on the sloping sands
When night was paling into day.
I kissed his lips, I chafed his hands,
I knelt and tried to pray.

His lips were cold. I tried to pray.
For blinding tears I could not see.
The waves that bore my love away
Had flung him back to me.

M. T. Dooling, Jr., '09.

CARLO

“WHAT shall it be, shall we walk or take a cab?” asked Mr. Osburn of his friend as they emerged from the California Theater building, on the corner of Geary and Van Ness avenue.

“Oh, let’s walk,” he replied. “We can go to Blanco’s; it’s not far, and the walk will keep us warm. It’s a beautiful night in spite of the cold. Let’s get a move on!”

Without further conversation they walked along Van Ness avenue and then down Ellis street to their destination, and occupied a table in the farther corner of the café.

Mr. Cordon, the younger of the two, was well known here, and whenever his stately figure appeared in the doorway the waiters always eagerly watched for the table he would stop at, each one vainly hoping it would be his, for they knew that the lucky one would be sure to receive a liberal tip.

However, to see him enter, not with his regular friends but with a stranger, tall, dark, and handsome, caused considerable talk among them.

“How did you like the show?” yawned Osburn as he lifted his napkin to hide the gap.

“It seems to have made me awfully tired. I don’t think it’s what it’s cracked up to be, or else they didn’t act it right. I didn’t like that fellow Wadsworth; his actions were too forced. And then again——”

“Oh, I don’t know,” the other interrupted, “I didn’t think it was so bad. You see, it’s pretty hard to get a stock company to put on a Shakespearian play perfectly. The actors aren’t capable of taking the parts. Still, on the whole, I think it was pretty good. I always liked his plays, and “King Lear” was the only one I hadn’t seen, so perhaps that’s the reason why I cared for it so much.”

“Well, maybe I’m a little gloomy tonight. I received some bad news this afternoon.”

Mr. Osburn stopped and shuddered as the thought returned to him. He was about to continue when the door opened and admitted a tall, slender, wiry-looking man, with a very dark complexion. Osburn saw him and their eyes met, but not a word did either speak, although their glance showed recognition.

“Who’s that queer looking fellow over there?” queried Cordon. “You seem to know him. My! but he’s a dangerous looking sort of friend!”

“That is the bad news I received this afternoon, but I have not realized fully what it meant until just now,” he replied excitedly. “My dear Cordon, we have been good friends for many years, although we have seen but little of one another, but I have kept one secret from you, and it concerns that man over there.”

He had gained his self-control by this time, and was talking quietly.

"However," he continued, "I do not intend to keep it any longer. 'I met this man when I was touring in South America trying to find a fortune, and for a long time we were good friends. We worked together, and at last located a mine which was to all appearances deserted. We explored it, and to our great amazement found it to be a rich gold mine. This seemed to put a scheme into Carlo's head, and when we arrived home he argued and begged until I was persuaded to accept a proposition. Now at this time, as I have said, I was none too well off. In fact I was almost despairing of ever becoming a man of society. And it was under these circumstances, with the phantom of poverty looming before my eyes, and the thought of having to work in the streets for my bread flashing through my mind, that I yielded to the proposition which has brought me nothing but sorrow.

We were to go out there at night as often as possible and do the work ourselves, take as much ore as we could and leave the country.

We made our first attack on the mine that night, and as we descended the shaft by two ropes fastened at the top I noticed a sort of shelf, with an iron ring just above it, directly below me. Of course when I reached it I gave it a yank, and, to my surprise, a small square of the rock moved outward. Carlo was at my side when I brought

my hand out of the opening, filled with golden nuggets.

Of course, after two or three trips to the mine, we left the country and sailed for Manila, where we intended, as we did, to exchange as much of our gold as possible for ready money. Here is where the trouble started. He wanted more than three-fourths as a share for having put the thought into my head: Naturally I wouldn't give it to him, and we had hot words. It ended up with a fist fight, and I thrashed him thoroughly.

As he was crossing the threshold of our dwelling he turned, and with awful anger threatened me:

'I'll ruin you some day, even if I hang for it myself.'

Without another word he left, taking with him about \$100,000, which amounted to a little less than one-half our stolen fortune. And since then I have not seen him until to-night.

To-morrow I shall be a ruined man. God knows I've suffered enough from this fear without having it really happen."

"What did you do with all this money when you came to San Francisco?" asked Cordon excitedly.

"When I reached this city," Osburn replied, "I invested my entire fortune, amounting to \$120,000, in two large office buildings near Third and Market streets. They were just about completed when that great disaster of April 18th came upon us and both of my buildings were shaken and burned to the ground. The insurance company to

which I had entrusted these structures went completely out of business without paying a cent. So there I was, busted!

I was figuring out some way to make my living, when who but my uncle should die and leave me another small fortune. At present I have it invested in many different ways, and am able to live comfortably."

"Well, I don't see how——" put in Cordon.

"Until this noon," the other continued, not noticing the interruption, "I have not been bothered, but then I received a most queer note. All it contained was,—

'I am here! To-morrow is your doom!'

Of course it only took me a minute to understand what had happened, and I know that he will stop at nothing."

Just then the personage called Carlo arose and left the room. He did not even so much as cast a glance towards the two who were talking so interestedly.

"Well, let's get out of here," said Osburn drearily.

"That's an awfully strange story you just told me," muttered the other meditatively. "But say, old fellow, if ever you need my assistance in any way, just call on me. I ask that as a favor. Now let's get home."

As they were walking towards the door there suddenly came to their ears the despairing cry of a man. Then followed a panic, the people from without rushing in, and those on the inside rushing out.

"Come on! Let's see what's up! It sounds as though some one must be killed!" Osburn heard his companion call as they were tossed to and fro by the crowd.

When they had reached the street, which a full moon made almost as light as day, and had elbowed their way to the front of the crowd, an awful sight met their gaze. There, pinned under the front truck of an electric car, with only his head remaining out, lay Carlo.

Mr. Osburn uttered a short cry of dismay and then, without a word, stepped forward and picked up a note which lay on the pavement beside the victim. It was addressed to Mr. Osburn, and ready to be mailed. They waited there until the body was removed from under the car and placed in an ambulance. Then they walked to Geary street, and there jumped on a car.

"It's lucky I saw that," said Osburn. "I'll bet it tells how he was going to do me up to-morrow. Poor fellow! We were friends once!"

Once in their apartments at the St. Francis, Mr. Osburn tore open the letter.

"I'll read it aloud, if you don't mind, then you will know what he has to say," and as he unfolded the carefully creased paper, he read:

AUGUST 24, 1908.

MR. OSBURN:—

I leave here to-morrow morning, before sunrise, for South America.

You have most likely received the note which I sent by messenger this afternoon, but the purpose of this letter

is to cancel the other. Just after I had sent it, my sister, of whom I have so often spoken to you, entered the room, and noticing that I was frowning bade me tell her what were my troubles. I had never uttered a word about you to another soul, but I told her all, even to my intention of ruining you, and the very plan by which I was to escape punishment.

After I had finished I was surprised to see her fall upon her knees and beg me to spare you. How long and hard she pleaded you will never know, but in the end she was victorious. It was only then that I found out that you had known her, even before we met.

Now I will tell you the secret which I have ever kept from you. That mine belonged to a rich land owner who lived not far from the spot, but in spite of this I had worked incessantly, during

the night, for many years, piling up my treasure in that little hole. I knew it would be perfectly safe there because the shaft was believed by its neighbors to be haunted, and not even the owner would go near it. So when you came I thought you might change the nuggets for cash, and since the whole amount was far more than I could make use of I had intended to give you about one-fifth for your trouble. It didn't happen as I had expected, and you know the rest.

I will most likely be far out at sea when you get this, so do not hunt for me. However, if we should ever meet again, as full well we may, God grant we may meet as friends.

Your unworthy but repentant friend,

CARLO.

WILLIAM C. TALBOT, '12.

TODO ACABO !

Joven aun, al principiar mi vida,
Fuego ardiente senti en el corazon,
Y fue que al verte hermosa y tan altiva
En mi alma germino loca pasion.

Mas tarde, los terribles desenganos,
Cuando habia logrado ser querido
A helar vinieron en muy pocos anos,
De nuestro amor el envidiable nido,

Todo acabo! mas quedo satisfecho
Pero en nombre del Cielo yo te pido,
Que guardes mi memoria entre tu pecho,
Y mi nombre jamas del al olvido.

Arthur Forno, '10.

THE LUCK OF DESMOND

THE U. S. S. Nantucket had been anchored for five days in the harbor of San Francisco and for five days Walter Desmond had been looking with eyes of longing at the city of San Francisco anticipating pay-day, when with his pockets all a-jingle he would go ashore and do up the town. His eyes sparkled as he thought of the time he would have. He had been waiting for this liberty for six long months, ever since the night in San Diego when he had returned one hundred and five hours over time and tight from liberty, and the captain had said "special fourth class, no liberty for six months." Now his time was up the day after tomorrow and as he turned to go below for the night, he muttered to himself, "Gee! but I'll sure do it up proper."

"Lay below and draw your monthly money!" shouted the boatswain's mate. At last the great day had come—pay-day. Desmond, with a wild shout of delight made a mad rush for the pay office, where, after a short delay, he drew his monthly money, amounting to \$158. Immediately he went forward and put on his dress blues and was then all ready to go ashore. About one o'clock that afternoon the word was passed, "lay aft the liberty party." The Liberty all lined up aft by the port gangway and the officers-of-the-deck proceeded to inspect them. All went well until he reached the luckless Des-

mond. Coming in front of him he stopped and looked him up and down, from head to foot for nearly a minute, and then said shortly, "Desmond, fall out and stand to one side."

"Why sir?"—

"Step out and be quick about it, do you hear me?"

"Aye, aye, sir," he answered, and saluting, fell out and waited until the officer of the deck was through with the rest of the men. Then approaching him, he said, "What's the matter, sir, that I can't go ashore?"

"Matter enough," answered the officer. "Look at that flat cap of yours, fully three inches bigger than regulation allows and the first Lieutenant left strict orders that no one wearing non-regulation clothing should be allowed to go ashore, so I guess that the best thing you can do is to get out of here and go forward."

"But look-a-here, Mr. Birch," said Desmond, "I haven't been ashore for six months."

"I don't care a continental if you haven't been ashore for six years, you can't go today," and with that he turned abruptly on his heel and went aft, remarking to the corporal of the guard as he went past, "see that that man Desmond goes forward."

Desmond stood looking after him for a minute or two and then taking his offending cap off he looked at it. "So I can't go ashore, eh? I *will* by

George! I am going ashore and no two-for-a-penny midshipman is going to stop me either." And with that he turned and strutted forward, his face all crimson with rage.

"What's the matter Desmond?" one of his shipmates asked him that night.

"Can't go ashore."

"Why?"

"Had a non-regulation hat on this afternoon and that monkey's orphan, Birch, wouldn't let me go."

"Well, what do you intend to do about it?"

"Jump ship," he curtly responded.

"Don't you know that that means three month's pay and thirty day in the brig?"

"I don't give a darn if it means thirty years. I'm going ashore tonight." About eight o'clock that evening Desmond saw his opportunity, and slipping quietly over the port boom he dropped gently into the wherry which had been secured for the night. Carefully untying everything he let her go, and Desmond had jumped ship.

Going quickly to the stern of the boat, he crouched there until the stern light of the Nantucket was a faint glow in the distance. He then took out the oars, shipped them, and commenced rowing for the city. The call of adventure was in his blood and at every stroke his heart beat high with anticipation and excitement. At last the wharf loomed up in front of him; with a few more strokes he was alongside and had the boat securely fastened and was off to see the sights. He had

not been long on his way before he fell in with a crowd of his shipmates and the first beer sign drew them as the magnet does the iron. It was not long before Desmond felt himself to be J. D. Rockefeller or the President of the United States. About two o'clock the next morning two of his shipmates, being in a better condition than he, put him to bed, leaving instructions with the Landlord to call him at six.

Bang! Bang! Bang! Desmond woke with a start. What was that? A voice from outside was calling him to get up and dress. He looked around him for a few seconds bewildered and then it flashed upon him. He had jumped ship last night and the last thing that he remembered was that he was shaking someone by the hand and telling him that he was the only friend that he had on earth, and then—oblivion.

"What time is it?" he called out.

"Just five minutes after six" came the answer, "you had better get up if you wish to get back to your ship."

"Alright, I'm coming," and with that Desmond jumped out of bed, with his head aching like sin, large puffs under his eyes, and his throat parched like that of a man dying of thirst. He drained the water from the pitcher that was standing on his washstand and commenced to dress. On going through his pockets he found that he had just seventy cents left, but this didn't bother him in the least for he knew that he had always a place to sleep and another month's pay coming. After having eaten his breakfast, he spent, while on

the way down to the dock, the rest of his money for "eye openers." He got there a few minutes before seven and had not been on the float more than two minutes when an old gentleman came walking down the gangway to the float. Just as he stepped foot on the float it gave a sudden lurch throwing the old gentleman off his balance, and, clutching wildly at the air, he toppled over backwards into the bay. Desmond did not hesitate. Over he went to save him and after a few moments hard struggle succeeded finally in bringing the old man to the float where, leaving him in the care of the bystanders, he went aboard the cutter which had just come in for the liberty party.

As they shoved off for the ship, Desmond got up and looked long and wistfully at the shore.

"What's the matter, Des? got the snakes?" sympathetically inquired the coxswain.

"No, just taking a last farewell look at 'Frisco, 'cause I don't think I'm going to be back there verysoon."

"No, I don't think so either," ironically returned the coxswain, "not after the old man gets through with you. You're sure going to get your's alright."

"Liberty party returning, Sir" reported the quartermaster aboard the Nantucket.

"Very well" answered the Officer-of-the-deck "after the liberty party is aboard, have the boat hooked on."

The steam launch with a cutter in tow, containing the liberty party came

slowly alongside. Among the others who came up the gangway was Desmond, much the worse for his French leave. He was sopping wet, his shirt half torn off his back, and one shoe missing.

"Where did you come from?" queried the officer-of-the-deck.

"Just back from shore, sir."

"What is the matter with you that you are in this condition and all wet?"

"Some old fogey over on the float this morning fell overboard and I went over after him."

"Who gave you permission to go ashore? How did you get away?"

"Stole the wherry."

"You have certainly got gall to say so. Where is the wherry now?"

"Tied up astern, Sir."

"It's a mighty good thing for you that it is."

"Messenger!"

"Sir!"

"Report to Mr. Tozer that Desmond, Seaman, who jumped ship last night has returned and is at the mast."

"Aye, aye, Sir."

In a few minutes the messenger was back.

"Mr. Tozer says to have Desmond put under sentry's charge and have him brought to the mast at the regular time with the rest of the reports."

"Very well. Master-at-arms confine Desmond."

"Well, I guess it means three months pay and thirty days in the brig for you this time, Desmond," said the Master-at-arms as he led Desmond forward.

"Oh, I don't know I'm a pretty lucky

dog, you know, and there's many a slip twixt the cup and lip, you know," glibly responded Desmond.

"Well, we'll see at the mast, but anyway I wish you good luck although you don't deserve it."

"Lay aft to the mast, all you men on the report," shouted the boatswain's mate at eleven o'clock.

"I guess that means you, Desmond," said the Master-at-arms. "Come along."

Desmond was the last on the list when the Captain came to him. He read the charge and looking over his spectacles, he said, "Up to your old tricks, eh, Desmond? Let me see his record, yeoman." Taking Desmond's record he looked it over critically and then said, "this is the third time you have left the ship without permission, so I guess I'll give you a pretty stiff dose this time to see if I can't break you of it."

"Excuse me, Captain, but here is a message for you just received from the flag ship" spoke up a signal boy.

The Captain taking the piece of paper read: "To Capt. Maher. Send Desmond, Seaman, to the flag-ship immediately.

(Sig.) Stirling.

"What have you been up to now, Desmond?" asked the Captain, turning again to the culprit.

"Nothing that I know of, captain."

"Well, I will hold over your case until you get back from the flag-ship. So go forward now and shift into clean clothes and be back here in ten minutes ready to take the eleven-twenty launch.

"Aye, aye, Sir," answered Desmond, and was off. In ten minutes he was back and ready. Not for his life could he imagine what the admiral wanted of him. He had never seen the Admiral that he could recollect and so it was with fear and trembling that he went up the gangway of the Flag-ship. He reported to the Officer-of-the-deck that he had been sent for by the Admiral.

"Oh, yes," said the Officer-of-the-deck, "I had special instructions to send you right down to the Admiral's cabin when you came aboard. Orderly show Desmond to the Admiral's cabin."

Desmond following the orderly with knees quaking and heart in his throat was still wondering. The orderly ushered him into the cabin and as soon as Desmond caught sight of the Admiral it all flashed across his mind. This was the old "fogy" whom he had saved this morning just before coming back to the ship and this was the reason that the old man had been so sharp in his inquiries as to his ship and name.

"So this is the young man who probably saved my life this morning," said the Admiral.

"Yes, Sir," stammered Desmond.

"If there is at any time anything that I can do, don't fail to let me know. As it is, I will see that you are recommended to Washington."

"Thank you, sir, but there is something you can do for me right now, Admiral," returned Desmond, his courage returning.

"What is it?"

"Well, sir, yesterday the Officer-of-

the-deck wouldn't let me go ashore because I had on a non-regulation flat-cap so I took the thing into my own hands and jumped ship."

"That was a very foolish thing to do, my boy, never try to overrun the constituted authority; but I will try to fix that up alright. What rate are you?"

"Seaman, Sir."

"Alright," responded the admiral, turning to his desk and writing a short note which he signed and sealed and handed to Desmond, "Give this to Capt. Maher with my compliments and remember in the future never to put yourself above the constituted authority because it is by obedience alone that things are kept in hand at all."

"Very well, sir, I am much obliged to you," answered Desmond.

"Don't mention it, and let me know from time to time how you are getting along and if there is anything that I can ever do for you, let me know. That is all now, you may go, and try to behave yourself."

"I will, sir," answered Desmond and returning on Deck he reported to the Officer-of-the-deck that he was ready to leave ship.

On returning aboard the "Nantucket" he told the Officer-of-the-deck that he wished to see the Captain. The Captain as soon as he came on deck and saw who it was, "So back are you?" he said, "ready to take your medicine?"

"Yes, sir, but here is a letter the Admiral told me to give to you," answered Desmond.

The Captain broke the seal and read, "Well, of all things," he said, after he was finished, "so you saved the Admiral's life this morning! If you are not a lucky dog there is no one that is. Under the circumstances I will let you off this time and if you can behave yourself for a month I will see that you are promoted to quartermaster. So get out of here now and go forward and see if you can't behave yourself in the future."

"Thank you, sir," answered Desmond.

On going forward he met the Master-at-arms, "what did I tell you," he said, "there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip."

"You lucky dog!" was the only answer he received as he went on his way rejoicing.

L. H. GANAHL, '11.

The Redwood.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE STUDENTS OF THE SANTA CLARA COLLEGE

The object of the Redwood is to record our College Doings, to give proof of College Industry and to knit closer together the hearts of the Boys of the Present and of the Past.

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EDITORIAL COMMENT

The recent agitation of the California legislature over the question of Japanese Exclusion has evoked a storm of comment and criticism from all parts of the nation. Manifestations of interest and concern came even from the zealous Capitol. President Roosevelt saw fit in a special message to our California lawmakers to recommend extreme diligence

and caution in dealing with *this very delicate matter*.

This over zeal on the part of the Capitol, this criticism by our fellow states surprised and pained us. While we do not wish them to think harshly of us for striving to exclude the Japanese, yet we believe we are justified for many reasons, few of which are really

appreciated outside of California. *We* are able to judge from practical knowledge; *they* only from meagre reports. For no other state has mingled so much with the Japanese, no other state has so great a chance of observing their character and their actions, no other state has been their market place and their home.

We hope therefore that if the rest of the nation does not support us in advocating the exclusion of the Japanese from California, it will at least withhold its criticism until fully informed of the facts of this long existing trouble. For the Japanese are a menace to our citizens, to the prosperity of our laboring classes and to the morality of our cities. Surely one sad race problem should prove sufficient. No one wishes another.

We are told to be cautious, prudent. "Be careful or you will precipitate international difficulties." Good advice! But prudence doesn't consist in holding one's tongue forever, while our enemy is growing stronger every day.

And this question of international difficulty! Surely Japan realizes, and President Roosevelt realizes that what California does in this affair she does as an individual state, not as the nation.

However be this as it may, we are, if not cautious, at least long suffering.

Speaking of the Japanese question recalls to our mind the name of Stephen M. White, the man who labored so successfully in the matter of Chinese exclusion, and whose memory is so deeply engraven on the hearts of all Californians.

This great man is pointed out to Californian youths as a noble type of pure, honest manhood well worthy of imitation.

In considering the character of Stephen M. White four traits appeal to us most forcibly: He was a Californian, an honest man, a Santa Clara boy, and lastly a Catholic. As a Californian his voice and council were ever at the service of his native state. Her interest, her success, her betterment was his own. Forseeing the many dangers that would befall California from her close relation with the Asiatic races, his warning voice brought the question before the general public, and procured a remedy for the time. An honest man! What need we say of this? It is already too well known and acknowledged to need any feeble eulogy from us. We all recall, how all the gold of the great Southern Pacific was unable to tempt him to forsake the path of virtue and forget the welfare of his state. As a Santa Clara boy he gave the best that was in him to his dear old Alma Mater; his heart was ever leal and true to Santa Clara. With her always in spirit, hers was the first claim that he recognized, and he at all times strove for her honor and glory. As a Catholic he was true to his God and his religion and his Church. He listened to her voice and bowed his head to her counsel. He was proud of the Faith. No man was ever in doubt or ignorance as to the religion professed and practiced by Stephen M. White.

What else remains to be said of him?

His memory will ever be dear to us, his name will never be forgotten, we will be proud to think that he was a Californian, we will glory in his achievements, and when the present generation has passed away, his name will be handed down to posterity more radiant and fair from the encomiums that will be showered upon it.

We have heard that the Senior Dramatic Club contemplates staging "Constantine" in the early part of May, a drama written by a distinguished alumnus, Charles D. South. With the praises of the great Passion Play, still ringing in our ears, we cannot but predict new laurels and glory for this enterprising society.

"Constantine" is a tremendous undertaking. With five acts, thirty speaking parts and a hundred and fifty different characters on the stage, it is not dissimilar to the great "Nazareth." It is the tale of the final triumph of Christianity in the reign of Constantine, and the total extinction of the last flickering sparks of Paganism.

Several of the alumni who are already known for their past achievements on the college stage will take prominent parts. Among these are Messrs. Peter Dunne, Johnson, Wilcox and Griffith of San Jose, and Aguirre of San Francisco.

To the Senior Dramatic Club we take this opportunity of offering our sincerest encouragement and support in this vast undertaking, confident that they will achieve even greater success than in the past.

And now a word in regard to THE REDWOOD. It were useless to say that we miss Maurice Dooling, the retiring editor and Jack Maltman, the past business manager. Both of these along different lines have given many long hours to THE REDWOOD striving incessantly for that success and prosperity which it now enjoys. To us their names seem linked with that of THE REDWOOD, both having given their best for its betterment. Now at last they have gone; they have left us alone with their example and their teaching. It will be indeed difficult to fill their places. But we hope that their teaching and guidance have not been in vain, and that we may follow in their footsteps.

But to you, Maurice and Jack, we sincerely wish that the same prosperity and happiness which crowned all your labors for THE REDWOOD will follow you through life and bless all your undertakings.

W. I. O'SHAUGHNESSY '11.



The Tennyson number of the *Villa Shield* is quite interesting and instructive for lovers of literature. It gives one

Villa Shield a clear, valuable insight into the merits of this great poet's best and most notable works. Besides this, some of the principal characters of the *Idylls* are truthfully and distinctly criticized. The virtue and purity of Sir Galahad is well shown by a little incident which happened one night at a banquet of the Knights of the Round Table. The characters of Guinevere and Elaine are also clearly portrayed. These sketches are accompanied by a valuable and instructive outline of Tennyson's life. "Crossing the Bar" is assisted by a brief, thoughtful explanation which makes evident its true significance. Besides things Tennysonian, we have the piece, "Opportunity" which presents to us a little thought and a little lesson. Next we have "Winiga", a race-horse story, with the reliable old ending.

The short stories in this month's *Magazine of the University of Texas*, are of medium standing. In none of them

University of Texas

is there much plot shown; still what they lack in plot, they make up to a fair degree in atmosphere and description. "A Leap Year Declaration by Proxy" is quite amusing and lifelike. "And Dame Justice is a Lady Blind" is rather wordy, but still quite readable. "The Jester's Tale" is merely a story with not much point to it. "The Back Slider" and "The Kidnapping of Carew" are both good, although in the latter we feel almost as disappointed at the outcome of the plot as the hero himself. Of the verse in this number, "The Ghost" and "The Thief" are probably the best.

In the January number of the *Holy Cross Purple* we find some fine things, especially among the short stories. "An

Holy Cross Purple Unconventional Meeting" is by far the best. Here is a story we delight in reading. It is

certainly one of the best we have read in any magazine this month. Its style is pleasant and mature and reflects considerable credit on the author. The rest of the stories rank in about the order they are printed. "A Breach of Promise"

is another fine story, deserving only of praise. It is light and amusing,—the kind we like to see in college magazines. "Over the Phone" is a little sketch portraying the troubles and anxieties of the suburban. "Four O'Clock" is one of the dark, cheerless kind which always keeps us waiting for the ghastly, expected blow to fall.

THY NEIGHBOR

Think no harsh thoughts of him though he may look

So cold and proud—thou canst not see his heart;

And those hard lines—O they may make a book

Where God delights to read a saint's high art!

Speak not unkindly though his words be short:

He hath his sorrow pressing down;

Seal thou thy lips upon the quick retort,

Give not reproof, and earn thy patient crown.

Deal gently with him though his way be gruff,—

May not some thorn be turning in his side?

O every man's a diamond in the rough,

Or Christ had never been the Crucified!

—*Holy Cross Purple for Jan. '09.*

SORROW

With quiet nun-like grace

Its hands touched ours,

And from our gardens took

One of the flowers.

Upon an altar dim,

With tears it laid

The blossoms frail that we

Wished might have stayed.

And like a queen upon

A broken throne,

Love in our gardens sat

To mourn alone.

—JOHN McCAFFREY in *The Columbia*
(Fribourg)

ABNEGATION

I am not fair of face to be much seen

And loved where gold in glistering state is throned

Yet with the girdle wherewith I am zoned

Kings have been bound. My broken will I lean

Upon my master's knee: with tristful mien

He trod my thorny road.—Man has condoned

A soft world's easeful ways. I am disowned

Like Hagar, yet discrowned I am queen

And in my stately realms has holy thought

Her fair abode, and at my sceptral nod

Troop good deeds forth, and in my silence

God

Speaks unto me. In vases purest wrought

Of wondrous fragrance sacrificial love

Is hid but its great seal 'tis mine to move.

—*The Columbia*
(Fribourg)

"IN A TAXICAB"

Fare, Miss, the chauffeur softly said;

To a pretty maid named May;

As blushing she hung her head,

Fare, Miss, the chauffeur softly said.

"My heart," she sighed, "is surfeited:

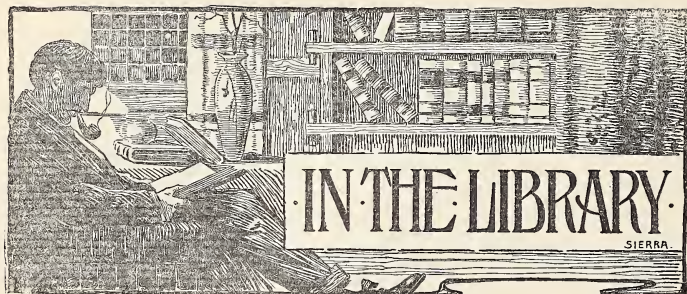
Men call me fair each day."

Fare, Miss, the chauffeur softly said

To a pretty maid named May.

—JOHN H. HEALY, '11
in *The Holy Cross Purple*

GEO. S. DE LORIMIER, '11.



THE SON OF SIRO

REV. J. E. COPUS, S. J.—BENZIGER BROS.

The four hundred and ninety years of Daniel had been fulfilled, and the Jews were in expectation of the coming of the Messias. With this period of history serving as a dramatic hedging, an interesting story is unfolded before us. Siro is a wealthy silk merchant of Jerusalem. Of his three children one is a son, who turns out to be Lazarus, brother of Martha, and Mary, "the great penitent of love for all future ages."

The characters are very well drawn—besides that of Lazaraus and his two sisters there is that of the noble Pathira, a faithful Egyptian slave—they are not mere phantoms that slip past and glide away, but are things of flesh and blood.

Some of the descriptions, we think, are excellent—especially that of Christ before Pontius Pilate, the return of Mary to her brother's household, and the Crucifixion.

It is a good novel of healthy tone, treated in a lively and interesting style.

The illustrations could be improved upon. Price, \$1.50 net.

ROUND THE WORLD

BENZIGER BROS

The fifth volume of the "Round the World" series came to us this month. It is not altogether a book of travel as the title might imply, but is rather a selection of interesting subjects, each treated separately. Interest is found not only in the subjects themselves, but also in the lively treatment of them. Yet, there is, what seems to us a fault, which we can hardly forgive, and that is lack of unity. It somewhat resembles a scrapbook collection of interesting subjects thrown pell-mell together.

The illustrations are very good and are appropriate. It appears under a neat cover. Price, \$1.00.

THROUGH RAMONA'S COUNTRY

BY GEORGE WHARTON JAMES, LITT. D.—
LITTLE, BROWN & CO., PUBLISHERS

That misconceptions should arise as to the reality of the characters of such a famous book as "Ramona" is but natural. People love to picture their favorite heroes and heroines as living beings, rather than to think of them as the creations of the author's imagination. Hence it was that tourists in Southern California often met people who "knew Ramona" and who "knew Alessandro." One feminine creature even went into one of the bedrooms at Camulos and exclaimed: "Oh! I'm sure this was Ramona's bedroom, and here her very own bed," and, throwing herself upon it, she added, with a grunt of satisfaction: "There now, I can say I have lain down on Ramona's own bed."

It is such misconceptions as these, that Mr. James, in his book, "Through Ramona's Country" strives to remove. He has met all the persons now living who furnished Helen Hunt Jackson with material for her famous story, and hence is most familiar with his subject.

Mr. James authoritatively points out what is fact and what is fiction in Mrs. Jackson's fascinating romance. "Ramona" says he, "is pure fiction. Not one of its characters lived.—All the characters were suggested by actual people, and all of them are truthful, though not real."

Besides this he gives much information concerning the Indians of Ramona's country, together with a few of their legends.

In the chapter entitled "Three True Stories of Indians in Ramona's Country" there are three touching stories, especially that of Pedro Lucero, which show the nobleness of the Indian character. "Through Ramona's Country" is, indeed, a very interesting book, written in a pleasing style; a book that should be in the hands of all those interested in Mrs. Jackson's story, or in historic California at all.

The make up of the book is excellent, as are also the illustrations, which could hardly be improved upon. All in all great credit is due both author and publisher. Price \$2 net.

We wish to acknowledge the receipt of the following books:

FROM BENZIGER BROS.

FORGIVE AND FORGET, BY ERNST
LINGERS. \$1 50

FROM B. HERDER

THE PATH WHICH LED A PROTEST-
ANT LAWYER TO THE CATHOLIC
CHURCH, BY BURNETT-SULLIVAN
\$1 50

THE ROMAN INDEX OF FORBIDDEN
BOOKS, BY FRANCIS S. BETTEN, S. J.
\$.35

EUGENE F. MORRIS, '10



Mr. South's new drama will be staged for the first time at the College Theater on May 5. The task is a gigantic one,

Chas. D. South's New Drama for there are more than thirty speaking parts and as many as one hundred and fifty actors will be required on the stage at one time. That full justice may be done this great piece of dramatic art, several of Santa Clara's past "stars" have consented to take part. All who are acquainted with the history of dramatics at Santa Clara will realize what a strong "cast" there will be, when they hear that Wm. H. Johnson, Peter J. Dunne, Harry Wilcox, Chas. D. South, Michael Griffith, and August Aguirre, will appear in leading roles.

That the best future of the Philipines is with the United States, was the trend of Governor General James F.

'77
Smith's S. B. '77, A. B. '78, A. M. '79, Ph. D. '03, annual message to the Islands Assembly. The message in part read as follows: "My last word to the Philip-

inos is that until the great majority, and not a small minority, of the citizens are prepared to make intelligent use of the franchise, until Democratic usages and customs have permeated throughout the population and become a part of the people; the power of unconscionable agitators and demagogues is broken; until education has created a just public sentiment, which specious arguments and false doctrines cannot destroy; until a citizen has not only the power to judge but also the courage to act for himself, the best future of the Islands lies with the land which has given the Filipinos freedom of speech; liberty of press; freedom of worship; the right of the accused to meet witnesses against him, face to face; the exercise of the franchise; the free schools; autonomy in municipal and provincial affairs; the right to participate in making laws, through the assembly and many other rights, liberties and privileges not enjoyed by people which have had independence and national existence for hundreds of years."

Governor Smith also deplores the

growing gulf between the American and the Filipino in the Philippines and strongly urges that they draw closer together and act in unity for the best interests of both. His message sharply criticizes the municipal government of Manila and the municipal police force, the personnel of which, he says, is not equal to that of the house servants of the City.

On the eve of Lincoln's Centenary, we had the pleasure of a visit from one, who, as Father Gleeson said, "To Santa

'78 Clara boys needs no introduction," Rev. Rob't F. Sesnon. Father Sesnon, who first appeared on our College stage as a young student, thirty-three years ago, favored us with several songs and reminiscences of the days he spent at Santa Clara. The Reverend Father's eminent musical talents were thoroughly appreciated by his "fellow students" at Santa Clara College. In fact it was only after a promise to entertain us soon again, that we permitted his departure.

A bronze bust of Abraham Lincoln, the work of Louis F. Auzerais, S. B., '82 was recently on exhibition in San Jose, where it won for its creator much merited praise. The bust in question is one of the first pieces of work to come from Mr. Auzerais' studio, in Paris, where for the last ten years he has been studying under the best masters of the Old World. The work of art was forwarded, we are told, as a centenary gift to his mother.

We recently received a very welcome letter from Mr. Joaquin S. Urrea, B. S., '83, Alamos, Mexico. The following extract tells of a very heroic deed and will be read with interest.

"Jesus Garcia was the conductor of a freight train, which, loaded with giant powder was to go from Nacozari to the neighboring mines. Just as the train started he noticed that one of the wagons had caught fire, and that the burning car was the nearest one to those which contained the powder. Garcia immediately realized the great danger: if the powder exploded, the town of Nacozari would be reduced to ruins, and all its inhabitants buried beneath them.

The engine could not be left alone, because the rails had two and one-half per cent. grade towards Nacozari. Such being the case, Garcia gave out the alarm and ordered every man to leave the train, and then when he was alone, he steamed away to inevitable death.

After the lapse of a few minutes a tremendous explosion was heard, which shook the surrounding hills to their foundations.

The Americans and Mexicans living in the town of Nacozari and the Mexican Government have proclaimed Jesus Garcia a "Benefactor of Humanity", and have commenced to raise to his memory, a monument that will cost thousands of dollars.

The self sacrifice of Jesus Garcia in behalf of his fellowmen has drawn together nearer still the ties of friendship, which already bound Americans and

Mexicans; and my sincerest wish is that such an example should incite in the students of Santa Clara an admiration for this act of Christian valor and confirm them in the belief that the solid basis of friendship is self-sacrifice, patriotism, charity,—virtues which are not confined within the boundaries of any one nation but have for their abode the wide universe."

It is our sad duty to record the death of Christian F. Gerlach, the father of Dr. Frederick G. Gerlach, S. B., '89.

'89 Mr. Gerlach was a true gentleman in every sense of the word and his genial spirit will be missed by the many friends, whom years of residence in this vicinity, have drawn around him. The Senior Class attended in a body the last services held over the deceased, and our

beloved President, Rev. Father Gleeson pronounced on that occasion an eloquent eulogy. Our sincerest sympathy is extended to his son, Dr. Fred. Gerlach, the College physician.

Hugh Gearin, Ex. '98, was a recent visitor to his Alma Mater from Portland, Oregon, where he is engaged in the real estate business.

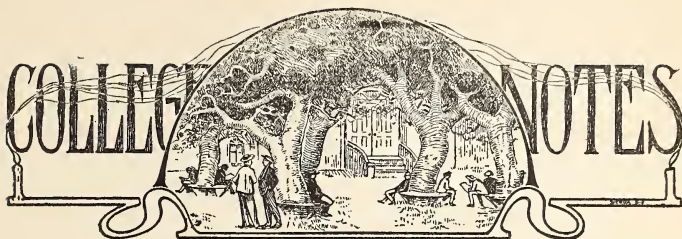
'98 After leaving College, Hugh pitched on the Columbia University nine, where he displayed great form and ability. It will be remembered that it was Mr. Gearin's father, Senator Gearin, who lately won the admiration of all Californians, by his speech advising Oregon, "To stand by her sister state", in the much talked of exclusion acts.

ALEX. T. LEONARD, '10.



JUNIOR DRAMATICS

1. FRANK WARREN; 2. WILLIAM TALBOT; 3. RAYMOND GREEN; 4. EDWARD BOLAND; 5. JOHN A. FEEHAN, Treas.; 6. MURRAY MALLEN; 7. FRANCIS WALTERSTEN, Sec.; 8. REV. C. F. DEENEY, S. J., Pres.; 9. EDWIN MCCARTHY, Vice-Pres.; 10. WM. SHIPSEY; 11. NORMAN BUCK, Serg-at-Arms; 12. FIACRO FISHER; 13. RAFAEL SCHERZER; 14. FREDERICK HOEDT; 15. HARRY MCGOWAN.



Senate

During the month of February the Philaethic Senate was the scene of several very enthusiastic meetings. One of the questions discussed was, "Resolved, That a certain amount of literary work should be required from the students of the Senior and Junior classes of the College, with a view especially to the betterment of THE REDWOOD."

Senators M. Dooling, McCabe and Lyng argued in favor of the resolution, while Senators Hirst, Daly and Ferreira endeavored to prove otherwise. The debate was decided in favor of the affirmative.

At the last meeting of the Senate, held Wednesday evening, February 24, the following question was debated: "Resolved, That all Oriental immigration should be formally discouraged." The affirmative was taken care of by Senators Lyng, Archbold and Donovan, while the negative found itself supported by Senators C. Dooling, McHenry and Maltman. The latter were declared victorious.

The heretofore announced public debate between St. Ignatius College of San Francisco and the Literary Congress of the College has fallen through, owing to the fact that the House of Philhistorians has, for many and obvious reasons refused to sanction the bill proposed by the Philaethic Senate.

The contest has fallen through only inasmuch as the Literary Congress will not be represented in the debate; however, the Senate acting wholly independent of the House has formally issued a challenge to St. Ignatius and now only waits expectantly for a reply, which in all probability will be shortly forthcoming.

Sanctuary Society

On Tuesday, February 16, the St. John Berchman's Sanctuary Society held its first meeting of the present semester, with Mr. Lonergan, S. J., President, presiding.

The primary object of the meeting was to elect officers for the ensuing year. After the last ballot had been cast the following was the result: Pre-

fect, Reginald Archbold '09; Secretary, William O'Shaughnessy '11; Treasurer, Alexander T. Leonard '10; First Division Censor, Robert Browne '11; Second Division Censor, Frank Warren '13; Vestry Prefect, A. Newlin; Sacristans, William Talbot '12, and C. Kennedy.

The next business of the meeting was the reception of the newly elected members into the Society. They were as follows: Messrs. C. Degnan, A. T. Leonard, C. Herbring, J. Thomas, W. Shipsey, H. McGowan, C. F. Kennedy, L. Pope, and J. Reynolds.

College Press Entertainment

On the evening of Washington's Birthday we enjoyed a most pleasant entertainment in the College Hall, given by the members of the College Press staff.

The clever vaudeville performers kept the audience in one continued roar of applause and laughter throughout its entirety. The very air of informality which pervaded all the stunts lent much to the hilarity.

George J. Mayerle, the cleverest comedian in the College, carried off the honors of the evening, although several of the other artists gave him a close run for the wreath. From the minute he turned loose his first side-splitter until he bowed himself off the stage, he kept the audience in the highest good humor.

Patrick A. McHenry made his debut with the College Press troupe and

showed up to great advantage. We didn't realize before that such a modest master of music existed in our midst. Mr. McHenry entertained us by playing a popular air on every musical instrument available in the College with the exception of the bass drum, for Eugene McCahill beat him to it. McHenry's little game of solitaire with the band was truly wonderful, and the vast amount of applause he received was well merited. His next performance will be looked forward to with great expectancy.

Another one of the debutants among the College thespians was Lawrence A. Fernsworth, who gave a clever negro monologue with a very touching moral, entitled, "If it don't concern you, let it alone."

The singing of Rudolph Swall was done in a very creditable manner and was well received.

The remainder of the stunt-artists all acquitted themselves admirably.

The secondary object of the entertainment, the first being to celebrate Washington's Birthday, was to award the prizes for the College Press Beauty Contest. This was done at the conclusion of the program, the first three successful contestants being Ignacio Otero, R. Duncan Murphy and W. Papke Warden, each receiving a handsome loving cup.

Following the distribution of these and various other beauty prizes, Rev. Father Gleeson, S. J., addressed a few words to the students. He spoke in a most praiseworthy manner of the Col-

lege Press' excellent entertainment, and thanked them heartily for the amusement they afforded both the Faculty and students of the College.

Following is the program: Walter F. Crowley, Master of Ceremonies, Introductory Address; College Press quartet, George J. Mayerle, Harry M. Gallagher, Henry S. Howard and Edmund S. Lowe, "Medley of Patriotic Airs;" Lawrence A. Fernsworth, negro monologue; George J. Mayerle, trombone solo; Harry Gallagher and George Mayerle, Dutch clog dancers and imitators; Rudolph A. Swall, vocal solo, "Silver Threads Among the Gold;" Patrick A. McHenry, musicalistic feats on seventeen different instruments; Henry J. Howard, Italian recitation, "The Tamale Man;" three-round bout between John Irillary and J. C. Thomas; referee, Daniel J. Tadich; seconds, Edward J. White and George L. Duffy; time-keeper, Patrick A. McHenry. Selection by College Orchestra.

Rameses II

Things theatrical took a mighty stir in the early part of the month when the day students of the College, under the supervision of Mr. Ryan. S. J., presented to the public a comedy of college life entitled, "Rameses II, or the Night After."

The farce itself was amusingly clever and it was preceded by several vaudeville acts which were very well received. On the whole the performance

was both a creditable and enjoyable one, and much credit is due to Mr. Ryan, S. J., the genial director of the day scholars and the local talent that made the production such a success.

In all, three performances were given, one evening performance and two matinees, and quite a tidy sum was cleared for the day scholars' athletic fund.

In Memoriam

Whereas, God, in His infinite kindness and wisdom, has seen fit to call to her eternal reward the beloved mother of our dear friends and classmates, Arthur J. and George S. de Lorimier,

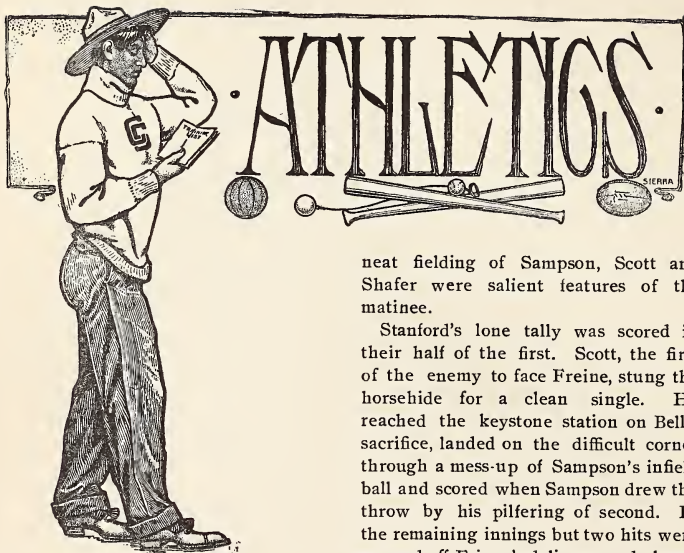
Be it resolved, that we, the members of the Senior and Sophomore Classes of Santa Clara College, extend to our fellow classmates, and to their sorrowing family, our deepest sympathy, and

Be it further resolved, that in token of our sincere condolence these resolutions be recorded in THE REDWOOD, and that a copy of the same be sent to the family of the deceased.

MAURICE T. DOOLING, JR.,
JOHN W. MALTMAN,
MICHAEL F. BROWN,
Committee, Class 1909.

A. C. POSEY, JR.,
W. I. O'SHAUGHNESSY,
SETH T. HENEY,
Committee, Class 1911.

ROB'T E. MCCABE, '10.



Santa Clara 2, Stanford 1

Victory is sweetest when least expected. So it was when Santa Clara's youthful nine returned triumphant from Palo Alto. The seasoned veterans of Stanford had succumbed before the balanced play of Coach Kelly's colts, the manifold forecasts of defeat uttered by the wisecracks of the yard went for naught, and thus the initial contest of the year is recorded on the debit side of Santa Clara's baseball ledger. Freine's superb flinging and heavy slugging, the timely hitting of Peters and the

neat fielding of Sampson, Scott and Shafer were salient features of the matinee.

Stanford's lone tally was scored in their half of the first. Scott, the first of the enemy to face Freine, stung the horsehide for a clean single. He reached the keystone station on Bell's sacrifice, landed on the difficult corner through a mess-up of Sampson's infield ball and scored when Sampson drew the throw by his pilfering of second. In the remaining innings but two hits were secured off Friene's delivery, and eleven cardinal batters drove huge dents in the atmosphere.

Santa Clara's winning points were brought over the rubber in the fourth. Little Shafer rode one of Smith's choicest to center which netted him first base. He arrived at the second bag on Mitchell's miscue, took third when Donovan bunted into safe territory, and registered the first run for his comrades when the Stanford battery erred. At this juncture Freine smashed out his second two-sacker and Donovan scurried across the plate with another score. Nothing more was doing in the scoring

line, but the spectators were kept in a happy mood by the duel between the twirlers and the sensational displays of fielding by Scott, the cardinal's third baseman.

The tabulated score, and how the game was won, is given herewith:

SANTA CLARA

	AB	R	H	SB	PO	A	E
Peters, 1b.....	4	0	3	0	7	0	0
Shafer, c.....	4	1	1	1	12	2	0
Donovan, 3b.....	3	1	1	1	0	0	0
Jacobs, rf.....	4	0	0	0	1	0	1
McGovern, ss.....	4	0	0	0	3	0	0
Freine, p.....	4	0	3	0	1	5	0
Salberg, lf.....	3	0	0	0	0	0	0
Ford, 2b.....	4	0	0	0	2	1	2
Walterstein, cf.....	2	0	0	0	1	0	0
Totals.....	32	2	8	2	27	8	3

STANFORD

	AB	R	H	SB	PO	A	E
Scott, 3b.....	3	1	1	0	2	2	0
Bell, 1b.....	2	0	1	0	9	0	0
Sampson, ss.....	4	0	1	1	3	2	0
Ball, rf.....	4	0	0	0	2	0	0
Ganong, lf.....	3	0	0	0	0	0	0
Mitchell, c.....	4	0	0	0	6	2	1
Cadwalder, 2b.....	3	0	0	0	1	3	0
McGregor, cf.....	4	0	0	0	2	0	0
Smith, p.....	4	0	0	0	2	0	0
Totals.....	31	1	3	1	27	9	1

RUNS AND HITS BY INNINGS

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Santa Clara.....	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	—2
Base Hits.....	2	1	0	2	1	0	0	1	—8
Stanford.....	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—1
Base Hits.....	1	0	0	0	1	0	1	0	—3

SUMMARY

Two base hits—Freine, 2. Base on balls, off Freine, 1, off Smith, 1. Struck out by Freine, 12, by Smith, 6. Sacrifice hits, Salberg, Donovan, Bell. Double plays, Sampson to Cadwalader. Hit by Pitcher—Bell, Scott, Cadwalader. First Base on Errors—Stanford, 2. Left on Bases Santa Clara, 2; Stanford 1. Umpires—Rutledge and Farry. Time of game—1 hour and 30 minutes. Scorer, A. J. Mullen.

Stanford 2, Santa Clara 1

The diamond artists from Leland Stanford Junior University had a different story to relate after meeting their recent conquerors in the second game of the series. The ball field tragedy wrought by the cardinal players was extremely exciting, but the plot was just a bit pathetic. The lads in crimson and white fought valiantly for the crown of triumph, but fickle Fortune decreed otherwise and the visitors from the University smiled under the insignia of success.

The consistent hitting of Sampson, Peters and Freine kept the outfielders busy. The fielding honors fell to the lot of Cadwalader and McGovern. Smith of Stanford was found safely three times in the opening canto, but after that held the youngsters safe from bunching hits. Freine had his wing in working trim and succeeded in mowing down eight of his rivals.

The first run of the battle was scored by Santa Clara in the last of the first. Coon Peters put his trusty club against a fast one and when the horsehide was relayed to the infield Peters was resting on third. He recorded Santa Clara's only run on Shafer's single over short.

Stanford evened up matters in the fourth. Bell raced across the pan, being greatly aided by Sampson's clout.

In the fifth inning Ball breezed home with the deciding run.

A synopsis of the affair follows:

THE REDWOOD

STANFORD

	AB	R	H	SB	PO	A	E
Scott, 3b.....	5	0	1	0	0	4	0
Bell, 1b.....	5	1	0	0	14	0	0
Sampson, ss.....	4	0	3	0	3	2	0
Ball, rf.....	3	1	1	0	1	0	0
Tallant, lf.....	4	0	1	0	0	1	0
Cadwalader, 2b.....	2	0	0	1	2	5	0
Canterbury, c.....	3	0	1	0	6	1	0
Ganong, cf.....	3	0	0	0	1	1	1
Smith, p.....	4	0	0	0	0	3	0
Totals.....	33	2	7	1	27	17	1

SANTA CLARA

	AB	R	H	SB	PO	A	E
Peters, 1b.....	4	1	2	0	11	0	0
Shafer, c.....	4	0	1	0	8	0	0
Donovan, 2b.....	4	0	0	1	2	3	1
Freine, p.....	4	0	2	0	1	1	0
Jacobs, rf.....	3	0	0	0	1	0	0
Reams, 3b.....	3	0	0	0	0	3	1
McGovern, ss.....	3	0	0	1	2	5	0
Salberg, lf.....	3	0	0	0	1	0	0
Walterstein, cf.....	2	0	0	0	1	0	0
Totals.....	30	1	5	2	27	12	2

RUNS AND HITS BY INNINGS

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Stanford.....	0	0	0	1	1	0	0	0	0—2
Base Hits.....	1	1	1	1	1	0	0	0	2—7
Santa Clara.....	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—1
Base Hits.....	3	0	0	1	1	0	0	0	0—5

SUMMARY

Three base hits, Peters. Two base hits, Sampson. Bases on balls, off Smith 1, off Freine, 3. Sacrifice hits, Ball. Struck out, by Smith, 4, by Freine, 8. Double plays, McGovern to Donovan. First base on Errors, Santa Clara, 1; Stanford, 2. Earned runs, Santa Clara 1. Left on bases, Santa Clara, 3. Hit by pitcher, Ganong. Time of game, 1 hour and 45 minutes. Umpire, Wolters. Scorer, A. J. Mullen.

Santa Clara 5, Stanford 2

Under Chief Kelly's guidance and Dictator Brown's observation, Captain Shafer and his Light Brigade bravely invaded the camp of the Cardinal and

decisively put to rout the men of the big S. When the smoke of battle had lifted the score board read: Santa Clara 5, Stanford 2.

Speed Freine shot the Spalding down the alley with his usual deadly effect, and Peters, McGovern, Jacobs and C. Dooling performed strikingly in Santa Clara's nine-act affair entitled, "The Art of Batting." Sampson, the graceful Stanford leader, handled the difficult offerings that came into his territory with ease, and Smith, who relieved the crack Thiele, hurled a masterly game.

Peters was the first man to face Thiele during the engagement. He promptly hit safe. McGovern then stepped to the batters box with fire in his eye and whanged out a long three-bagger. Coon hied over the register, and a moment later Terry came across on Freine's cracking single. Jacobs waded into one of Thiele's pippins and reached first. When Reams laid down a neat sacrifice, Speed tagged home.

Three runs had been registered by Santa Clara in the opening inning and Thiele, the star, had been forced off the mound. In the seventh Donovan hit and advanced on Salberg's sacrifice and journeyed over the pan on C. Dooling's safety. The fifth run was made by Peters in the eighth on his second clean drive, Shafer's death at first and McGovern's long one base whack.

Stanford started things in their session of the second. Freine issued a free ticket to first and was found for a single. A wild throw by Donovan brought Ganong scurrying home with

the Cardinal's first run. Sampson jaunted home with their last run in the eighth. He walked, moved around on loose baseball, and tapped the rubber when a team mate smashed out a hit.

The tabulated score is here given:

SANTA CLARA

	AB	R	H	SB	PO	A	E
Peters, 1b.....	3	2	2	0	6	0	0
Shafer, c.....	2	0	0	0	8	1	0
McGovern, ss.....	4	1	2	0	2	4	1
Freine, p.....	4	1	1	0	2	1	0
Jacobs, cf.....	4	0	2	0	1	0	0
Reams, 3b.....	3	0	0	2	3	1	0
Donovan, lf.....	3	1	1	0	1	0	1
Salberg, 2b.....	3	0	0	0	3	1	0
C. Dooling, rf.....	4	0	2	0	1	0	0
Totals.....	30	5	10	2	27	8	2

STANFORD

	AB	R	H	SB	PO	A	E
Scott, 2b.....	4	0	1	0	2	2	1
Cadwalader, cf.....	2	0	0	1	2	0	0
Sampson, ss.....	4	1	0	0	3	4	0
Bell, 1b.....	4	0	1	0	12	2	1
Tallant, lf.....	4	0	0	0	1	0	0
Mitchell, 3b.....	4	0	1	0	2	1	0
Ganong, rf.....	3	1	1	0	1	0	0
Canterbury, c.....	3	0	0	0	2	1	0
Thiele, p.....	0	0	0	0	0	2	0
Smith, p.....	4	0	1	0	2	6	0
Totals.....	32	2	5	1	27	18	2

RUNS AND HITS BY INNINGS

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Santa Clara.....	3	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	0—5
Base Hits.....	4	0	0	1	0	2	2	0	—10
Stanford.....	0	1	0	0	0	0	1	0	—2
Base Hits.....	0	1	0	0	1	1	1	1	—5

SUMMARY

Three base hits, McGovern, Bell. Bases on balls, off Freine, 4, off Smith, 1. Struck out, by Freine, 8, by Smith, 1. Sacrifice hits, Shafer, 2, Reams, Donovan, Salberg. First Base on Errors, Santa Clara 1. Earned runs, Santa Clara, 5. Time of game, 1 hour and 40 minutes. Umpire, Rutledge. Scorer, A. J. Mullen.

Basketball

SANTA CLARA 27, ST. IGNATIUS 22

The second meeting of the St. Ignatius College and Santa Clara College basketball teams resulted in a splendid victory for the crimson and white quintet. The game was played on the floor of the San Jose Y. M. C. A. Gymnasium and was well attended.

Rottanzi, Mahoney and Buckley livened up matters for the red and blue, while Captain Murphy, Herbringer, Ray and Goetter kept things humming for Santa Clara. At shooting baskets and converting fouls, Captain Murphy excelled. Twenty points for Santa Clara were the outcome of his unerring aim. At the end of the first half Santa Clara led by a large margin. In the second period of play the visitors slowly advanced on Santa Clara's lead, but clever work by Scherzer and Posey prevented a possible tie. Physical Director King of the San Jose Y. M. C. A. officiated in the capacity of referee and gave perfect satisfaction.

The fives lined up as follows:

Santa Clara—Forwards—Ray, Herbringer and Scherzer. Center—Captain Murphy. Guards—Goetter and Posey.

St. Ignatius—Forwards—Giannini and Mahoney. Center—Captain Rottanzi. Guards—Buckley, Dolan and Coe.

Second Division—The League

BY GEORGE BRODERICK

The Second Division league has pro-

gressed very much since its opening last month, and it looks as if it would turn out some star players before the year is over.

The league consists of three teams: the Cubs, captained by Curry, the Seals by Warren, and the Giants by Mallen. With these hard-working captains we are confident that the league will be a success.

Dicky Whelan, the Seal's southpaw, who hails from the town of San Mateo, has proved to be the best pitcher in the league, and if he keeps on showing the class he has shown in the last few games, he will no doubt in two years be wearing a block, S. C. C.

Curry of Point Richmond has the record for base stealing, while Shorty Gallagher leads the batting average. In several of the games Shorty has proved to be a marvel with the stick.

Castruccio, Warren, York, Caffaro, Lynch and Raborg are promising stars.

Giants have been playing in hard luck, and we hope that they will win some games so as to make the race for the pennant livelier.

The teams line up as follows:

	CUBS	SEALS	GIANTS
P	Gallagher	Whelan	H Lynch
C	Broderick	Castruccio	York
1 B	Raborg	Caffaro	Mallen
2 B	Curry	Maher	Sargent
S S	McCarthy	Warren	Whelan E

	CUBS	SEALS	GIANTS
3 B	Shipsey	O'Connor	Rowley
R F	McCormick	Cholvin	Harvey
L F	Neth	Wickersham	Vaughn
C F	Reynolds	Sick	Menager

Umpires, Coach Kelly and Mr. Peters.
Scorers, McDonald and Feehan.

Angelus

The Angelus are now organized and they feel confident that wherever they go they will carry off the honors of the field. At a meeting held last month the following officers were elected: Manager, F. Hoedt; Treasurer, H. Curry; Captain, Warren.

The Angelus lines up as follows: Pitcher, Mallen; Catcher, Broderick; First Base, York; Second, Lynch; Third, Gallagher; Short-stop, Warren; Right-field, Curry; Left-field, Caffaro; Center-field, Maher; Subs, Neth, Harvey.

Games are in prospect with St. Ignatius Juniors, Redwood, Columbia Park Third Team, J. Charles Green Co., winners of the Examiner League in San Francisco, St. Anthony School, East Oakland, and Palo Alto.

Manager Hoedt has worked very hard to secure games and "we are going to win them all," says Captain Warren, the fast man of the team; "the colts are in the pink of condition."

J. MORRIN McDONNELL, '12.



PHILALETHIC SENATE, 1908-'09

Photo by Bushnell

1. Arthur J. de Lorimier; 2. Charles W. Dooling; 3. Edmond S. Lowe; 4. Maurice T. Dooling; 5. Augustus M. Donovan; 6. John W. Maltman, Treas.; 7. Robert E. McCabe; 8. Patrick A. McHenry, Rec.-Secy.; 9. Rev. Joseph P. Lydon, S. J., Pres.; 10. Reginald L. Archbold, Cor. Secy.; 11. Manuel E. Ferreira; 12. W. Howard Lyng, Librarian; 13. James R. Daly; 14. Michael F. Brown; 15. Mervyn S. Shafer; 16. William B. Hirst; 17. Andrew J. Mullen, Serg. at-Arms.

The Redwood.


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VOL. VIII.

SANTA CLARA, CAL., APRIL, 1909.

No. 7

HUMILITY

 *ask Thee, Lord, but for our needs,
We fear Thy gaze that penetrates.
Oh, God, forgive our puny deeds,
Forgive our little loves and hates.*

*Make plain the way that we must go,
And if our lives be fraught with ill
We thank Thee, Lord, that it is so
Because we know it is Thy will.*

Our voices swell in unison,

"It is Thy will. Thy will be done."

Maurice T. Dooling, Jr., '09.

JUST A PAL

TO be young, fairly good looking, to have a good income and to own stylish bachelor apartments in the heart of San Francisco, would, a person should imagine, be enough to make any individual feel quite happy.

Such were existing conditions with Dick Mortimer as he sat in a comfortable Morris chair, a cigarette between his fingers, gazing intently into the empty grate. There was a look of sadness in his grey-blue eyes that one could not quite understand, a sadness that made one wonder what sorrow had left its marks so plainly, and made him old beyond his years. And yet in this seemed to lie his attraction, and drew people toward him for sympathy and affection.

A knock at the door aroused him from his reverie, and on asking "who's there?" as he jumped with a start from his chair, received the reply in feminine voices, "Just pals."

He opened the door and ushered in three girls of different types, ranging in age from nineteen to twenty-two.

"Hello, little pals," he cried as they gathered around him, "what's the trouble to-day? I haven't seen any of you for a whole week, and here you are all in a bunch!" He laughed good humoredly and said, "How will I stand the strain?"

"I hope you are in good humor, Dick," said Coral, the tallest of the three, placing two comfortable chairs

side by side, "as we all have troubles to tell you to-day and I am going to be first." Whereat the other two girls sat down at the piano and began to play, and sing popular airs.

Dick took his seat beside Coral and after conversing for about fifteen minutes she arose to go.

"Thanks, Dick, old pal, I knew you would find a right way out of it for me. I'll go home and tell mother the truth. Dick, you're a dear. Good-bye, girls,—see you to-morrow," and skipping through the door she was gone.

"Come on, Darkie, I will hear your story next, and if looks go for anything, it must be something serious this time."

"It is serious," she replied; "I am almost afraid to tell even my old pal."

"Frances," said Dick, calling to the girl at the piano with eyes just like his own, "play 'Kiss Me Again.' Darkie wants something sentimental to accompany her story."

"Dick, you're simply horrid," pouted Darkie. She then made herself comfortable with sofa pillows on the lounge. Dick sat down beside her, and lighting a cigarette began to make pictures in the smoke, waiting patiently for her to begin her story. Thus in silence they sat for a few moments, listening to the air of a dreamy waltz as it floated across the room.

Dick didn't seem to notice that the girl at his side was playing nervously

with the ends of his tie, until she looked shyly up into his mysterious eyes and said:

"Dickie, please don't scold me too hard when I tell you what I did, will you?"

"That all depends upon what you have done, but I promise I won't be too severe. Now I am all attention, please begin or Frances will get tired of playing."

"I had to work late in the office last evening," she commenced, "so I telephoned mother that I was going to have dinner down town. I went to the B—— and asked for your waiter, and told him that I was alone, and would like a nice quiet corner where I could listen to the music undisturbed. I gave my order and then tried to give my whole attention to the 'Sextette from Lucia' that the orchestra had just commenced to play.

"I don't know just what was the matter, Dick, but I was in one of those dare-devil moods of mine and was dying for some excitement. I lifted my eyes from the menu that I had been toying with only to meet the glance of a pair of laughing eyes of a gentleman at the opposite table, and I simply couldn't help smiling. When I thought he wasn't looking, I looked again with the same result. In a few minutes the waiter brought over a note from my friend with the smile, asking permission to come to my table.

"I don't know why I did it, Dick, but I acquiesced. He came over and sat down just as if he had known me all his

life. We chatted gaily during dinner and he was really very nice. After the small 'blacks' were served I commenced to get ready to depart. On observing this, my gentleman friend offered to take me home in his machine, which I accepted without stopping a moment to think.

"I did my thinking after I was comfortably seated in the tonneau of a beautiful auto, with my newly-made acquaintance beside me, and the soft evening breeze fanning my face. After riding in silence for what seemed only a few minutes, I awoke from my thoughts with a start on recognizing that we were riding through Golden Gate Park.

"On asking my companion what it meant, he politely told me that he was taking me for a little spin before going home. Then one of those things happened, Dick, that resembles the crisis of a play when the hero comes to the rescue of the heroine.

"It seems peculiar that you, who at that time may perhaps have been smoking peaceably at home, should have been my hero. But you were, Dick. I don't know just how it happened, but the little diamond locket that you gave each of your pals at Christmas, with your picture in, got loose from the chain about my neck and lay open at my feet. My friend, on stooping to pick it up, recognized your photo, and after gazing at it intently, said:

"'Do you know Dick Mortimer very well?'

"'He is just a pal of mine,' I replied, 'but he is the best in the world.'

"Then he gave some instructions to the chauffeur and after looking at me with a look like you sometimes give, he said:

"'Little girl, I am just a human worldly sort of fellow, and I don't suppose I have a right to preach to you, but I want to tell you that what you have done to-night is not the sort of thing for a good little girl like you to do. Besides, it's risky, and your good angel may not always watch over you as he has done to-night.'

"In a little while we reached home and I was crying so that I could scarcely say 'good-night,' and thank him for his kindness.

"When he took my hand to say 'good-bye' what do you think he said?"

"I don't know, Darkie, I am not very good at guessing."

"He said," she continued, looking up into Dick's face and showing her eyelids wet with tears, "Tell Dick you met Jack Maitland and that he wants to be what Dick is to you, just a pal!"

Her story finished, Darkie buried her face in the sofa pillows and burst into tears.

Dick puffed silently at his cigarette and allowed her to cry till her heart was satisfied, when, sitting up, she dried her swollen eyes and said:

"Why don't you scold me, Dick?"

"I don't think it necessary, little pal. You have had an experience that will teach you better than all the preaching

in the world, and I hope you won't forget."

Darkie stood up, and offering both hands to him, said:

"I don't know how to thank you for your kindness and care during these two years of our friendship. Perhaps some day——"

"Don't try," Dick interrupted, rising and putting his hands on her shoulders.

"All I ask of you is to be a good little girl, and say an occasional prayer for a fellow you know as 'just a pal.' Now run along and do your shopping and call back for Frances in an hour."

She went to the door, and halting on the threshold remarked, as she glanced slyly at Frances:

"I wonder, Dick, if you will ever be anything to any girl except a pal,"

He walked over to the fireplace, flicked the ashes from his cigarette and said, "I wonder!"

The evening shadows were now stealing gently through the open window, and the soft breeze brought with it the scent of roses. Still the girl at the piano played softly on.

Dick, leaning carelessly on the mantle waited till the last chord had died away, then he broke the silence. "Well!" he said.

At the sound of his voice she whirled round on the piano stool.

"Well!" she replied.

"Haven't you got any troubles to tell, Frances?"

"You've had enough troubles for one day," she said, jumping up and taking him by the hand. "Now you sit right

down in the Morris chair, while I'll sit down right here at your feet, and then you'll tell me a story."

"Do you mind if it's sad?" Dick asked.

"No, I like sad stories; somehow they always remind me of you."

He smiled and took a cigar from his case.

"Let me see," he said reflectively, "to-day is St. Patrick's Day. It is just two years ago to-day that a worldly sort of fellow met three girls at a dinner in a pretty little home across the bay. They had a jolly time at dinner and this worldly fellow admired these girls very much, especially one in particular. After dinner was over and he had smoked his usual cigar, he went in search of this particular girl, and having found her they sat on the lounge and it wasn't long before that same little girl had trustingly told him her life story."

"Please go on," Darkie whispered.

"Well, although he was a hardened man of the world, he had a heart somewhere, and that same day he lost it to that dear little girl. That's two years ago, and he never let her know because on leaving, that evening, she had come to him and said, in her trusting, childish way:

"Dick, if I may call you that, I want you always for just a pal."

"And so for two long years he has been silent about his love, and no one

knows what a fight it has been but himself, and now he's tired of fighting, so to-night——"

The girl at his feet had risen to her knees now and placed her finger on his lips.

"Don't," she said, "I understand. That story is our story."

"Yes," he replied, taking her face between his hands, "and now I want you to look right into my eyes and tell me if I have a chance."

A silence, in which you could only hear the gentle whisper of the breeze, elapsed before she lifted her eyes to his and said:

"No, Dick, not a chance."

The man's sad eyes became sadder, his face was despair itself, and in those few seconds he seemed to have aged years.

Her heart, full of sympathy, went out to him when she saw the mark her words had left upon him, and rising gently she put her arms around him and said:

"Dickie, I didn't mean to make you love me. I'm sorry, so sorry."

Then the *man* rose uppermost within him, and with an attempt to smile he arose, and taking both her hands in his, said:

"Forgive me, little girl. I have been a sentimental fool to-night, and somehow I forgot that I was 'just a pal!'"

DESMOND B. GALLAGHER, '12.

THE PROSPECTOR



IS a grassy tent stretched o'er him
And the poppies bloom above
While the lilies bending o'er him
Weep their dewy tears of love.

Standing guard above his bower
Is a single mossy stone—
'Cross its face there climbs a flower
Clinging to the word, "Unknown."

There the wild bee mourning o'er him
Sadly hums a lullaby,
While she drains the flowers o'er him
And the breezes softly sigh.

He's alone upon the mesa
But his God is watching nigh
Though he sleep upon the mesa
Sentinel stars watch from the sky.

Not was his of earthly glory,
But the wild things mourn their own—
Though his name rest not in story
It has found a purer throne.

Not was his the tended bedside
Nor companion's sigh at death,
Couch was his, the grassy hillside
Where the vultures wait for death.

Vultures saw the dyed grass stooping
With the life tide of his breast—
Vultures saw him stricken, drooping
Drooping to eternal rest.

Coyotes watched him in the darkness,
 Cowards waiting for his doom—
But his body, not yet lifeless
 Chilled and stiffened in the gloom.

Yet the feeble spark still fluttered
 As the full moon climbed the sky
While the feeble moans he uttered
 Seemed a prayer that he might die.

Then there came a low soft swishing
 As of horses treading grass
And a man's voice softly singing
 To the night winds as they pass.

Madly up the wanderer started
 With a wild light in his eye
From his throat a hoarse cry startled
 All the echoes to reply.

Then he staggered weak and weary,
 Faint his ear caught a reply,
Saw a home and fireside cheery
 Swim before his glazing eye.

Then he fell upon the greensward
 As his wound broke forth afresh
And his soul sped swiftly homeward
 From its prison in the flesh.

Now he's throned upon the mesa
 With the wild things weeping nigh—
On the fragrant, grassy mesa
 There beneath the western sky.

One rude stone stands guard above him
 With the single word, "Unknown",
At his head and bending o'er him
 Clings a flower to the stone.

Norman Buck, '12.

CHAUCERIAN PAPERS

V

THE CANTERBURY TALES (Continued)

The strong antithesis which Chaucer brings out between the poverty and humility of the secular priest and the luxuriance of the monk, the arrogance of the friar, and the insolence of the pardoner, is kept up in the character of the ploughman whom Chaucer makes the parson's brother. He is a true husbandman, living in peace and perfect charity with his neighbours and loving God with all his heart, one that would thresh, dyke, or delve for any poor fellow in misfortune, freely, for Christ's sake, reminding us of that Piers Plowman whom Langland before had identified with the Redeemer.

After these comes a varied group (26) a Reeve, (27) a miller (28) a Summoner, (29) a Pardoner, (30) a Manciple, (31) Chaucer himself.

The reeve, or lord's steward, was a slender choleric man with long thin legs, and a head shorn like a priest's. He hailed from a town in Norfolk called Baldeswelle and could look well after his lord's cattle and sheep, knowing well how to manage so that he could not be tripped up in his accounts; for when these had to be presented to his master he put down to bad weather the loss of corn stolen by himself. He knew how to purchase better than his

lord, and was even rich enough to make him an occasional loan: for he knew how to buy and sell in the markets so as to have enough for himself and something over.

The miller was a short-shouldered thick-set knave, with a mouth as wide as a 'forneys,' a spade-shaped beard as red as a fox's, and a big nose with a wart on the end of it surmounted by a tuft of red hair. A stout churl, he could burst open a door by ramming it with his head, but his talk was mostly of 'synne and harlotries.' He could play well on the bagpipes and piped the pilgrims out of town.

The 'gentil Maunciple' was purveyor to an inn of court, buying all the victuals for his corporation; so wary was he that though

"Of maistres he mo than thries ten,
That wenen of lawe expert and curious,"

and, though there were a dozen of them in that house that were fitted to be steward to any nobleman in England, yet 'this Manciple sette hir aller cappe,' i. e. befooled them all. The Summoner, whose duty it was to summon delinquents before the Ecclesiastical courts, was a grotesque man, hot and lecherous as a sparrow. His fiery red cherubim's face, with the 'knobbes sittynge

on his chekes.' his black scabby eyebrows and scanty beard, formed a visage of which children were afraid. A man fond of good-living and who often looked upon the wine when it was red, so clever was he in exacting fines from people brought before the Archdeacon's court, that the words of the Friar's tale regarding an Archdeacon well applied to him;

'For smalle tithes, and for smal offrynge,
He made the peple pitously to synge,
For er the bisshope caughte hem with his hook,
They weren in the erchedeknes book,'

With the Summoner there rode a 'gentil Pardoner,' his friend and comrade 'of Rouncivale' (probably the name of some confraternity), lately returned from Rome 'bretful of pardon.' With glaring eyes like a hare's, a face innocent of any beard, yellow hair all smoothed down, and a voice as small as a goat's, he was, however, a master of his craft. Wonderful relics he brought with him—a pillow-case, said to be a part of Our Lady's veil, a piece of the sail of the ship from which St. Peter went forth to meet Our Lord on the sea, a brass cross, full of stones.

'And in a glas he hadde pigges bones.'

With relics like these it is not to be wondered at that he was able to gain more money in a day than the parson got in two months.

Then we have Chaucer himself and last of all, but by no means least, 'Oure Hooste' of the Tabard, Harry Bailly, a stout well-set-up fellow, bright-eyed, manly, bold of speech, who had a shrew

of a wife. He gave the Pilgrims an excellent supper on their arrival at his Inn, in Southwark, and when they had all paid their reckonings, jested merrily with them, calling them the best company of pilgrims that had been at his house that year; and, if they would listen to his plans, he would undertake that they should all have a merry time. The good host's plan was this: he would accompany them on the road to Canterbury as their guide; and, to shorten the journey, each of the pilgrims should tell two tales of adventure on the way there and two on the return journey; while the one who told the best tales should have a supper at the Tabard Inn, at the expense of all the rest. If anyone gainsaid the host's judgment he should pay 'al that we spenden by the weye.' To this all agreed, appointing the host their governor and judge and the reporter of their tales. Wine being brought, the pilgrims drank and then retired to rest.

THE PILGRIMAGE

Early next morning, the host aroused the pilgrims, it being the 28th of April (7th May N. S.) when the length of the day would be about 15 hours, and gathering his flock together, they all rode forth slowly to the 'wateryng of St. Thomas,' a brook on the Canterbury Road about two miles from the Tabard, and close beside the hospital of St. Thomas the Martyr, at Southwark. Here the host reminds the company of their pledge and draws 'cuts' to decide who should tell the first tale. The

shortest cut falls to the Knight, who straightway begins his tale of Palamon and Arcite and their love for the beautiful Emily.

Long ago, as old stories tell, there was a great Duke of Athens called Theseus. He had conquered many countries, among them that of the Amazons, and had married Ypalita (or Hypopolita) their Queen, whom with much glory he brought home to his own country along with her young sister Emily. As they drew near to Athens, the conquering Theseus riding at the head of his troops, he became aware of

'A compaignye of ladyes tweye and tweye,
Ech after other, clad in clothes blake;

kneeling in the highway and making great lamentation, The cause of their distress being sought, they explained that Creon, King of Thebes, had slain their husbands and was causing the gravest dishonour to be done to their bodies. Without another word, Theseus turned his steps and those of his army towards Thebes, sending Hippolyta and Emily home to Athens. Duke Theseus attacked and took Thebes, slew the monster Creon, and returned to the ladies the bones of their husbands.

After the pillage was over there were found two young Knights, lying wounded among the slain. These two were Palamon and Arcite, kinsmen and bosom friends, and moreover of royal blood. These Theseus commanded as prisoners to Athens, where they should spend their lives in prison. Arrived there, their plight was most piteous; for, from being treated as princes, they were

now unhappy prisoners, with no hope but death to secure their release. So days and years passed, until one May morning Palamon from his window saw the fair Emily walking in the garden of the Castle,

'fressher than the May with floures newe;'

The sight of this fair lady smote Palamon through the heart, and caused him to cry aloud. The cry aroused Arcite, who, looking out and espying Emily, was struck with the same passion as Palamon. And now, alas! these two friends were divided. Love had parted them and stirred up bitter strife within their breasts. Then, one day, there came to Athens a certain Perotheus, a friend of Duke Theseus, who had also known Arcite in Thebes. Perotheus, seeing Arcite there, could not rest until he had begged liberty for him from the Duke; and so a pardon was granted Arcite, on condition that he should leave Athens and never more return on pain of death.

But Arcite away was more miserable than Arcite in prison. Love held him captive; and, when he returned to Thebes, he could only think of his lady far away, while the memory of his prison seemed to him like the memory of a little home where he had loved and been happy. Then the god Mercury appeared to him in a dream, saying—

"To Athenes shaltow wende
Ther is thee shapen of thy wo an ende."

On awakening, Arcite determined at once to go to Athens, disguising himself as a poor man. Accompanied by a

quire, clad like himself, he offered himself at the gates of the palace to do any menial work. He was accepted as a servant in Emily's household, and did so well that everybody liked him. By and by Theseus raised him up to be an Esquire, and then three years passed. Meanwhile Palamon had been spending seven long years in prison enduring untold miseries and loneliness. By the aid of a friend he at last escaped and fled from the city into a grove, where he lay in hiding. Next morning, a beautiful morn in May, who should come riding out but Arcite, now Theseus' chief esquire. Presently Arcite began talking to himself, bewailing his fate as a royal prince at having to be disguised and to serve Theseus; and then, referring to his love, exclaimed:

'Ye sleen me with youre eyen, Emelye
Ye been the cause wherfore I dye.'

Thereupon Palamon, seized with rage, overhearing, darted out of the thicket and denounced Arcite as a traitor for deceiving Theseus, and declared hotly he should either cease loving Emily or die. These two whilom friends arranged forthwith a duel for the morrow, Arcite supplying Palamon with food and drink to sustain him in his hiding place, and weapons for the fight.

On the next morning Duke Theseus and Hippolyta, along with the beautiful Emily dressed all in green, and a great company of lords and ladies, went out hunting. As they rode through the grove, lo! Arcite and Palamon fighting like two boars.

'The brighte swerdes wenten to and fro
So hidously, that with the leeste strook,
It semed as it wolde fille an ook '

Without more ado Duke Theseus spurred on his horse, rode between them, and separated the combatants, asking what it all meant. Palamon spoke, and told the true story of them both; how they both loved Emily, how he himself had escaped from prison, and how Arcite had deceived the Duke. Then Hippolyta and Emily, and all the ladies, began to weep and beg Theseus to have mercy; for Theseus had declared they must both die. At length his anger was assuaged,

'For pitee renneth soone in gentil herte,'

and, at the request of his queen and her sister, Theseus forgave them both, declaring that each should go away for a year, and should return each with a hundred knights; and there in a tournament they should try their skill, while the lovely Emily should be the prize of the conqueror.

During the year's interval Theseus prepared a grand theatre, the stone walls of which were a mile in circumference. Inside were seats arranged in sixty tiers, with all the preparations for a grand display. At the east and west ends were gates of white marble, dedicated to Venus and Mars, and, to the north, an oratory in honor of the chaste Diana. Palamon and Arcite, on their part, were very busy, and in a state of considerable excitement.

They arrived at length in due time in Athens, where each was housed accord-

ing to his rank, while feasting was the order of the day. Palamon sought the help of Venus to aid him in the contest, Arcite that of Mars. Each thought himself favourably answered, and prepared for the combat with good will. Emily sought the aid of Diana, praying to be allowed to remain a maid. But Diana appeared to her and told her she was fated to marry one of the two men.

When at length the great day came, the huge building was crowded with eager spectators. The Duke, the Queen, fair Emily, and all the elite of Athens were there. Soon the trumpets and clarions rang out and the fight began:

"In goon the speres ful sadly in arrest;
In gooth the sharpe spore into the syde.
Ther seen men who kan juste and who kan
ryde;
Ther shyveren shaftes upon sheeldes thikke;
He feeleth thurgh the herte-spoon the prikke.
Up spryngen speres twenty foot on highte;
Out gooth the swerdes as the silver brighte;
The helmes they to-hewen and to-shrede.
Out brest the blood with stierne stremes rede;
With myghty maces the bones they to-breeste,"

At length, as Palamon fought hand to hand with Arcite, Palamon is captured.

'Hoo! namoore, for it is doon!' cried Theseus, seeing this. 'Arcite of Thebes shall have Emelie, that by his fortune hath hire faire y-wonne.'

Alas! as Arcite was riding round as victor his horse threw him badly, and poor Arcite lay as one dead. Carried off to Theseus's palace he lay moaning through the night, and then passed away, having with his last breath be-

queathed his bride to Palamon, and they lived together long and happily.

When the Knight's tale was done every one praised it for a noble story; and the host, who was about to draw lots again, was prevailed upon by the miller, already quite drunk, to let him tell his tale; and so the miller told a churl's tale of a carpenter, his wife Alisoun, and a clerk 'cleped hende Nicholas,' and we may feel sure that while this and other churls' tales were being told, the prioress and her retinue rode some way off.

Chaucer has adopted his Knight's tale from Boccaccio's 'Teseide'. It is the longest of the Canterbury Tales, and the descriptions of the Temples of Mars, Venus, and Diana, are among the most famous lines he has written. No originals to the Miller's, the Reeve's, the Friar's, the Sompnour's, or the Cook's tale have been found, and they are evidently the product of the poet's own imagination. They fit the character of those who told them, and no doubt pleased those of their class who heard them; let those who do not like them follow Chaucer's own advice to

'Turne over the leef and chese another tale.'

After the miller had finished, the Reeve said he would tell a tale. His story was about a Cambridge miller who always tried to cheat in measuring out his corn, but was himself badly cheated by a couple of students in a more serious way than by a false measure.

The cook then told his tale of a

young London apprentice, but of this we have only the commencement.

Time, however, was passing. When the Reeve was about to tell his tale the company was reminded that Deptford was in sight, and that already it was 'half wey pryme.' As the company were to sleep at Dartford that night, a town some fourteen miles further on, it is evident that, after the cook's tale, there is a considerable hiatus in the first day's tales, since they conclude with the Cook's story. We can only surmise that the five burgesses, to whom no tales are assigned, were intended to be narrators for the rest of the afternoon. By that time it would have been about 6 P. M., and the pilgrims would have finished their first day's journey of some sixteen miles, supping and sleeping at Dartford (the writer's birthplace), where still stands a fine church, containing a chapel dedicated to St. Thomas of Canterbury.

The second day the pilgrims rose, and probably dined where they slept, as between Dartford and Rochester, the second day's journey, was no town of any size, so that a start was made about 10:30 a. m., the time being reckoned by the host from the length of the shadow cast by trees and other objects, while casual mention is made of the date—the 18th of April. The host reminds the travellers that a fourth part of the day being gone, they ought to lose no time, and calls upon the Man of Law to 'telle us a tale anon.' "I can tell no thrifty tale," he says, for Chaucer

'Hath seyde hem in swich Englishsh as he can'.

giving a list of Chaucer's efforts, and if he tells one it is 'with hawebake,' (i. e. poor stuff) nevertheless, he will do his best, and forthwith begins the charming tale of Custance—to illustrate the noble quality of Fortitude.

The daughter of the Emperor of Rome, Custance's praise was heard everywhere, throughout the East, on account of both her beauty and her goodness. Given in marriage to a Sultan in consideration of his conversion and that of his lieges to Christianity, she starts off with a grand retinue for her new home. Here the intense jealousy of the Sultan's mother brings about a great massacre in which the Sultan himself and all the other Christians are killed, save Custance, who is sent to sea in an open boat. Into this they placed her with all the treasure she had brought, and a great store of food and clothes. Alone upon the deep, she implores divine protection from Christ and his holy cross.

'Yeres and dayes fleteth this creature
Thurghout the see of Grece unto the straye
Of Marrok, as it was hire aventure
On many a sory meel now may she bayte;
After hir deeth ful often may she wayte.
Er that the wilde waves wol hire dryve
Unto the place ther she shal arryve.

Three long years buffeted by the waves, her ship is cast ashore at last on the coast of Northumberland. Here the constable of the neighbouring castle, hearing of the wreck, arrives upon the scene and finds this poor lone woman with all the treasure. Upon her knees she implores the constable's mercy.

A kind of corrupt Latin she spoke, but the constable understood her and took her home to good dame Hermengyld, his wife. In their home she spent some time, being always gentle and patient, and very diligent, while everyone got to love her. The constable and his wife were pagans, as were most of the inhabitants of that northern land, but through the instrumentality of Custance, they became converts of Christianity. But, if Custance thought she had found peace, she was mistaken; for a young Knight of the place fell in love with her, and, when she spurned his intentions, broke into the house one night, when Hermengyld and Custance were sleeping, slew the former and lay down the blood-stained knife beside the latter. The trial of Custance followed. As the young Knight was about to swear to Custance's guilt upon the Holy Gospels, a mysterious hand struck him down and a voice cried:

'Thou hast desclaundred giltelees,
The doghter of hooly chirche in heigh presence;
Thus hastou down, and yet I holde my pees'.

Thus Custance's innocence was proved, and the wicked knight was slain. So moved was he with her pity for the young knight's fate, that King Alla, who was presiding over the trial took Custance and married her. Everybody rejoiced except the king's wicked mother Donegild. And then it happened that, when Custance was expecting to become a mother, King Alla had to go to battle against Scotland. Soon afterwards a son was born and a messenger hastened away with the joyful

news to the King. On the way the man stopped at Donegild's Castle. Here he was made drunk while the wicked woman changed his letter for another, in which it was stated that the queen was delivered of a monster—a 'fiendish thing'. The King, an excellent husband, though greatly grieved, expressed himself 'Christ's will be done,' and sent back word that his wife was to be kept safely till his return. But the King's messenger halted again at Donegild's castle, the letter was taken from him by the same means as before, and an order substituted in which the constable was told to place Custance and her little son in the same vessel as she had arrived in, with a supply of food and drink, and to push it off to the open sea. Now, woeful indeed was Custance's plight, and Chaucer has indeed drawn a pathetic picture, as he describes her, when

'Her litel child lay wepyny in hir arm,
And knelynge, pitously to hym she seyde,
'Pees, litel sone, I wol do thee noon harm!'
With that hir coverchief of hir heed she breyde,
And over his litel eyen she it leyde,
And in hir arm she lulleth it ful faste,
And into hevene hire eyen up she caste.'

Meanwhile King Alla, on reaching home and discovering his mother's treachery, slays her in his wrath; and then making an expiatory pilgrimage to Rome, when stricken by remorse, whom should he find there but his own Custance and her little son. Their ship had been cast up by the waves not far from her old home. In the Emperor's presence they met, and to tell the joy

of all the three would be impossible. So King Alla and his wife returned to England; but alas! joy is short, for after about a year Kind Alla died, and Custance returned to her friends in Italy, where

'In vertu and in booly almus-dede
They lyven alle, and never asonder wende
Til deeth departed hem this lyf they lede,'

The host praises this for a thrifty tale; and, with an oath calls upon the Parish Priest for another.

The Parson reproves the landlord for his swearing; and, with more strong language, exclaims, "I smelle a Loller in the wind." No Lollard shall preach to them, declares the shipman, to 'sprengen cokkel in our clene corn;' and straightway tells a tale himself. This was the story of a monk Don John and a merchant's wife from St. Denys. While the shipman is telling his tale we may seek Chaucer's authority for his Man of Law's tale. The story itself is derived from the Anglo-French Chronicle of Nicholas Trivet, a Dominican Friar, who wrote a number of Commentaries on books popular in the Middle Ages; but the language of the piece is Chaucer's own, and, while he takes some 700 lines from Trivet's Story, he adds some 350 of his own. In addition a few of the stanzas are adapted from the 'De Contemptu Mundi' of Pope Innocent III.

The Host addresses a few words to the pilgrims, by way of tacking on a moral to the Shipman's tale,

'Draweth no Monkes moore unto youre in,'
is his advice; then, turning to the gen-

tle prioress, the host requests her to tell the next story. Beginning with an invocation of the Deity, taken from the eighth Psalm, and another to the Blessed Virgin, she favours the company with the story of a little chorister murdered by Jews in Asia, for singing the 'Alma Redemptoris Mater;' how that after his throat was cut this little child still persisted in singing, until the abbot, after mass, removed a grain from off his tongue, leaving the little one to pass away. When the prioress' touching recital was done even the most hardened among the pilgrims felt sobered, until the host began again to talk, and then, addressing Chaucer, calls upon him for the next tale:

'Sey now somewhat, syn oother folk han sayd;
Telle us a tale of myrthe, and that anon.'

Chaucer thereupon begins the absurd Rhyme of Sir Thopas, a parody on the long-drawn-out romantic tales then in fashion, and 'intended to ridicule the "palpable gross" fictions of the common Rimer of that age, and still more perhaps the meanness of their language and versification.' (Tyrwhitt).

Chaucer had not gone on far when the host cut him short, 'Na moore of this!' 'Tell us something in prose,' are his words, and then the Tale of Melibeus, a long sustained allegory on the virtue of prudence, is given as the poet's second attempt.

This very long dissertation is taken from John de Meung's French version of the Liber Consolationis et Consilii of Albertano of Brescia, composed circa 1328. (Pollard).

(To be continued)

PERCY PANKHURST, LITT. D., '08.

BLUE EYES

TO M. D. F.

YES that laugh and dance in glee

Cast a look of joy on me

For I'd fondly come to thee,

Blue eyes.

Eyes that burn with love divine,

Cheeks as red as rare old wine,

Thou'rt indeed my earthly shrine,

Blue eyes.

As in a vision do I see

Two blue eyes glance tenderly—

Tell me, do they gaze on me,

Blue eyes?

When from depths of azure blue

Speak your eyes of a heart so true

Gladly my life I'd give for you,

Blue eyes.

Seth T. Heney, '11.

THE DEBUT OF "PITTSBURG" WILLIAMS

M R. Stanley Russell, the millionaire proprietor of the New York *Examiner*, emerged from a pile of papers on his desk long enough to lend a semi-attentive ear to an office boy who had just entered the door, imparting the information that Mr. Williams wished to see him.

"Who is Mr. Williams?" he asked.

"Why, he's a new reporter, sir," said the boy.

"Well, what's he coming to me for? Can't he see the managing editor?" queried Mr. Russell.

"No, sir, he says he's got something important and he's got to see you."

"Very well, then, let him come in," said the newspaper magnate, thereby establishing an unusual precedent, and starting a buzz of comment among the group of reporters lounging outside in the City Department.

"I wonder what that kid wants to see the chief about," ventured one of the men.

"Pittsburg's got his nerve with him," said another. "I suppose he is going to ask the boss to take him off emergency duty and give him a raise from \$18 to \$20 a week."

This sally caused a general laugh, for the speakers were all space men who earned from \$40 to \$60 a week, and naturally looked down on this young "colt" who had recently emerged from the smoky surroundings of Pittsburg (hence the gloomy prefix to his sur-

name) into the highly charged atmosphere of Park Row.

"I'll lay drinks for the crowd that he comes out of that room within three minutes," said one of the star reporters, taking out his watch.

"I'll go you," said another, somewhat more adventurous than the others, and for the next few minutes they sat with eyes fixed on the great man's sanctum, which, however, contrary to all expectations remained closed, and the adventurous one inclining, quietly informed his betting friend that it was his set-up.

* * * * *

"Well, Williams," said Mr. Russell as he saw before him a tall young man of very presentable appearance, "what can I do for you?"

The reporter hesitated a moment and then said: "I have an idea, sir, for a big sensation, a trifle out of the ordinary, but, as you know, that's what counts in the newspaper business. This is, I suppose, a sort of fake, this idea of mine, but it might be a big thing."

"What kind of fake?"

"An execution fake."

"A what?"

"Just a moment and I'll explain. It's a scheme, sir, to beat the other newspapers in getting some poor devil executed. One of the Chicago papers did it about four years ago when that nigger Johnson was hanged at Joliet and

they scooped everybody. It sure was a great stunt. Can't you remember it?"

"No," answered Mr. Russell, becoming amused at Williams' audacity, "sit down and tell me all about it."

"Well, the day before the execution was to take place, the *Tribune* man arranged with the murderer and the sheriff to have the execution come off four hours ahead of the appointed time. Then he wrote up the story and had it on the wire before the other newspaper men had reached the jail. Of course the result was that the *Tribune* scored a clean beat on the entire city."

"But how on earth did he manage to persuade the sheriff and the condemned man to such a change?"

"Oh, very easily. A few drinks and some smooth talk fixed the sheriff, who did not mind advancing the hour just as long as Johnson was willing. Then the reporter tackled Johnson and convinced him that as he had to die anyway, it mattered little when the hanging took place. The difference of a few hours couldn't harm him any, while it might do a lot of good to his family. He then agreed to give Johnson a hundred dollars in cash for his wife, and to pay for all the man could eat and drink before he was executed. Johnson thought it all over and finally decided that the offer was too good to throw away, so he told them to get ready the rope and bring on their champagne, chicken salad, and every other dish available. By the time he came to be hanged he was stuffed so full, and felt so well pleased with himself and the

world that he didn't mind the death-blow in the least, for no complaint was heard after the deed was done."

"And you want me to go in for something of this sort?" asked Mr. Russell.

"No," said Williams, "my idea is an improvement; not an imitation. The scheme I have in mind is quite unique, even if I do say it myself, and will make a stunning sensation; that is if I am able to carry it out, for it will take some money."

"Well, let me hear your plan," said the big newspaper man, his curiosity now thoroughly aroused.

"You know, sir, this murderer, Munsheimer, is to be electrocuted soon at Sing Sing. The case was the talk of the country for weeks. It was one of the most brutal murders on record; the mother and the little child, you remember, up in Westchester County. Fiend as he is, Munsheimer is a man of brains and will look favorably, I think, on a plan that will postpone his execution for perhaps a week, and result in financial advantage to his daughter, who is the only human being he cares anything about.

"I propose to fake up a brother for Munsheimer and then work the old stunt of an escape by means of a change of clothes, a false beard, etc. That will postpone the execution until such time as we are ready to have it come off, and the *Examiner* will then have an exclusive story."

Mr. Russell frowned. "You would be blocking the wheels of justice, Mr. Williams, and performing a criminal act.

Do you suppose I would for one moment consider aiding a murderer to escape from prison?"

"You don't quite get my idea, sir," said Williams, and then, talking very fast and with increasing confidence, he went into an explanation that caused Mr. Russell, when he finally understood it, to purse his lips into a long whistle of astonishment.

"And do you really think such a scheme can be carried through?" he asked.

"I am sure it can, sir, if you will get me the passes to the prison and furnish money to pay this French doctor. You know his charges are pretty high."

"Oh, there will be no trouble about that," said the autocrat, and then coming to one of those quick decisions for which he was famous, he added: "You may go ahead on these lines immediately, Williams, and report to me personally from day to day."

An hour later Williams was in the office of Dr. Mazagrín, a queer little Frenchman living on Waverly Place. His specialty was the making of death-masks, artificial noses, etc., and it was his boast that he could work such a transformation in any man that not even his own wife would know him. He accomplished this by building upon the client's face false features of wax or plaster, so perfectly concealed by means of a secret preparation, a sort of enamel, that there was no possibility of immediate detection.

"I want you to get up a face for this man that will make him look like some

other man," said Williams, producing one of Munsheimer's photographs.

"Vaire ees zee ozaire man?" asked the Doctor.

"Any other man will do; pick out the one you want. You and he will have to go up to Sing Sing together to see your dear relative, who is a murderer. You'll be his uncle, and the man you're going to hire will be his brother. Understand?"

"Thees ees a varie peculaire case," remarked the Doctor, whereupon Williams produced a large roll of bills, and the Frenchman's hesitation was disposed of forthwith.

* * * * *

The day of the execution came, and excitement reigned supreme in the town of Sing Sing. Although none save a favored few could witness the final act in the tragedy, the streets about the prison were crowded with people from the surrounding district, and even from a distance, who had gathered for the mere satisfaction of seeing the black flag shoot up from the death chamber at the moment when the deadly current was turned on.

The hour came and passed, but no black flag appeared. Presently messengers were seen hurrying from the prison to the telegraph office, and in a few minutes the exciting news spread from group to group that Munsheimer had escaped and another man had been substituted for him. The wires were kept hot carrying this news all over the country, and within a few hours extras

were out in many cities, detailing under flaring headlines the most extraordinary conspiracy to evade justice that had been known in years.

Enterprising correspondents described minutely how, on the morning of the execution, the condemned man had, through special influence, been allowed to receive a last visit from his brother, and how he had disguised himself in the clothes and false beard of the latter, and made his escape a few hours before the fatal moment.

The discovery had been made only when the jailers entered the murderer's cell to prepare him for the chair; then it was seen at once that the man who had been entrusted to their custody was gone and that another man was there in his stead. There was no possible doubt that a change had been made; this was apparent at a glance, and the prisoner himself admitted the subterfuge, declaring that he was Munsheimer's brother, and that he had worn a false beard on his visits to the prison; that his brother had put on this beard as well as his clothes and had thus been able to leave the prison without exciting suspicion.

It was evident that the escape had been well planned and executed with masterly skill.

Wide discussion followed in the newspapers as to the proper disposition to be made of the man who had thus sacrificed his freedom to save his brother's life. Legal opinions differed as to the precise nature of his crime and as to the charge which should be brought against him. It was clear, however,

that he would not be sentenced to more than a few years' imprisonment; and that the ends of justice had been plainly baffled.

Of course the police of New York City declared that they would soon capture the escaped Munsheimer, and made wise announcements of clues that could not fail to deliver him into their hands. It all ended, however, in talk, and after a four or five days' sensation the subject was dropped, for New York is the birth place of sensations and supplies an abundance of material for the newspapers, to say nothing of the pro and con artists.

On the sixth day after the escape, the warden of Sing Sing Prison received a visit from a young man, who said he had come on urgent business.

"I have a proposition to make to you, sir," he began, "that may relieve you of a grave responsibility."

"And what is that, please?" asked the warden.

"I am in a position to give valuable information about the murderer, Munsheimer. Before I make any statement, however, I wish to furnish you with proper credentials as to my responsibility, and to exact from you the formal pledge that whether you agree to my terms or not, the subject of my visit shall remain an absolute secret between us two. In other words, if you refuse to accept my terms, I leave this room without interference, and matters remain exactly as they are at present."

After some hesitation, and after reading a strong letter of introduction from

a man of great influence in New York City—no less a person, in fact, than the Chief of Police—the warden agreed to the stranger's terms.

"Very well, sir," said the young man; "my mission is to prove to you that the murderer, Munsheimer, can be captured. In other words, I know where he is."

The warden looked up incredulously and shook his head.

"It is hardly likely, sir, that you know more than the entire police force of New York City."

"Not likely, I admit, but nevertheless true. I can prove to you that I know where Munsheimer is and can insure his capture. And this I will do if you will consent to a very simple condition."

"Name your condition."

"Merely this, that after Munsheimer is delivered into your hands the execution take place without loss of time; and furthermore, that no one except myself and the necessary officials be informed of the fact. Of course I must also insist that absolute secrecy be preserved as to my connection with the case, and that no effort be made to discover my identity or to investigate my motives. You may imagine what you please, but you must know nothing, and must remain as silent as a Sphinx."

After an hour's argument and thought the warden finally consented to the young man's condition, for there seemed to be nothing else for him to do.

"I know, sir, that you are a man of honor," said the stranger, "and now

that you have pledged me your word I am sure you will keep it."

"I will keep it," said the warden. "Now tell me where Munsheimer is to be found."

"Before I do that I desire to put a few questions to his brother, and I must ask you to have him brought here."

The warden touched an electric bell, and instructed the keeper who answered the summons to bring the murderer's brother into his private office. A little later the prisoner stood before them, looking from one to the other with something of uneasiness in his glance, something of dogged defiance.

"Do you know where your brother is?" said the stranger, addressing the prisoner.

The latter remained silent.

"Answer the gentleman," said the warden sharply.

"Yes, I know where he is?"

"And do you refuse to tell us where he is?"

"Certainly I do," said the prisoner, smiling contemptuously at the question. The stranger drew himself up to his full height, which was something over six feet, carefully adjusted his necktie as if preparing to make an important afternoon call and then said impressively:

"And yet the fact is, strange as it may seem, that within two minutes of this moment you will be perfectly willing to tell us everything."

The prisoner started in surprise, and the warden looked at the young man as if he had taken leave of his senses.

"I know what I am doing, sir. Have you a penknife with a sharp blade?"

"I have this one," said the warden.

With the utmost deliberation the young man opened the knife, ran his thumb along the edge and then said quietly:

"Thanks, I think this will do."

Then, stepping toward the prisoner, with a quick movement he circled the man's head with his left arm, and with the knife in his right hand made a neat incision lightly along the bridge of his nose and drew away, in two fragments, a wax mask that had been adjusted with wonderful skill over the man's face.

"There, now look for yourself. Do you recognize Munsheimer, the murderer?"

In speechless amazement the warden beheld the transformation wrought under his very eyes. The man who had entered the room had a prominent nose, with downward curve; the man who stood there now before him had a flat nose, turned up at the end. The man who came in had a strongly marked chin and jaw, while the one they were now looking at had rather a weak lower face. There was no possibility of a doubt. The man before them was Munsheimer himself, the doomed murderer.

"Are you really the murderer, Munsheimer?" asked the warden, so astonished that he forgot to be severe.

"I am, sir," answered the man.

"But your voice is not the same as Munsheimer's. He spoke in gruff

tones, while your voice is high pitched. How is that?"

"Do you see this mark on my neck?" asked the prisoner, plainly delighted with the success of his masquerading. "There are two of them—one on either side, and they mark the point where a hyperdermic injection of some unpleasant stuff was given me on the morning of my escape. That was a good joke on you, Mr. Warden."

The man pointed to two slight punctures of the skin just beneath the line of the collar, and exactly over the vocal chords. Then he continued:

"After I received these injections my voice was strangely affected, and has remained shrill ever since. The man who gave me the injections said that their effect would last about ten days. You would have been surprised to find my voice changed back to its normal gruffness if you had waited two or three days longer."

"Who was the man who gave you these injections?—and why did he do it?"

"I have no more idea than you have. He came with my brother and said he was my uncle, but I will swear I never had an uncle; so he must have been mistaken. And what's more, between you and me, I never had a brother, either." Munsheimer chuckled to himself at the attempt at humor.

"Why did you let him do this to you?"

"What did I care? I was going to die anyhow within a few hours, and I thought I might as well give somebody

a little pleasure before making my exit. The gentleman said he would consider it a special favor if I submitted to his experiments, so I submitted."

"And did he put on the false nose and false chin you have been wearing?"

"Yes, he was very much interested in altering my physiognomy. I'm sure I don't know why, but it seemed to amuse him and I had no objections. Besides that, it gave me the satisfaction of making fools of the amiable gentlemen who have kept me locked up behind the bars."

"Enough of this nonsense, Munsheimer," said the warden somewhat sternly. "You have been a party to this attempt to save your life, there is no denying it. If you refuse to tell us of your own accord who were your accomplices, we shall take the proper steps to find out."

"I wish you joy, sir, in the undertaking; with all my heart, I do," said Munsheimer, bowing with mock politeness. "When you discover the name of my self-sacrificing relative I shall be exceedingly obliged if you will inform me as to his identity."

"Take this man back to his cell," said the warden to the keeper.

When the two men had left the room, the warden, turning to the stranger, said (his whole manner having changed): "I shall keep my pledge to you, sir, although in so doing I am false to my duty to the State. You are in possession of facts that should belong to the police. There has been an extraordinary conspiracy here, the nature of

which I can not understand, but which should certainly be laid bare. My tongue, however, is tied by the promise you have exacted from me. Munsheimer will be electrocuted this afternoon at 3 o'clock and no one outside of the prison officials and yourself will be informed of the fact or allowed to be present. Are you satisfied? And will you not of your own accord throw some light upon the mystery?"

"That, sir, is impossible. I can assure you, however, as a gentleman, that I am shielding no criminal; nor am I, by my silence, in any way obstructing the course of justice. The murderer is here, he has never left his cell; his execution will avenge the crimes he committed. As for the delay of a few days, that has harmed no one, and instead of blaming me you should thank me for having put you in possession of facts relieving you of the charge of negligence. Your instructions were to execute the man within the week beginning April 13th. Instead of executing him on the first day of that week, you will have done so on the last day. In that you are acting within the limits of your own discretion, and if any one asks you why you did not deny the sensational reports in this case, you have merely to say that you did not deem it incumbent upon you to consider seriously the product of reporters' imaginations. They said that your prisoner had escaped and cheated the electric chair. You produce the doctor's certificate that the prisoner was duly executed as prescribed by the law. If any one doubts

your statement they have only to come and look at the corpse, which I advise you to keep for a few days, and also to have it photographed. Now, Mr. Warden, it only remains for me to thank you for your honorable action, and to leave you to your duties. I shall remain in the prison until the execution has taken place."

"Very well, sir," said the warden, who did some hard thinking during the next few hours.

* * * * *

The next morning the *Daily Examiner* came out with a two-page article that startled New York and the whole country, as no newspaper had done for years. It was an exclusive account of the conspiracy to save the murderer, Munsheimer, of the way that conspiracy had been baffled, and of the man's final execution. The method by which the murderer had been so wonderfully dis-

guised was explained in detail, opinions being given by experts, who stated it possible so to prepare the face with wax additions and then to cover the whole with liquid enamel, that such a fraud would not be detected for several days, possibly weeks, not until the enamel had worn off sufficiently to expose the edges of the added parts, or until it had begun to crack. Then followed a statement made by Munsheimer, giving full details of his crime and making absolute confession of his guilt.

On the night of the day when the *New York Examiner* secured this greatest "scoop" in its history, "Pittsburg" Williams found in his box in the City Department, an envelope containing a check for one thousand dollars and the exceedingly hearty congratulations of Mr. Stanley Russell.

ROBT. E. MCCABE, '10.

ADIEU !

I leave; I leave thee, Darling
 For 'twould break my heart to see,
 Another claim the heart and hand,
 That meant so much to me.
 To foreign shores I'll wander,
 Far beyond the troubled sea,
 But my heart shall ever cherish,
 Hallowed thoughts of home and thee.
 And Darling, when 'tis over,
 When he greets thee as his bride,
 To a weary hearted exile
 Let thy fancy sometimes glide.

A. T. Leonard, '10.

SPRINGTIME



KNOW a little stream
 That bubbles in the spring,
 Where the birds are ever singing
 And fondest memories cling.

I know a little vale
 Where flowers ever smile
 Where tender grasses whisper
 And day-dreams lull the while.

I know a little wood
 Where dancing sun-beams laugh
 At every twinkling dew-drop
 The deep-green leaflets quaff.

I know a little heart
 That catches up the strain
 Of stream and vale and greensward
 And laughs a sweet refrain.

Geo. S. de Lorimier, '11.

HELP OF CHRISTIANS

AS the twilight gathered, the old hermit sat in his little hut, and ate his frugal repast in silence. On the wall, beside the door of his cramped abode hung a crucifix, and at its foot were fastened a skull and cross bones. A red glow from the dying embers in the fireplace lit up the death head, which peered out grim and ghastly through the gloom. Having eaten, the aged man arose and reverently kissing the foot of the crucifix, betook himself to reflection. And in this wise did he meditate:

"Sweet and delightful is the peace and consolation which my God brings my soul. And even though he seems sometimes to have forsaken me, I will not murmur, but will seek the more to gain His grace and favor; for whence shall patience be crowned, if it meet with no adversity?

On earth am I but a pilgrim and a stranger, for this is not the resting place of man. I despise the world with all its glittering allurements, for there is nothing which so entangles the heart of man as love to outward things."

Hereupon the old man paused, and presently there came into his eyes a strange light, and tears trickled down his whitened face.

"Love to outward things", slowly and softly he murmured the words.

Then did the light in his eyes dissolve into a faraway look, and his head, now silvered by the wand of Time, he

rested upon his hand, and strange thoughts did occupy his mind.

For once, past two score years ago, while he was young and in his prime, Fidelis had loved. The woman was young and beautiful, Fidelis lowly and obscure. Still she did not repulse him, but smiled upon his suit with the eye of favor, and then one day did she make him happy with promise of her heart and hand when over his circumstances he should have made himself the master.

And now a new and happy meaning inspired his life, and through her influence was he led on and guided to objects high and noble. In his soul there stirred a mighty, masterful, overpowering ambition to accomplish great things that he might show himself in some measure worthy of her. Swayed by the power of his passion he toiled, and hoped, and loved; slowly out of obscurity he struggled, and over adversity he rose at last triumphant.

Here there glistened a tear in the hermit's eye, and a faint sob escaped his lips, for once more there shone upon the waters of his memory that terrible scene of how, when he had attained to the highest pinnacle of fame, and his love's labor was accomplished unto the realization of his dream, he found one day his hopes blighted and his castle shattered, and he fell—a crushed and withered fragment of humanity.

Through his mind there passed involuntarily a passage in crabbed sixteenth

century Latin, taken from that saintly old monk Oscar, who had been his faithful companion in the hours of his solitude. And being translated the passage read:

"Have much care then of the wonderful phases of woman, for she cometh showing many and most remarkable turnings."

And even as these words yet dwelt in his mind was he roused from his reverie by a rapping at his door. Quickly Fidelis started, and a second rapping having assured him that he dreamt not, he proceeded to admit the self-bidden guest, whosoever he might be.

For it was not unusual that wayfarers whom chance had cast in that neighborhood should seek food and shelter at the solitary dwelling of the old hermit, and Fidelis always shared such comforts as were his with a generous spirit. All being said and done, he was but human, and found delight in these all too few occasions of companionship with his fellow-man which Fortune sometimes allowed him.

Fidelis opened the door, when to his utter amazement he found himself face-to-face with a woman.

"I have inadvertently been obliged to journey through this region," said the woman, "and seek food and shelter for the night."

And in the fullness of his heart Fidelis admitted the wayfarer to his hearthstone. But even as no thought of what is not pure and noble enters the mind of the virtuous, so entertained the hermit no suspicion of his visitor's

identity. But presently his guest discovered unto him her true self, and to his sore confoundment the holy man learned that she whom he harbored was none other than Ismar, far-famed at once for her beauty and her wickedness.

"O holy man," spoke she, "why do you thus seclude yourself, and dwell amid such wretchedness? Think how miserable will be thy state if, when thine end is come, thou findest there be no hereafter."

"And," answered Fidelis, "what will be thy condition then if there be?"

"At least," quoth his guest, "of this life am I certain—the eternity is yet to come; is it not the wiser part to enjoy that which you already possess, than to suffer in anticipation of that which you have not, and whose attainment at the most is doubtful?"

"Aye," straightway rejoined the hermit, "wiser to the fool's notion. Tell me, if this instant the choice were given thee, would'st thou accept one fleeting moment of most exquisite pleasure, if in return thou should'st be obliged to endure for the remainder of thy life the most cruel torments? And yet the future is still to come, and of that also thou art not certain, while the present moment thou hast within thy grasp and canst enjoy. Were this mighty ball of earth made up of so many countless grains of sand, and were, in every thousand years, one of these grains annihilated, I should gladly consent to endure in my present condition until that vast globe had dwindled to nothing, if in return I

were assured of eternal life in company with the Author of my Being. And yet the relation which that space of time bore to eternity would not be one-tenth part of that relation which one of those minute grains of sand had to that great sphere."

Undaunted by the steadfast manner of the hermit's words, Ismar replied:

"All of which, O holy man, is very true. But what evidence have you that there is an eternity? that we will not also, like those grains of sand, be annihilated? Do not our astrologers and our savants explain well all the phenomena which we behold about us? Is there not an abundance of happiness to be found on this earth? And what if there be a God, and a Heaven and a Hell, as you Christians avow? If your God be so kind and so merciful as you picture Him, surely He will save all that is worth saving."

Fidelis paused for a moment, but for a moment only, then proceeded:

"Tell me, woman, hast thou ever experienced real satiety in happiness? Often, when thou had'st attained to the zenith of pleasure, hast thou not felt that there still wanted something to complete thine happiness—something for which you longed, but you knew not what it was? I know, and thou knowest deep in thine heart, that we have within us undeveloped faculties, susceptibilities of happiness yet dormant, for whose fervor and intensity this world is all too cold and ungenial, but which are ever tending toward a fuller, a greater happiness. Can our reason

conceive things as always reaching, inclining, tending toward an end that they are destined never to attain? Does not right judgment then tell us that these attributes await translation to a land where nobler and subtler elemental fires shall kindle them into life? Thou sayest God is kind and merciful. True. He is kind and merciful, but He is also just."

"Venerable hermit," spoke the woman, "thou arguest well. If there be a Heaven thou wilt surely have it for thy reward, who hast all thy life made such arduous preparations for it. But think; thou hast done so much of good that surely one transgression can do thee no injury. Ye Christians tell that men who have committed a thousand evil deeds for every one of good, are now in Heaven. Surely thou, who knowest scarce the meaning of that word 'evil,' canst hardly be much harmed by a paltry sin or two. To repent is an easy matter, and then the deeds of the past will atone a thousand times over for what thou hast done. In the future thou canst labor with redoubled fervor and intensity, and lo! thy crown will be greater than if thou hadst always remained spotless."

And as the siren seeks to lure Fidelis with her sophistries, he lingers in an evil moment, and does not flee. Atwixt the Heavenward and the Hellward course he balances, and thus he inwardly debates:

"Hath she not spoken truly? What, if I should fall but once! It can easily be repaired—but no! Shall I, now in

the autumn of my years, wed the low ambitions of the earth, and seek to fill my immortal desires with their emptiness? Must the brutish part of my nature govern the spiritual, and the beast hound out the Seraph? Shall I follow the footsteps of those who look for happiness in the grossness of the sense, or of those who seek it in the grandeur of the soul; of those who find it in the hell of filth and licentiousness, or of those who attain it in the heaven of purity and virtue?

For a froth of fleeting pleasure shall I sell an eternity? No! I will remain steadfast to the last. Perish ye evil thoughts!—But still, are we not all quite human? If saints who now rank high in Heaven were not invulnerable to the onslaughts of Satan, then surely I am not impeccable."

And as he thus holds disputation between the base desires of the flesh and the righteous call of conscience, his eyes stray to the crucifix, where, suspended, bleeding, amidst most excruciating torture, he beholds the sorrowful figure of his Redeemer, and at its foot the death head stares him in the face with mocking grimness.

To his feet he springs with violent

start, and in alarm the cry of supplication bursts from his lips:

"Mary, Help of Christians, make haste to help me!"

With the sign of the cross does he bless himself, and rushes to flee, when at the threshold an unseen hand seizes him, and bars his progress. Then lo! The room trembles and totters as if in the throes of some mighty earthquake. A foul and abominable stench pollutes the atmosphere, and in place of his temptress Fidelis beholds a most hideous and monstrous form. Terrific shrieks of rage issue from its throat; suddenly great clouds of fire and smoke envelop it, as through the floor it sinks and vanishes.

And then an invisible voice is heard:

"Fidelis, take warning! Mercy divine hath led thee back from the brink of Hell, over which the demon of sinful passion would have flung thee; for hadst thou sinned, thou wouldst even this moment be writhing and groaning in the embrace of the evil one.

And sinking to his knees, with livid face and quivering voice, Fidelis murmured:

"Mary, Help of Christians, pray for me!"

L. A. FERNSWORTH, '13.

The Redwood

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE STUDENTS OF THE SANTA CLARA COLLEGE

The object of the Redwood is to record our College Doings, to give proof of College Industry and to knit closer together the hearts of the Boys of the Present and of the Past.

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EDITORIAL COMMENT

We have nothing but congratulations and good wishes for the baseball team. 'Twould be useless to multiply words of praise. Those who read the newspapers, or who saw the memorable game with the far famed White Sox know how we held these seasoned veterans to a score of three to nothing. This is eulogy enough, feeble words can do but little

more, as these facts speak for them selves.

However, from the words of Comiskey, the White Sox manager, who declared that he had never seen so fine an exhibition of the national game by an amateur aggregation, one may form a just estimate of the caliber of the varsity team of '09. It is with pleasure and

pride that we say that this year's team is well worthy of the colors of its Alma Mater, and that furthermore, it is one that Santa Clara College may always feel proud of.

Then here's to the team of '09! May its triumphs be doubled and trebled and multiplied seven-fold, ever gaining new glory and renown for old Santa Clara and itself!

With the announcement of the gold medal contests much interest was aroused on the campus and many of the collegians signified their intention of becoming competitors for the different prizes. We hope however, that this fervor will be one that is true and lasting. For even though one should not be as successful as he might wish in obtaining the prize, yet there is an inestimable amount of profit to be gained by an earnest effort.

But what we would especially call attention to is "THE REDWOOD Medal." Our interest is centered in this medal above all the others not merely because THE REDWOOD is the donor, but because it is given for such a purpose:—"The best paper on Californian Literature. This is a subject which should appeal to the hearts of us all. For we, ourselves are Californians, and if we do not take an interest in our own authors, surely we cannot expect others to do so.

Let all therefore enter this contest, with a zeal and a determination to do their best, remembering that though they should fail in obtaining the coveted reward, still there are left the places of

honorable mention, not to speak of the immense amount of useful and pleasant knowledge to be acquired in the labor itself. To all the competitors we extend our sincerest wishes for success. May everybody win!

In a few short days Easter will be here, and the old mission bells of Santa Clara will peal forth their gladsome tidings, their joyous strain of triumph, their paean of victory—the dawn of Easter, the resurrection of the God Man. There is a world of meaning in these tidings, a host of memories cluster round them. The busy world will listen to their sad sweet tale, it will pause a moment to meditate on their meaning.

For all of us, no matter of what sect or nationality, feel a certain bond of union, a certain link of friendship drawing us together on that day. We think of the life of the Son of God, we picture it in all its different phases, from the manger to the cross, and we turn away with feelings of love and sorrow and repentance. When we hear of a fellow man laying down his life to save a friend, our hearts go out to him in sympathy and admiration. We cherish his memory and reverence his name as that of a hero. How much greater then is that respect and love and gratitude, that we should, that we must feel for the King of men, who suffered an ignominious death in order that not one but that all of us might be saved. And what a life of pain, what a death of shame was his! —He, the infinite God, the spotless Victim, the innocent Lamb, suffering, en-

during all this for ungrateful sinful mortals !

Let us then on Easter morning as our hearts well up with love and devotion for this kind Creator, our Redeemer and Saviour, glance tenderly towards the crucifix where he hung in expiation of our sins and resolve never more to offend him; and as we think of his glori-

ous resurrection, his victory over sin and death, let us resolve that we, too, following in his footsteps, welcomed on by his cheering voice, guided by his loving hands will also do our part to vanquish sin and death and one day enjoy the kingdom which his goodness and love has created for us.

W. I. O'SHAUGHNESSY, '11.



*"Then here's to women one and all
And may we never doubt them.
Our mothers, sisters, sweethearts, wives
Ennoble us and bless our lives.
We cannot do without them."*

—Old Toast.

It is not from any masculinely chivalrous notion of gallantry that we are devoting our exchange column this month entirely to our fair contemporaries. We had almost said our fair competitors, for the magazines from the women's colleges are marked as a rule by a carefulness of detail, a literary finish and good taste too often lacking in the work of their brothers. So, not in gallantry but in appreciation, we have decided, perhaps with a too considerable display of masculine temerity, to give our attention entirely to the ladies.

If we were asked to name off hand the principal characteristic of the women's magazines we should say unhesitatingly, attention to detail and care in little things. Certainly this is the most striking. When we examine them more carefully we find that they delight in essays. Not at all the light, airy nothings that one might expect from such dainty wielders of the pen but

heavy and serious—oh, so serious, with a pretty air of insight into life. Here and in the short story their carefulness of detail stands them in good stead and it is in prose that they excel. In verse, though there is an occasional striking exception, their standard does not seem so high. Here, where we should think their tenderness, their sympathy, their patience, and capability for taking pains, in a word their femininity would make itself most apparent, they seem least at home. Perhaps this is because the subjects they attempt are too serious. At any rate we find all too few of those delightful little flights of fancy that we should expect.

We regret that in this review of women's magazines we are unable to include *The Mills College Magazine* which has been missing from our table for several months.

We read this magazine from cover to cover even going so far as to take a shy peep into the sanctum sanctorum of *Alumnae Notes* with its alluring captions of engagements, marriages and births. Perhaps it was the mystery of these headings that

The
Wellesley
Magazine

most attracted us, for though we have successfully undergone the ordeal of birth our memory does not extend that far and of the delights of the other two we are still in blissful ignorance. So we crave pardon for a bachelor's curiosity.

The *Wellesley's* leader is a well written and well considered essay entitled "Prerequisites to an Ideal College," and though we shudder to think of the effect of the application of this Ideal in real life yet we cannot deny that the arguments for its prerequisites are in the main weighty enough. "Elegies on Children" is a delightfully treated discussion on a topic rarely touched. But the gem of this issue is an unpretentious paper, "A French Convent." The great charm in this is its simplicity of treatment, a simplicity that seems to come from the heart. Rarely have we had the pleasure of reading such a delightful bit of description in a college magazine. Of the fiction "Golden Glows" is by far the best. Its few characters are clear cut and its homely provincial air is well sustained. Altogether the *Wellesley Magazine* is well balanced and entirely readable though a little light on verse.

What attracted us most in *The Vassar Miscellany* was its short stories. "The Herr Professor", the story of a home coming, ranks easily first in our estimation because of its clever character drawing and the pleasing moral conveyed in its ending. The contrast between the simple,

lovable old German school-master and his unsympathetic and abstracted son struck us very forcibly. While the interest of this story held us we felt that its two leading characters were men of flesh and blood and not mere automotons of fiction. "Every Man Has His Price" is as disappointing morally as its title is untrue. We were greatly attracted by this story, especially by the delicious glimpses of college girl life. How could we have ever guessed that the girls were in the habit of eating cheese with a shoe horn had we not seen it in cold type? But alas! the unfortunate character of the conclusion almost but not quite!—destroyed all our previous enjoyment. "The Education of Sarah" and "Cap'n Jet" are, each in its own way, charmingly colloquial. *The Miscellany's* editorial on "The Mean of Seriousness" deserves serious consideration.

As yet we have hardly had time to get well acquainted with this magazine. At one time we feared that we should

The Smith College Monthly	never have the pleasure of her acquaintance. It may be that long anticipation has whetted our appetite but at any rate
------------------------------------	--

we are glad that we have succeeded at last in getting—should we not almost say forcing?—an introduction. She appears to be every bit as charming as she is reserved. "The Work of our Hands" is well written, excellently well written and concerns one of those tragedies of circumstances that seem almost unavoidable. We could not help but

sympathize with both Jasper and Laurel. We thought that circumstances and Miss Means had connived to treat them rather harshly. But the *Monthly* is not all tragedy. "Our Beloved Aunt", is a delicately humorous sketch and "A Study Hour" is equally enjoyable. "A Justification" is a well sustained attempt at idealism. The *Monthly's* single essay is a weighty consideration of "Pragmatism as a Method" that shows an amount of careful and painstaking study. It will well repay a second reading.

When we received our first copy of this magazine we were first of all impressed with its size. The *Notre Dame* of San Jose, is a quarterly that divided by three and issued monthly would take rank with any of the best college magazines of the country. As it is, it is far too weighty a pill for one or half a dozen sittings and we have not had sufficient time to read it thoroughly. However what has come under our notice is unfailingly good. We should like to commend especially "The Enemy", a little sketch with a lot of good meat in it. "The Woodpecker" is an attractive little verse. "One More" we have taken the liberty to quote. The *Notre Dame* has started well and we desire to add our note of congratulation to the rest. We have but one suggestion and we

make it in all sincerity. The *Notre Dame* has an abundance of material and to our mind would be still better as a monthly magazine.

ONE MORE

They creep through the marsh stretch,
They crouch in the thicket;
They wait, with limbs numbing, the sentry's
slow tread;
A shot in the darkness—
A cry—and the picket
Falls prone on his face with a hole in his head.

Then on toward the camp.
Stop! An outpost is kneeling,
His face to the moonlight, his hand on his breast;
A moan as he falls,
A cold moonlight revealing
A portrait blood-dashed, on his pulseless heart
pressed.

A low laugh from the scouts,
But the leader stoops kindly,
Anon as he fingers the trinket, a pace,
Then a wild, stifled cry,
And he staggers on blindly
As the white moonlight shines on his dead
mother's face.

—*Notre Dame, San Jose, Cal.*

MIST-BOUND

Behind,—the lights of shore, the silent swell
Of harbor waves,—the ringing of a bell.
Beyond,—the gray drift of the open sea,
And a voice that I must follow, calling me.

ELIZABETH BEATRICE DAW, 1909.

—*The Vassar Miscellany.*

MAURICE T. DOOLING, JR., '09.



THE ROMAN INDEX OF FORBIDDEN BOOKS—FRANCIS S. BETTEN, S. J.

Just as the Church has to guard against spoken error, so also has she to guard against written error and it is for this purpose that the Congregation of the Index of Forbidden Books has been instituted.

That the Church has the right to legislate on the publication and use of all books touching on questions of faith and morals must be apparent to every Catholic.

Though the workings of the Index is something that should be understood by every Catholic—at least every Catholic book-lover—yet we think such is hardly the case. The cause may be that most books on the subject, for the English reader, are rather too long and detailed—and such details are generally not in-

teresting unless one is making a study of the subject.

Such however, we are pleased to say, is not the case with the book we have before us. "This short treatise was written for the benefit of those who cannot devote much time to the study of the Index."

The author opens by briefly reviewing the Index from the earliest time—for it existed in the first centuries, at least essentially, if not in fact—down to the present. He then proceeds to tell by whom the books are put on the Index, the method of examination, and the spirit that should actuate the examiners. A short catalogue of about a hundred books forbidden by Particular Decrees, is appended.

It is an excellent guide for the Catholic book-lover.

Herder, St. Louis. Price, 35 cts. net.

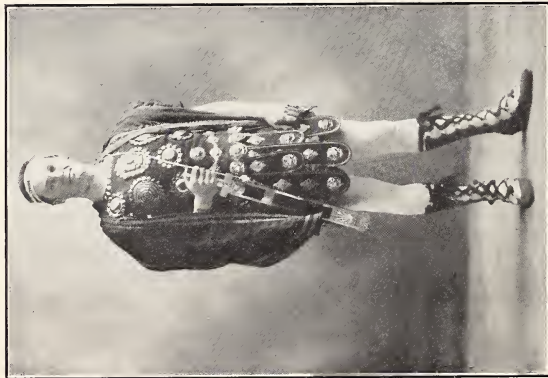
EUGENE F. MORRIS, '10.



GEO. G. FOX, S. J.
Director of "Constantine"



CHAS. D. SOUTH, A. M., '01
Author of "Constantine"



EDMOND S. LOWE, '10
In the Role of "Claudius"



JOSEPH J. HARTMAN, '12 HENRY J. HOWARD, '12
DESMOND B. GALLAGHER, '12
In "Constantine"



In Memoriam — John E. McElroy.

Scarcely had the community heard with pleasure of the election of John E. McElroy for the fourth time to the office of City Attorney of Oakland, when it was shocked, by the news of his death.

The hard work and exposure to which he had been subjected during the campaign brought on the grippe which developed into pneumonia.

A graduate from Santa Clara in 1891 with an enviable reputation for character, talent and industry, he had won his way with little difficulty into the esteem and affection of his fellow citizens. The following which appeared on the editorial page of the *Oakland Tribune*, March 25, the day after Mr. McElroy's death, gives eloquently the reasons why a whole city grieved as it never grieved before, over the death of one of its citizens.

"The death of John E. McElroy, for six years past our capable and faithful

City Attorney, has grieved the entire community. Rarely does a man die so universally mourned, so universally conceded to be scrupulously honorable in all his dealings, whether public or private, and so kindly and useful in all the relations of life. The widespread feeling that his death is a substantial loss to the community is the highest proof of his value as a citizen and a public official.

Mr. McElroy was a fine example of clean, healthy, useful manhood. As citizen and public servant he merited the unfeigned respect of the public, and it was accorded to him generously. With esteem went popular affection. People generally felt a pride in his talents and the useful and upright ways of their employment. He can have no better eulogy than the fact that his friends are under no necessity to conceal, explain or apologize for any act in his career. At first glance this statement seems quite simple, but the more it is examined the greater its significance appears. It is an epitaph that can be truthfully written on the tombs of few

men. It is true of John McElroy. His virtues do not have to be magnified that his faults may be minimized or obscured.

It cannot be said that Mr. McElroy was a brilliant man or that his talents were of the showy order. There was nothing spectacular about him. But he was a man above the ordinary in every way. His attainments, like his virtues and talents, were of the solid order, and he employed them for the betterment of social and political conditions, for building up a bigger city and a better society. He was a wholesome influence in his environment. He did his duty at all times, modestly and quietly as becomes a gentleman; and while holding to a rigid code of ethics and following a strictly correct rule of personal conduct he was courteously tolerant of the opinions of others and had a gentle charity for faults and failings he did not himself possess. He let his own moral cleanness speak its praise by example, never by detraction of others or invidious comparisons to his own credit. His daily life was a character lesson, a moral stimulant, an exhortation to honor, sobriety and useful endeavor. It is a profound pity that he should be cut down in the flower of a manhood richly endowed with high qualities and animated by noble purposes.

Repeated election to public office is not invariably a testimony to character, but it was with John E. McElroy. A Democrat who never concealed or apologized for his opinions and who never forsook his party communion, he

was four times elected to the second most important office in the city in which his party is in a hopeless minority. His fidelity to public trust and devotion to public duty were so signally demonstrated that in the last two elections his name was placed on the Republican ticket without compromise or surrender of his political convictions. Twice he had defeated at the polls Republican candidates of ability, high standing and irreproachable character. It is worth remembering that he never said an unkind word of his opponents and held their friendship up to the hour of his death. Today they will be among the readiest to testify to his worth and the service he has rendered the city.

It is a fact not generally known to the public that Mr. McElroy heartily desired to lay down the cares of office, and intended to do so at the close of the term closed by his untimely death, and only consented to be a candidate again from a sense of the duty he owed the community that had so signally honored him and from a feeling of loyalty to his associates in the city government. He had labored with them to develop municipal enterprises of great magnitude. Sharing their efforts in behalf of civic betterment and ardently devoted to the interests of the city which held the dearest associations of his youth and manhood, he felt that duty called him to renounce personal inclinations and sacrifice professional emolument for the time being. Knowing the attacks on them were baseless and unjust, he loy-

ally stood with the campaign. Probably he answered the call of citizenship at the cost of his life, for in all likelihood his death resulted from the exposure and arduous labors of the campaign. But he died on the firing line of civic obligation, and the grief that his friends feel is mitigated by the consoling knowledge that he leaves behind an untarnished name and an example worthy of admiration and emulation.

As son and husband Mr. McElroy emphasized the virtues exemplified as a citizen and a public official. The nobleness and simplicity of his life in this respect can hardly be excelled. To his children he leaves a rich legacy in the affection and esteem he won from his fellowmen, who honored, respected and trusted him, and who today feel a genuine sorrow at his loss."

May he rest in peace.

The June number of THE REDWOOD will be devoted, as is customary, entirely to the "Old Boys." We shall be very happy to hear from any of the former students of Santa Clara, and anything they may wish to contribute about the old days will be gladly received. As this Alumni number will appear in the first week of June, manuscripts should be sent to the REDWOOD office before May 1st.

On May 5th will be celebrated the Golden Jubilee of the House of Phil-
historians. The day
will be further honored
by the first presentation
of the new, spectacular

drama "Constantine", and by the Annual Alumni Banquet. A mighty gathering of the clans is expected.

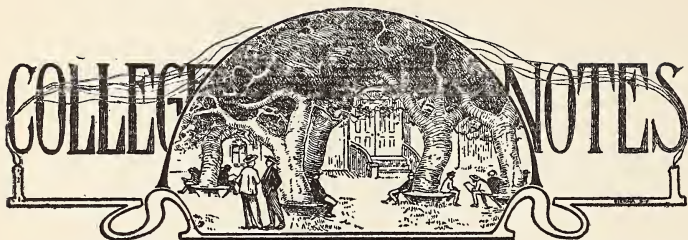
The very many friends of Rev. Father Giacobbi will be surprised to hear that he has been called to New York to be
associate editor in the
Fr. Giacobbi new Catholic Weekly
to be published by the Society of Jesus. While they will rejoice in the honor conferred upon him, they will feel a tinge of sadness that such a noble and learned friend has been removed from their midst.

This new magazine has the glorious title of "America", and will stand for the highest in Catholic patriotism.

The Santa Clara County Historical Society intends to commemorate the establishment of the State Capital at San Jose, in December 1849, by
'58 erecting a statue to the memory of Hon. Peter H. Burnett, the first Governor of California under United States rule, and the father of Hon. John M. Burnett, one of the earliest of our alumni.

The following is an extract from a circular letter sent out by the Society. "It has seemed to us most fitting that this memorial should take the form of a statue to Hon. Peter H. Burnett, the first governor of California, not only because of his priority in affairs but also by reason of the fact that Governor Burnett, in the distinguished merit of his official service and in the stainless purity of his private life, stands as the most impressing figure of our civic history, a perpetual exemplar in public life and private station to the men, and especially the youth of California."

ALEX. T. LEONARD, '10.



The Senate

Senatorial doings have been somewhat slack of late owing to many untimely interruptions. However, the month of March was not allowed to slide by without at least one good debate. This took place on Wednesday evening, March 24th.

The question debated read as follows: Resolved, "That the Abuses of the Stock Exchange do not warrant its total abolition." The debate was an exceptionally hard fought one and finally resulted in a victory for the negative.

The affirmative was sustained by Senators Archbold, Brown and Mullen, while the negative was taken care of by Senators Ferreira, M. Dooling and Daly.

The Senate has recently been challenged to an intercollegiate debate with Stanford University, but owing principally to an insufficiency of time it was found expedient not to accept the challenge. The Senators were all very anxious to prove their steel with Stanford in a forensic battle but in view of the fact that the Retreat, the House of Philhistorian's grand celebration, "Con-

stantine", and the Ryland Debate come off in such close succession, an acceptance of the challenge was deemed inadvisable.

However in answer to Stanford's communication, the Senate expressed itself as very desirous of contending with the Stanfordites sometime after the summer vacation, and moreover, of making this meet with Stanford on the oratorical field an annual occurrence.

The House

On Wednesday evening, March 31st, the House held its second open debate. The question discussed read, Resolved, that the United States should retain permanent possession of the Philippines."

Representatives O'Shaughnessy, H. Barry and White spoke for the affirmative whilst Representatives Crowley, Goetter and F. Dozier upheld the negative. Representative Posey read a paper on the present status of the Islands.

The customary invitation to be present was cordially extended to members of the faculty, of the Philaethic Senate, of

the Junior Dramatic Society, and to all the residents in general of the First Division.

The debate resulted in a victory for the affirmative.

The Father Young Memorial Fund is growing. The committee in charge report that the total amount at hand is \$230 00. The following honorary members of the House have thus far contributed: Peter J. Dunne, James R. Kelly, Michael Kelly, John W. Ryland, J. E. Enright, J. B. Enright, Hon. Wm. P. Lawlor, William J. Kieferdorf, Dr. Alex. S. Keenan, B. F. Brisac, Hon. J. J. Trabucco, Vincent McClatchy, Chas. K. McClatchy, Elmer F. Smith, Elmer Westlake, J. T. Ferguson, J. Downey Harvey, James F. Dunne, William E. Johnson, Chas. Warren Stoddard, Michael Steffani, John A. Waddell, Chas. D. South, Harry E. Wilcox, Dr. George W. Seifert, Hon. John L. Hudner, Joaquin Urrea, Chas. E. Welch, Maurice E. Power, Floyd E. Allen, Lee J. Murphy, James D. Phelan, Jos. Ryland, A. B. Diepenbrock.

A baseball match is to be played between picked teams from the Senate and House, the proceeds to be devoted to the Memorial Fund.

The committee have already been communicating with Douglas Tilden and other prominent sculptors of San Francisco, and it is expected that work will soon be commenced.

Friends of the Literary Congress who may be desirous of helping out in this good work ought to send their contributions as soon as possible.

St. Patrick's Eve Entertainment

On the eve of St. Patrick's Day a very enjoyable entertainment was given in the College Auditorium. An original comic sketch by Messrs. Tully and Drury of Los Gatos was one of the most enjoyable features of the evening. To Prof. Power is due much credit for the success of the musical numbers of the program. Following is the program in full:

Overture "Rage in Ireland" College Band
Original Poem—Written for the occasion
by Chas. D. South and delivered by
Bernard A. Budde.

Bass Solo "I'll Take You Home Again
Kathleen" by Edmund S. Lowe.

Bass Quartette "Gems of Ireland" by
Frank Warren, Raymond Green,
Karl Herbring and Julius Sassenrath.

Recitation "Erin's Flag" Chas. D. South

Baritone Solo "The Harp That Once
Thro' Tara's Hall" Henry J. Howard.

Tenor Solo "Come Back to Erin" by
Rudolph D. Swall.

Comic Sketch "Those Two Guys" by
Guy Tully and Guy Drury.

Intermission "Salute to Erin" (*Lamotte*)
College Orchestra.

Mandolin Quartette "Irish Medley" by
George Boles, Bert Hardy,
George Morgan and Mario Sattui.

Coronet Solo "Believe Me" by
Raymond Green.

Tenor Solo "The Wearing of the
Green" by Professor David Power.

Chorus "God Save Ireland" by
 R. Swall, J. Degnan, E. Askam, R.
 Murphy, H. Howard, E. Condon, C.
 Blake, W. Lewis, G. Morgan, T.
 Plant, E. Lowe, T. McCormack.

Musical Skit "A College Education"
 Written by Ed. B. Sparks.

Kid Hart - - Ed. B. Sparks
 Rags - - Tenny D. Williams
 Scene-College Quarters. Time-Present.
 Louis O'Neill, Accompanist.

"Constantine"

Things theatrical have taken a mighty stir within the last three weeks on the College campus, ever since the faculty decided upon and announced the presentation of the powerful five-act heroic drama, "Constantine" from the pen of Professor Charles D. South, A. M., 'or.

Mr. South whose great literary and dramatic ability is widely known, in "Constantine" created his masterpiece.

The principal action of the play is laid in Rome in the fourth century and the theme is the turning of a nation from the idolatrous practises of paganism to the true light of Christianity. This mighty step is taken through the influence of the Roman General Constantine, from whom the play receives its name and around whom Mr. South very cleverly plots his story. Throughout its entirety the piece is full of interesting situations and strong climaxes.

"Constantine" will be staged on an exceedingly grand scale after the fashion of the renowned Santa Clara Passion Play. The magnificent and varied sets of scenery required for the presentation are now being prepared by

a staff of scenic artists of the College under the direction of Michael O'Sullivan of San Francisco. As regards the many electrical effects to be produced, it is sufficient to say that they are in the competent hands of the Rev. Richard H. Bell, S. J.

Some of the principals that will be seen in the cast are: Harry Wilcox, William Johnson, Peter Dunne, Edmund Lowe, Michael Griffith, James Daly, August Aguirre, George Mayerle, Desmond Gallagher, Lawrence Fernsworth, Seth Heney and William O'Shaughnessy.

In all there will be thirty-four speaking parts and there will be close on to two hundred on the stage during the play.

The entire production of "Constantine" is under the direction of Mr. George G. Fox, S. J. It was under his masterful guidance that such plays as "The Light Eternal", "The Passion Play" and "Santiago" were so successfully presented.

Father Fox expresses himself as high-pleased with the prospects, basing his judgment on the rehearsals that have been taking place nightly in the College theatre. "Constantine" will be presented on Monday, May the third, in the afternoon, Tuesday, May fourth, in the evening, and May eighth, matinee and night.

"College Press" Entertainment

Once again has the College Press become brilliantly conspicuous in the limelight of College theatricals. This

last appearance was somewhat of an impromptu affair and acted as a preliminary to Hon. James P. Sex's lecture on "Libel Laws, Old and New."

The most generally enjoyed number on the program was the St. Joseph's Sodality Cadet Band of seventy-five pieces under the direction of Professor Austin Morris, a former student and professor of the College. The grand exhibition given, spoke well not only for the young men who composed it but also for the popular director through whose skilled training such an excellent band has been made possible.

The Crab City Quartette composed of Messrs. Mayerle, Gallagher, Brown, and Howard added another triumph to their already lengthy musical string.

This appearance of the Quartette witnessed the debut of Michael Brown into the limelight element. His shoe-horn-effect dress-suit and plug hat made a big hit with the fashionable dressers of the campus.

Harry Gallagher, the second member of the Crabbers, in his impersonation of a Nevada City rube, couldn't have enacted the part more naturally. Messrs. Mayerle and Howard displayed their usual fine form.

Following the musical and vaudeville part of the program was Hon. James P. Sex's lecture on "Libel Laws, Old and New." The subject, a most interesting and intellectual one, was attentively listened to, especially by the upper-classmen who considered the occasion an excellent one to become acquainted with a very important elementary step in the study of law.

Mr. Sex, Assistant District Attorney of Santa Clara County, was naturally perfectly conversant with his subject and in his lecture used his great oratorical powers to wonderful advantage. The students await with pleasure another talk from the able attorney.

Following is the program of the evening:

Prelude, College Orchestra.

PART I.

Selections by the St. Joseph's Sodality Band of seventy-five pieces, under the direction of Prof. Austin Morris.

March, "Royal Collors," (B. G. McFall.)

Medley Overture, "War Songs of Boys in Blue."

Trombone Solo, "Holy City, (Stephen Adams) performed by Messrs. Baggott, Bravo, Taylor and Cox.

PART II.

Vocal Quartette, George Mayerle, Michael Brown, Harry Gallagher and Henry Howard.

Shadowgraph Recitation, L. A. Fensworth.

Airship Specialty, Baron Von Mayerlestein and Prince Gallaghereoosky. (Airship "College Press," built for the occasion by William Talbot).

Music, College Orchestra.

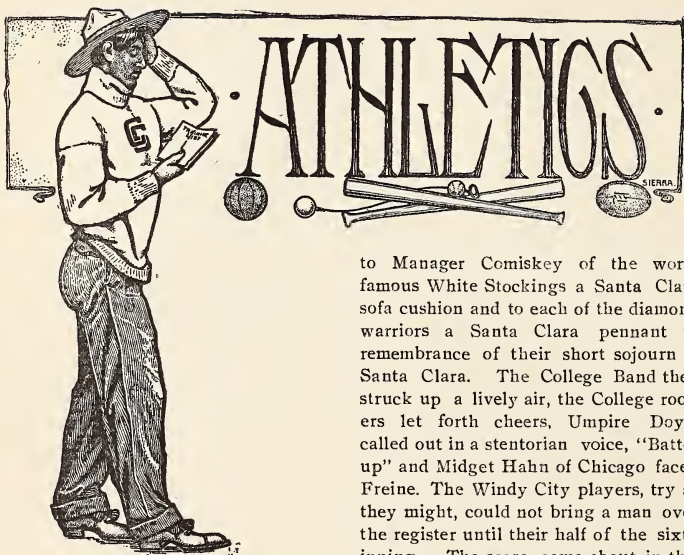
Imitations of Hermann, the Magician, Prof. F. J. Schmidt.

Music, College Orchestra.

PART III.

Lecture by Hon. James P. Sex on the subject, "Libel Laws, Old and New.

ROB'T E. McCABE, '10.



Chicago 3. Santa Clara 0

A hair raising catch by Donovan, phenomenal twirling by Fiene, Scott and Friene, a perfect peg to the plate by Dooling, the nailing of Dougherty at the third station on an accurate throw from Shafer to Reams and the heavy willow wielding of Cravath and Atz were the sensational wonders that met the gaze of the fans in the most thrilling and conspicuous game of the present baseball year.

Prior to the opening of hostilities Edmund Lowe on behalf of the student body of Santa Clara College presented

to Manager Comiskey of the world famous White Stockings a Santa Clara sofa cushion and to each of the diamond warriors a Santa Clara pennant in remembrance of their short sojourn at Santa Clara. The College Band then struck up a lively air, the College rooters let forth cheers, Umpire Doyle called out in a stentorian voice, "Batter up" and Midget Hahn of Chicago faced Friene. The Windy City players, try as they might, could not bring a man over the register until their half of the sixth inning. The score came about in this manner. Atz tried valiantly to find Friene safely but his efforts were fruitless. Dougherty was patient and received his walking papers. He promptly copped the second bag and roosted on third when Salberg let slip through his fingers Friene's heave to the middle rest to catch Dougherty napping. Flanagan worked the squeeze play perfectly and Dougherty slid across the rubber.

In the interim the large coterie of faithful that had assembled at Luna Park were treated to a brilliant piece of baseball work. The chances looked rosy for the Sox to score, but a speedy

double from Friene to Shafer to Peters drew Santa Clara out of the danger zone.

It was in the seventh inning that Donovan starred. Two White Stockings were on the sacks and two stored away. Sullivan came to bat and hammered one of Friene's fast ones on the nose. Far out to left field sailed the sphere while dismay for the moment filled Santa Clara's rooting section. But the sudden attack of fright was more than turned to joy when Donovan, after running back thirty yards, jumped in the air, pulled the horsehide out of the clouds, fell and held the ball in his right hand. A catch like that is seldom seen on any ball field and the hero of the afternoon was given a great ovation when he came in from the outer garden.

The ex-World Champions made two runs in the last canto. Peters dropped a throw to first and Sullivan was safe. Hahn walked and Parent reached the initial cushion on a miscue. With the bases occupied Atz drove out his second long single scoring Sullivan and Hahn. That was all for the Sox as Parent was caught between stations and Dougherty skied to Dooling.

Santa Clara was well nigh helpless before the clever twirling of the leaguer's slabsters. Giant Friene in the four innings he worked was found by Donovan for a scratch single. Scott, the speed marvel who succeeded Friene fanned seven men and was hit safe but once, Jacobs securing a beautiful bingle. The support afforded Friene and Scott was perfect, the graceful fielding of Parent around short being superb.

The tabulated score:

CHICAGO										
	AB	R	H	SB	PO	A	E			
Hahn, rf.....	2	1	0	1	0	0	0			
Parent, ss.....	5	0	0	0	1	3	0			
Atz, 2b.....	5	0	2	0	0	2	0			
Dougherty, lf.....	2	1	0	2	0	0	0			
Flanagan, cf.....	4	0	0	0	1	0	0			
Cravath, 1b.....	2	0	2	1	12	1	0			
Tannehill, 3b.....	4	0	0	0	1	0	0			
Owens, c.....	2	0	0	0	3	1	0			
Sullivan, c.....	2	1	0	0	7	2	0			
Friene, p.....	2	0	1	0	0	1	0			
Scott, p.....	2	0	1	0	2	3	0			
Totals.....	32	3	6	4	27	13	0			

SANTA CLARA										
	AB	R	H	SB	PO	A	E			
Peters, 1b.....	2	0	0	1	8	0	1			
Shafer, c.....	3	0	0	0	5	3	1			
McGovern, ss.....	3	0	0	0	4	1	1			
Freine, p.....	3	0	0	0	1	8	2			
Jacobs, cf.....	3	0	1	0	1	0	0			
Reams, 3b.....	2	0	0	1	2	1	0			
Donovan, lf.....	3	0	1	0	3	0	0			
Salberg, 2b.....	2	0	0	0	0	1	2			
C. Dooling, rf.....	3	0	0	0	3	1	0			
Totals.....	24	0	2	2	27	15	7			

RUNS AND HITS BY INNINGS

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Chicago.....	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	2	—	3
Base Hits.....	0	1	1	0	0	1	1	1	—	6
Santa Clara.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—	0
Base Hits.....	0	0	1	0	0	0	1	0	—	2

SUMMARY

Sacrifice hits—Hahn, Shafer, Salberg. Base on balls.—Off Friene, 1, off Scott, 2; off Freine, 6. Struck out—By Friene, 3; by Scott, 7; by Freine, 3. Double play—Scott to Cravath; Friene to Shafer to Peters. First base on errors, Chicago, 3. Left on bases—Chicago, 10; Santa Clara 2. Hit by pitcher—Dougherty. Umpire—Doyle. Scorer, A. J. Mullen. Time of game, 1 hour and 30 minutes.

Stanford 4. Santa Clara 2.

By annexing the fourth game of the series the representatives of the cardinal vie with the sporters of the new and natty white uniforms of Santa Clara for diamond supremacy, each nine now having two victories to its credit.

The fourth engagement was fought out on the University Field at Palo Alto and as in the previous exhibitions with Stanford was pleasing to the bugs mainly because of timely hitting and clever pitching. In the fielding line, both teams were weak, Stanford making eight errors and Santa Clara four. Shafer had the cardinal base stealers frightened as not one tried to venture around the sacks unaided. Salberg handled everything that came near the keystone sack like a veteran, accepting eight chances without a miscue.

Below is the scorebook's story;

STANFORD

	AB	R	H	SB	PO	A	E
Cadwalader, 2b.....	4	2	1	0	1	2	1
Tallant, lf.....	4	0	1	0	1	0	0
Sampson, ss.....	3	0	0	0	2	8	3
Bell, 1b.....	4	0	1	0	15	1	0
Mitchell, 3b.....	4	1	0	0	1	5	4
Ganong, cf.....	2	1	1	0	1	0	0
Ball, rf.....	3	0	1	0	1	0	0
McGregor, c.....	3	0	0	0	5	1	0
Smith, p.....	3	0	1	0	0	2	0
Totals.....	30	4	6	0	27	19	8

SANTA CLARA

	AB	R	H	SB	PO	A	E
Peters, 1b.....	4	0	1	1	13	0	1
Shafer, c.....	4	0	0	0	3	0	0
McGovern, ss.....	4	1	1	0	1	3	1
Freine, p.....	4	0	0	1	3	3	1
Jacobs, cf.....	4	0	0	0	1	0	0
Ream, 3b.....	4	0	1	0	0	2	0
Donovan, lf.....	4	1	0	1	0	0	1
Salberg, 2b.....	3	0	1	0	3	5	0
Dooling, rf.....	2	0	0	0	0	0	0
Walterstein, rf.....	2	0	0	0	0	0	0
Totals.....	35	2	4	3	24	13	4

RUNS AND HITS BY INNINGS

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Stanford.....	1	0	0	0	1	0	1	1	4
Base Hits.....	0	0	1	2	0	1	2	1	6
Santa Clara.....	0	0	0	0	1	1	0	0	2
Base Hits.....	0	0	0	0	2	1	0	1	4

SUMMARY

Two base hits—Salberg, Bell, Smith. Sacrifice hits—Ganong, Salberg. Base on balls—

Off Freine, 1. Struck out—By Smith, 2; by Freine, 2. Double play—McGovern to Salberg, to Peters. Earned runs—Stanford, 1. First Base on Errors—Santa Clara, 7; Stanford, 2. Left on Bases—Santa Clara, 7; Stanford, 4. Passed ball—McGregor. Umpire—Rutledge. Scorer, A. J. Mullen.

The San Jose Games

The first mixup with the San Jose State League Club occurred Sunday, February 22. The final score, seven to six with Santa Clara on the winners end represents the brand of ball that was served up. Peters, Friene and Jacobs did the best hitting for the College.

The batteries were:

Santa Clara: Walterstein. Freine and Shafer.

San Jose: Logan, Bartlett, Smith and Thomas and Eager.

In the second meeting the professionals completely swamped Santa Clara by the score of fifteen to six. Walterstein blew up in the opening inning and was succeeded by Reams and B. Hartman, both of whom did creditable work. Friene's home run with the bases filled was the feature of the game. Friene, Peters, McGovern and Reams for Santa Clara and Smith and Stricklett for San Jose batted well.

The batteries were:

San Jose, Logan, Trippett, Stricklett and Eager.

Santa Clara, Walterstein, Reams, B. Hartman and Shafer.

The third contest was played Sunday, March 14, at Luna Park and again the State Leaguers were victorious. The result was six to two. Logan and

Trippett, the San Jose twirlers, had the Santa Clara sluggers guessing.

The batteries were:

San Jose: Logan, Trippett and Eager.

Santa Clara: Walterstein, Hartman and Shafer.

The fourth contest was fast and interesting from beginning to end. The opposing twirlers, Friene and Bartlett, were in fine pitching form. The big event of the matinee was a brilliant triple play by the Santa Clara infield. The final result was one to nothing in favor of the Collegians.

The Batteries were:

Santa Clara, Freine and Shafer.

San Jose, Bartlett and Eager.

Santa Clara 4 St. Ignatius 2

The young ball tossers of St. Ignatius College, our sister institution in California, jaunted into our midst from the Bay City, crossed willows with our favorites and went home possessors of the short end of a four to two score. They put up a gallant fight and for five innings led in the run getting. The exceptional pitching of Walterstein and Friene and clean cut hits when hits were needed, brought home the bacon for Santa Clara. Walterstein fanned seven in the five innings he worked and Friene struck out eight in the four innings he slid them over. Giannini mixed them up for the callers and throughout the game twirled beautifully.

Hostilities began in the first. Giannini of St. Ignatius was given free transportation and advanced to third on Wally's wild throw to first. Peters threw the ball away and Wally bungled again, Giannini and O'Hara scoring on mishaps.

Santa Clara brought across their first run in the fifth. Reams soused the ball where the fielders "aint." He moved around on a fielder's choice and Salberg's stolen base and scored when Walterstein came to the rescue with a swell single.

In the sixth the contest was cinched. Shafer and McGovern occupied stations when the St. Ignatius infielders messed up their chances. Friene came to bat, dropped down one that was too slow to handle and was safe. With the roosts filled Jacobs gave a demonstration of the Wagnerian spirit by driving the ball in left. Shafer and McGovern scored on this hit and when Reams knocked out a skyscraper to deep center, Friene came home. The remainder of the affair was scoreless.

The scorer's report shows:

SANTA CLARA										
	AB	R	H	SB	PO	A	E			
Peters, 1b.....	4	0	1	0	5	0	1			
Shafer, c.....	4	1	0	0	16	2	0			
McGovern, ss.....	4	1	1	0	3	1	0			
Friene, p-rf.....	4	1	3	0	1	0	0			
Jacobs, cf.....	4	0	1	0	0	0	0			
Reams, 3b.....	2	0	1	0	1	1	0			
Donovan, lf.....	3	0	0	0	1	0	0			
Salberg, 2b.....	3	1	0	1	0	2	0			
Walterstein, p-rf.....	3	0	1	0	0	1	2			
Irillary, rf.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0			
Totals	31	4	8	1	27	7	3			

ST. IGNATIUS										
	AB	R	H	SB	PO	A	E			
Giannini, p.....	3	1	1	1	1	3	1			
O'Hara, 2b.....	4	1	1	0	0	1	0			
Mahoney, 3b.....	4	0	0	0	1	3	1			
J. Ryan, rf.....	4	0	1	0	1	0	0			
Brown, ss.....	4	0	0	0	4	3	0			
Flood, cf.....	2	0	0	0	2	0	0			
R. Ryan, 1b.....	4	0	0	0	8	0	0			
Sweeney, lf.....	3	0	0	0	3	0	0			
Lasater, c.....	1	0	0	0	4	1	0			
*Butler,	1	0	0	0	0	0	0			
Totals.....	30	2	3	1	24	11	2			

*Batted for Lasater in the ninth.

RUNS AND HITS BY INNINGS

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Santa Clara.....	0	0	0	0	1	3	0	0	—	4
Base Hits..	1	0	0	1	2	2	1	1	—	8
St. Ignatius.....	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—	2
Base Hits..	0	0	1	0	1	0	0	1	—	3

SUMMARY

Two base hits—Freine. Base on balls—Off Walterstein, 2; off Freine, 1. Struck out—By Walterstein, 7; Freine, 8; Giannini, 3. Hit by pitcher—Lasater, Sweeney. Double plays—Giannini to Brown to R. Ryan. Left on bases—Santa Clara, 4, St. Ignatius, 7. Sacrifice hits—Reams, Lasater. First base on Errors—Santa Clara, 2, St. Ignatius, 2. Earned runs—Santa Clara, 2. Passed balls—Lasater. Time of game—1 hour and 50 minutes. Umpires—R. Brown and H. Gallagher. Scorer, A. J. Mullen.

The Redwoods.

With seven games stored in the victory bag, Manager Boles and Captain Meyer of The Redwoods are happy. Judging by the prowess of the second nine at the bat and in the field it is quite safe to say that The Redwoods will cop the Majority of their coming engagements.

The first bunch to draw the wrath of Coach Peters' "Youthfuls" upon them was the Day Scholars' team. They were defeated by a score of three to two.

San Jose High School was the next patient that The Redwoods operated on. Archbold fed the High School lads his most bitter medicines and they quickly succumbed. McCarthy, Ford and H. Lyng used the bat to advantage. The final score was one to nothing.

Duffey's Outlaws were defeated twice by scores of five to three and eleven to three respectively. The slugging of

McCabe and Gallagher and the fielding of Captain Meyer of The Redwoods was of high order.

Head painter Meyer, and his horsehide artists applied a plentiful coat of white wash to the players from Palo Alto High School. The Palo Alto men never had a look-in, being overwhelmed by the score of thirteen to nothing. Nigger Hartman held the opposing sluggers to one lone hit. McCarthy's home run was a feature of the game.

The sixth accounting was with the pen wielders of Heald's Business College. When Scorekeeper Boone's ledger was opened The Redwoods were debited with ten runs and credited with six. H. Lyng, the seconds' third sacker, pounded the sphere for four safeties out of four times at bat.

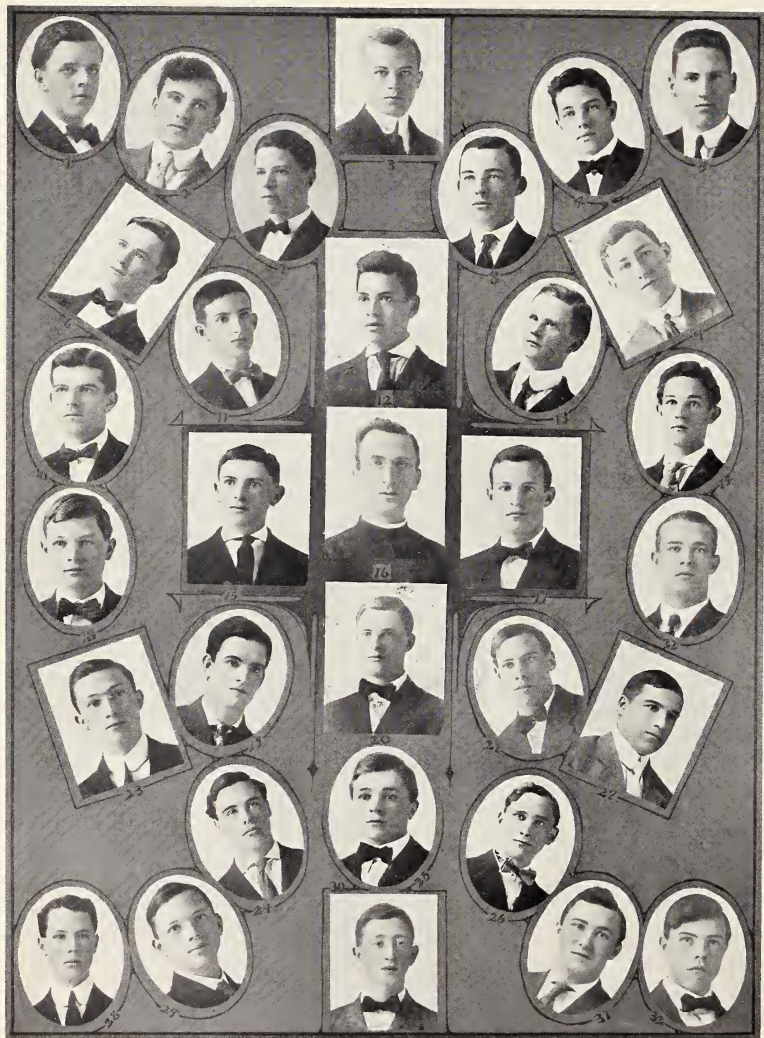
When in a badly crippled condition, The Redwoods fell before the Berkeley Merchants; the score was ten to six. Hitting honors went to Manager Boles.

The eighth game and seventh victory of the Redwoods was captured from the soldier boys of Anderson's Academy. The score was seven to one. H. Barry was given a trial in the box for the seconds and acquitted himself admirably.

The Redwood's formation is:

Catcher, H. Gallagher. Pitchers, Archbold and H. Barry. First Base, McCabe, Second Base, Ford, Third Base, H. Lyng. Short Stop, Captain Meyer. Outfielders, Ross, McCarthy, Irilarry and Taylor.

J. MORRIN McDONNELL, '12.



HOUSE OF PHILHISTORIANS

1. Thomas F. McCormick; 2. Desmond B. Gallagher; 3. Daniel J. Tadich; 4. Geo. S. de Lorimier; 5. A. Cecil Posey; 6. Seth T. Heney; 7. Louis B. Ford; 8. John K. Sheehy; 9. Wm. I. O'Shaughnessy; 10. Henry J. Howard; 11. Wm. L. Ross; 12. James K. Jarrett, Serg-at-Arms; 13. Ralph Goetter; 14. Earl R. Askam; 15. Edward G. White, Cor. Secy.; 16. Rev. Joseph Stack, S. J., Speaker; 17. Hardin N. Barry, Clerk; 18. Joseph P. Lindley; 19. Wm. I. Barry; 20. John T. Irlarry, Librarian; 21. Paul C. Meyer; 22. Joseph F. Ray; 23. Roy A. Bronson; 24. John P. Degnan; 25. Karl F. Herbring; 26. Bernard A. Budde; 27. Robert C. Browne; 28. Francis J. Boone; 29. Franklin W. Dozier; 30. J. Morrin McDonnell; 31. Geo. R. Zorb; 32. Christopher A. Degnan.

The Redwood.

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VOL. VIII.

SANTA CLARA, CAL., MAY, 1909.

NO. 8

A MAY SHOWER

*W*HEN Winter's gone and cheerless frost and snow
Give place to gentle spring, 'tis then I feel
A restless sense of longing round me steal
And lightly, softly as the breezes blow
I kiss the flowers till their cups o'erflow
With fragrant drops, and violet beds reveal
What even violets cannot all conceal,
The breath of God.—I murmur as I go
And nature wakes and smiles, no longer sad;
For as I hasten on I hear the laugh
Of tree and shrub. The very birds are glad
And leave their song in heaven's blue, to quaff
The life I give.—I die in sunshine clad—
A glorious arch—my short-lived epitaph.

Chris. A. Deegan, '11.

THE FULFILLMENT

TWAS Carnival. A gentle breeze blew, and the decorations which hung from every window quivered at the touch of its breath. The rich hangings, the richer tapestries which draped balconies, were gorgeous to behold. The Corso was strewn with yellow sand, and the rays of Phoebus beating down, sparkled, giving thereto the appearance of a carpet of gold. At intervals wooden seats, built row above row and filled to their utmost capacity, afforded an unobstructed view of the festival. The walks on either side were thronged, and even the streets afforded but little passage-way. At each corner, from out large wooden troughs, venders sold snow-white "confetti." Men and women, disguised in every manner, with shields of thin wire netting and black gloves to protect face and hands from the sharp sting of the confetti, trampled upon one another in pursuit of frolic and pleasure. All Rome seemed immersed in festivity.

But why this stampede? A dull thud of hoofs is heard; it comes nearer,—is louder, mingled now with the rattle of scabbards. Of a sudden, through the opening made by the crowd, a score of cavalry dash. In their wake, and at a more leisurely pace, follow the carriages of the city's dignitaries on their customary morning drive up and down the Corso ere the fun begins. For an instant there is silence, the carriages pass by, then rises up a cry so loud, so joy-

ous, that it seems to penetrate the dome of heaven itself. The showers have begun, flowers and "confetti" are thrown everywhere. Bands promenade up and down; high and low mingle together, and the air rings with the happiness of their laugh. The Carnival is at its height to-day, for to-morrow is Ash Wednesday and Lent begins.

But midst all the gaiety of the hurrying masqueraders a lone figure stood in the entrance of a large building, thus secluded somewhat from the torrent of whitish missiles which fell everywhere. The figure was of a man, tall and massive shouldered, a Scotchman one would judge. His hair was of silvery gray his eyes soft and tender, his face o'er-run with lines of care. He wore no mask of wire netting, his hands were bare. The flood of confetti and flowers which were hurled in his direction generally fell unheeded, but now and again he awoke from his reverie and smiled as some passing masquers, with quick movement, showered him. And yet his smile seemed but to deepen the tone of sadness portrayed so unmistakably upon his countenance. He was not a very old man, but yet past the prime of life. What memories this gay throng roused? He was not as strong as he once was. If he could but shake off the grim manacles of age, and again join in the merry making!—he sighed. So the world has ever been, and youth and strength, together with time, pass

away leaving, mayhaps, regrets, but always mingled with memories of happy days.

The bells pealed the noon hour. The recluse left his standing place. He would take a side street—a round about way home—so as to be left alone, he and his thoughts. He wondered why he was sad to-day; to-day, the only day for years he had reason not to be. The bright sunlight, the brilliancy around, the jollity everywhere, should they not at least for a few minutes act as a balm to his saddening thoughts. And then—ah, he did feel a tinge of happiness! His son, the son he loved so well, last evening had come, and on bended knees begged forgiveness and had promised the mending of his ways. It was he who had caused those premature locks of gray, those lines of care upon a once careless face, and yet he loved him. He was his son and resembled her. He had suffered for the mother, and with a fortitude that only strong men possess, he also suffered for the son.

He had been exiled from his beloved Scotland. Why? Because she who from infancy had been raised neath the balmy skies of Italy could not endure the rigorous colds of Scotland. He then settled in Rome where shortly the child was born. They christened him Paul, Paul McGregor. When the boy was sixteen, and a sprightly lad, his mother died. The father, being alone, sent the boy to England to attend school. In England, and his father many miles

away, the boy grew careless. Notes were received at home telling at first of small misdemeanors, then graver ones. One day the boy himself returned. He was expelled, he said, yet he showed no shame at the confession. He was given a position in his father's office, but soon there was such a shortage in accounts that it was imperative that he be removed. Out of a position, he decided it a waste of time to work; it was easier gambling. To this then he took, and with it to drink. Again and again when spurious checks were presented to the fastly ageing father, with stoic face he claimed them while the heart within him almost burst. He would not, could not see his son branded a felon. And so he went his way, the proud Scottish blood within him scorning to let the outside world know the tempest within. And so the years passed. Remonstrances had no avail upon Paul. The lines of care upon the father's face grew deeper, his hair turned grayer, yet not a murmur escaped him. This world would be a sorry place if all were happiness and pleasure. Tribulations, grave or light, are the lot of every one, and he is more a man who bears them with courage and in silence.

The walker hastened his steps; he was nearing home. And Paul, after these nine long years, had come back to him,—were not his troubles over? The house was gained; across the pathway, up the steps he hurried, and was upon the porch, when from the inside the door was flung open and a young man,

tall and well built, of a light complexion, stepped forth.

"Paul!" the old man flung out his hand.

"Well, father!" the youth responded in tones of haste and fear, as he took the outstretched hand.

"Have I kept you waiting? But come, dinner must be ready. I have ordered a feast for a king, to-day," and he entered.

"But father!" and across the handsome face of the youth a subtle shadow passed. "I should like to see you a minute—privately."

"See me! Why? Come in here;" and he drew back the curtain to the drawing-room. "What is it?"

"Father, I owe some money; it must be paid at once. Will you give it to me?"

"What sum is it?"

"5000 lire."

"It is impossible at present. It is a large amount; in a fortnight perhaps, but not now."

"But I must have it now!"

The old man's face clouded.

"I can not give it to you. Why did you not speak of this last evening when you promised——"

"None of your piety talks now," the other interrupted. "I must have the money! You—a father! You'd see your son in prison before you'd part with a handful of miserly——"

"Paul! I forbid you to speak so!" and on the father's countenance pain and anger strove for mastery.

"Last night you promised," the other

continued, "to help me, as you said, to rise again. The first request I make you refuse. You played with me! You lied to me!"

The old man's face at this insult twitched, his frame shook, he rose to his utmost height.

"Leave this house," he roared.

The other did not move; his look grew dogged and surly.

"Leave this house!" the old man again commanded.

The young man did not answer; a sarcastic smile flitted across his face.

"Well, then, may God help me!" and with a few quick steps he had the young man by the shoulders, with a twist turned him round; but ere he could do more the other wrenched away. With a half snarl and a jump he had the old man by the throat, and his fingers tightened. With an effort the old man tried to shake him off, but in vain. The silver locks fell back, the haughty but careworn face paled; he saw his doom.

"May the—God—of heaven—mete to you—such—a death—as—you—now mete to me," he managed to gasp, and his head sank back, his body grew limp; he was dead. The patricide loosed his hold. In face of this greatest of malefactions he became terror stricken; his eyes bulged forth, a cold shiver shook him from head to foot, his heart stood still. His hands lost their power, the body fell with a thud. Like one pursued he crept into the hallway, quickly he grasped his hat; with a wild cry he

threw back the door and hurried away.

* * * * *

From amidst the Texan sky a myriad of stars beamed down. The ranges stretching in the distance, bending on the left to meet the plain, were outlined in the pale moonlight. The mountain breezes murmured, a coyote called, and there was silence. This night at least no scoffing hand intrudes here, upon Nature's altar, for it is the evening of election day.

The large wooden house of the Red Arrow Ranch, which sits back some hundred yards from the road, was dazzling in light. Men were walking to and fro on the verandas, the inside rooms where they sat in groups were filled with smoke. In the rear a party of women were seated talking hurriedly. On chairs nearby, some sleeping, others yawning restlessly ere slumber overcame them, but all awakening now and again, and plying their mothers with questions, sat a number of children. Out in the yard in front of the corral, their forms barely visible in the dim shadows of lantern lights, lounged the cowboys of the ranch, also talking low and hurriedly. The atmosphere breathed suppressed excitement.

From way down the road a clatter of hoofs is borne. Every one arose. The owner of the ranch rushed forward and out upon the porch. Those who could not restrain their eagerness crowded into the pathways. Closer came the clatter; soon it was upon the roadway in front, now it turned, and a horseman at reck-

less speed rode down the driveway. Ere he had safely drawn his horse to halt the ranch owner was upon him, had seized the crumpled paper from his fingers and read aloud:

"Palo Pinto County—Sanford, 779; McFarland, 784."

A cry went up,—“Hurrah for Paul McFarland!” And the cow-boys cheered. The ranch owner turned and smiled, but it was a quick, nervous smile. He was now but 39 votes ahead, and there was another county still to be heard from. His head swam, the excitement was too great; he must be alone. He espied a portly gentleman to his right.

“Oh, Colonel!” he called, and made his way toward him. “I say, Colonel, what do you make of it?” he spoke nervously.

“Listen here, Mc., I’ve told you a hundred times not to worry. You’ll be Governor to-night!”

“But do you think Val can hold Comanche County?”

“Hold Comanche! Yes, enough to give you a small majority. Well, I’ll be hanged, if you don’t look like a ghost. Mc!”

“I’m feeling sort of bad—excitement, you know. You’ll excuse me, Colonel, I’ll walk a bit in the air.”

Slowly, and with a fluttering heart, he rounded the east wing of the veranda. “What a night!” he murmured as he gazed up at the stars that decked the dome of heaven like so many precious stones. Mechanically he walked toward the old well in the rear yard,

and there stopped a moment to gaze more fully upon the magnificence of the night. He then passed on, out to where a clump of old pepper trees drooped their branches to the earth. From neath their shade he drew a bench, and in the open starlight seated himself. Through what tension had he passed! The soothing powers of the night were already casting their spell upon him. In a short half hour he would know his lot. What if he were not elected! He buried his face in his hands.

A few minutes passed, and he felt a gentle touch upon his arm, and a gentle voice spoke softly:

"Dad, you are'nt ill, are you?"

"No, Rosie," and he drew his daughter to the seat beside him. "No, I'm not ill, only a little nervous. Where is Gwen? In the house? Well, you stay out here and talk to me awhile; there is something I wish to tell you. You are no longer a child, Rose; you were eighteen two weeks ago, were'nt you? Well, I can talk a little plainer to you now, you'll understand. Girlie, to-night is the crisis in my life, and there is a something in me that thrills my every fiber, and bids me speak. You know nothing of my life ere I met your mother, do you, girlie? Well, I shall tell a little. I came to this country, lets see, about twenty-two years ago. My home was Italy, though my father was Scotch." He was silent. No, he could not tell her all the truth. "I was wild as a lad," he continued, "and my father and I had a falling out, and so I left.

On parting, my father wished me ill luck. Now in Italy, Rose, such a thing is regarded as the greatest of evils; a superstition it is, mind you, yet the people believe in it. I came here to Texas. Your grandfather, girl, took pity on me and gave me work. I became a cow-boy, and green though I was I soon learned. Then I was made a foreman, and as such I met your mother for the first time. Your grandfather came to have great faith in me and soon I was manager of the entire ranch. I wooed your mother, and your grandfather was agreeable; said he was growing old and wanted to know that his daughter was fixed well, and that the ranch would be cared for. We immediately married. Soon the old man died and I was owner, —all within four years of my arrival. To me the upward strides I took seemed but a part of a huge dream for always before me were my father's words of ill omen, and I believed the superstition. I worked hard, the ranch grew larger and more prosperous. I made friends among the ranchers and the cow-boys. At the last convention I was asked to run for Governor, and accepted. So you now know, girlie, a little of my life's story. Bit by bit I have mounted the ladder of success, but through it all, as I have said, my father's words have haunted me, but more so to-night; that is why I came out here neath the stars to be alone. When I feel down at heart, Rose, I love the quiet, the quiet of nature. The formality of civilization and humanity seems to mock me, but in nature—all is true. Oh, girl, if

only the past could be undone! But listen,—hoof-beats! Come, it is the last messenger; I'll know my fate."

Ere he could round the house he was met by Colonel James.

"Good evening—Governor!" the latter said, and bowed.

"McFarland stopped, his heart beat wildly, and his breath came fast.

"Fate! I have won again," he cried, and as he said it a dread seized upon him, a cold perspiration covered him, and he leaned against the steps lest he should fall.

* * * * *

"He'll be here soon, Lee, be ready," and two forms slunk back further into the covering of bushes, "and remember, no noise!"

"All right," was the half impatient response. "How many home did you say?"

"Four; all women. The two ladies of the house, and two servants."

"Shu, Bill! not so loud! Where are they?"

"Way over the other side. Everything's fine. He'll get off here, as he always does, and start up those side steps, then you out and cover him. I'll hand him this paper and pen,—either he signs or you shoot; we'll have to take the chance. Don't forget what we said. If shoot it be, then we both run down that walk there and jump the fence at the end. Then we walk slow down to the horse, sabe?"

"You bet! I'd like much to shoot right off, though. He broke up the

gang; he did it himself. The first day he was Governor he said he would stamp out horse thieving. He put my brother, Buck, in the "pen," and the rest of 'em; and, by heaven, if he don't let them off I'll fix him!" and he fingered his six-shooter nervously.

Twilight was ebbing, and dusk like an ocean mist crept in. A few early stars already twinkled in the heavens, and the moon, as a forewarner of her coming, shot forth soothing rays across the sky.

Paul McFarland, Governor of the State of Texas and a sportsman, slowed his steed to a walk, and with a tune on his lips reined into the driveway of the palatial residence. His tall frame covered with a well fitting riding costume, spoke of prosperity. From off his forehead he pushed the large panama hat, and allowed the cool of the evening to play upon his brow. It was good to be alive, he thought as a little guff of the breeze that was rising, struck him full, and he breathed of it long and deep.

"I wonder if there's any news from Rose today," he muttered half aloud, "she arrived in London nigh three weeks ago. Yes, I'm well satisfied with her marriage, Harry's a nice fellow, and he's got a lot of good sense. Now only Gwen is left, and I guess she too will soon be going. Then Mame and I will be left alone. How fortunate I have been, and God be thanked for the wife and children he has given me. And did I deserve them?" He turned his face and shuddered; could not that past which always rose before him like a

nightmare ever die? He reached the steps and quickly dismounted but ere he could move a step, a hand fell upon his shoulder. He turned and gazed into the muzzle of a gun. Unconsciously his hand flew to his hip pocket.

"Keep that hand still," came the command in low even tones.

"McFarland, sign this," said a gruff voice to his right, and a paper and pen were shoved into his hands. The Governor took them.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Sign here quick !" came the response, and a rough finger pointed to the space. "We'll count but three, then shoot."

"But what does it contain?" the Governor again asked.

"The papers contain words of pardon to the men accused by you of cattle stealing. Sign !"

Quickly the Governor stooped, his right arm shot up and grasped the wrist that held the revolver.

"Never," he shouted. "Drop that gun or I break." There was a wrench, a sharp oath and the gun fell. The other man quickly closed in.

"Let's get him this way then, Lee" he snarled, and buried his fingers into the Governor's neck.

Lee understood. Suddenly he flung back both arms, and drawing them quickly together again pinioned McFarland in his lock. Bill's fingers sank deeper, the Governor could not speak—he was choking. Grimly before him his father's image rose, he saw his own bloodstained fingers sinking into the old man's flesh, he heard again that choking, as in vain the old man tried to breathe; his own hands fell back limp. And God ! his wife and child were waiting for him just within. He knew never again in this life would he see them; he tried to scream their names but the sound mocked him like the hissing of demons. And oh—there stood his father again, his pale face twitching, his bloodless lips murmuring—what words were those? Oh God, they are his curse—a father's curse ! He reels.

"Oh God, have mercy on me ! I have met my due," he prayed, tottered—and was dead.

J. DEVEREAUX PETERS, Post-Grad.

IN AFTER YEARS

TO F. K.



HE grief of parting would be less—
 If midst all your happiness
 This ring to your lips you'd press,
 In after years.

When the evening shadows glow
 And you rock a cradle to and fro,
 A prayer just murmur low,
 In after years.

There's a thought that seems to deaden
 All the pain that you have given
 'Tis that we may meet in heaven
 In after years.

Desmond B. Gallagher, '12.

CHAUCERIAN PAPERS

V

THE CANTERBURY TALES (Continued)

The Monk, who is next called upon, bases his tale upon the lives of men of high estate who have fallen into hopeless adversity. He gives a series of short 'tragedies' selected from Boccaccio's 'De Casibus Virorum et Feminarum Illustrium' with further borrowings from Boethius and the Roman de la Rose, and also from the Bible. The subjects are very varied and include the stories of Lucifer, Adam, Sampson, Hercules, Nebuchadnezzar, Balthasar, Zenobia (Queen of Palmyra), Pedro the Cruel, Petro of Cyprus, Barnabas of Lombardy, Ugolino of Pisa, the Emperor Nero, King Holofernes, Antiochus, Alexander the Great, the Emperor Julius, and King Croesus.

With the monk going on at this rate, there was no saying when he was going to stop, and, at the end of the seventeenth 'tragedy', the gentle knight stopped him, 'Good Sire, na moore of this,' 'for litel hevynnessis noght ynough to muche folk, I gesse.' The host agrees, and then the company called upon the nun's priest, Sir John, for a merry tale.

He gives them the charming little story of the Cock and Hen, 'Chauntecleer and Pertelote,' contained in germ in Marie de France's tale 'Don Coc et don Werpil.' The story of the gallant

cock, who fell a victim to the wiles of the crafty fox Reynard, and his escape by an ingenious ruse, form one of the best of the Canterbury Tales.

This was probably the last tale told on the second day; for already, at the commencement of the monk's tale, our host reminds us, 'Lo! Rouchestre stant heer faste by!' Rochester was the usual stopping place for pilgrims, where, after perhaps a visit to the old Cathedral, they supped and slept.

We have no conversation to tell us exactly how the third day's story-telling began, as we have in the case of the first and second days; but Dr. Furnivall is responsible for placing the Doctor's Tale of 'Appius and Virginia,' taken, according to Professor Lounsbury, from the Roman de la Rose, and the Pardoner's Tale of 'Death and the Three Brothers,' in this portion as the first tales told on the third day. Of these two, the former is the well-known Latin story of Virginus slaying his daughter Virginia to save her from dishonour; and in Chaucer's version of the story the poet exhorts parents and guardians to be faithful in looking well after their wards, for, as he well says, "Of alle tresons sovereyn pestilence Is whan a wight bitrayseth innocence."

Before commencing his tale, the Par-

doner took both a drink and a bite of cake, and then commenced by giving the company a candid account of his way of preaching, his perpetual text being "Radix malorum est Cupiditas," though guilty of the sin of covetousness himself. An excellent story to this end he tells: In Flanders once there was a company of young men who gave themselves up to every kind of dissipation—haunting the taverns and living a life of sensual pleasure, all the while tearing in pieces our Blessed Lord's body, with their oaths, as if the Jews had not torn Him enough.

And so it happened one morning, before even the church bells had rung, they were seated over their drink in a tavern, when they heard the clink of a bell borne before a corpse that was being carried to the grave. One of them bade a servant go and ascertain the name of the dead man. He found it to be that of an old friend of his master's, slain suddenly the night before, as he sat drinking on his bench, by a 'privee theef, men clepeth Deeth.'

This Death was slaying all the people in the country, and had recently slain a thousand in the pestilence. So this rioter swore that he would be avenged on this Death, and would seek him out wherever he dwelt; while his two boon-companions joined him in an oath that before night they would slay this false traitor Death. The revellers had not gone more than half a mile from the tavern when, at a stile between two fields, they came upon a poor old man, weighed down with age and infirmity;

who greeted them full courteously. But the proudest of the three answered him roughly, enquiring why he was so wrapped up and why he had lived so long. The old man said, 'Because in no town or village, though I walk even to India, can I find a man willing to exchange his youth for my age, and Death will not take my life, though'

'on the ground, which is my moodres gate,
I knokke with my staf, erly and late,
And seye, "Leeve mooder, leet me in!"

Then, on the old man saying he must be going, the second rioter prevented him, saying he should not go until he had told them where they should find Death. So the old man told them to turn up a crooked way, to which he pointed, and there under a certain oak they would find him. Nothing daunted, the three pressed on, and there, under the oak, they found a treasure—a precious hoard of golden coins. What happiness now had fortune brought them, and how might they spend their lives in happiness and jollity! So they made up their minds to bear away the treasure, when night had fallen, and two, keeping watch, sent away the youngest to buy food and drink on the village. When he was gone the other two arranged a plot to slay the third on his return, and then divide the treasure between them. Meanwhile the youngest, as he went through the town, pondered in his heart a way to keep the treasure for himself, and then bought a quantity of poison with which he said he wished to destroy some rats in his house. This

he put into the wine and returned to the others under the oak.

There, as arranged, the two, in pretended play, slew their comrade; and then, taking a draught to quench their thirst, drank from the poisoned bottle, and so died. Thus they all met Death though they slew him not.

This moral story done, the Pardoner, feeling he had worked sufficiently upon the feelings of the company by his sermon on avarice, passed round his relics to be kissed, beginning with the Host,

'For he is moost enveloped in synne!'

This remark roused the Host to fury, and the Knight had to interfere to restore him to a calm mind, then tells them both to embrace and make up their quarrel, and so,

'Anon they kiste and ryden forth hir weye.'

In the next tale and its prologue, the Wife of Bath gives her experiences of matrimony; these were certainly wide, for, since the age of twelve, she had had five husbands and had got the better of them all.

Her fifth husband, Jankyn, the clerk of Oxford, had a book he took a special delight in reading from, "Valerie," (or Walter Map's treatise 'de non ducenda uxore') and "Theofraste" (Theophrastus de Nuptiis) containing various invectives against women. One night his wife tore three leaves out of this book, and was so roundly boxed by her husband that she swooned away, and afterwards was always able to rule her regretful spouse.

The Wife of Bath's tale was about a Knight of the Court of King Arthur, who, for the wrong done to a maiden, was condemned to die, unless within a year and a day he could find out what it was that women most desired. He wandered long and far, while some people told him one thing and some another. At last he met a very old and ugly woman who promised to tell him, if he would do whatever she asked of him. He promised, and, on returning to the Court, was interrogated by the Queen, and in reply

"My lige lady, generally," quod he,
 "Wommen desiren have sovereyntee
 As wel over hir housbone, as hir love,
 And for to been in Maistrie hym above."

All acknowledged that he was right, and then the old crone called upon the Knight to marry her. There was nothing for it but for him to do so. After the marriage the pair were very unhappy, for the young man paid no attention to his hideous old wife. At last she asked him whether he would prefer her young and fair and chance her faithfulness, or old and ugly and a faithful wife. He sensibly said he would leave the matter in her hands; whereupon she told him to cast aside the curtain and look; and lo! before him stood a fair and handsome young woman with whom he lived in perfect joy for the rest of their married life.

The friar next told a tale of a wicked Summoner, who was most avaricious, and forced people to give him money by threats and false witnesses. So bad was he that the devil seized him body

and soul and took him to hell. In revenge for this the Summoner, who was angry, told a story of how a hypocritical friar, after long preaching, induced a sick man to give him alms.

The last line of the Summoner's tale, 'we been almoost at towne,' is interesting as showing us that the pilgrims had now arrived at Sittingbourne, about 13 miles from Rochester, where the company was to dine. It was probably after this interval that the Clerk of Oxford was called upon for his excellent recital of Patient Griselda, taken as before mentioned, from Petrarch, after reading Boccaccio's story in the *Decameron*—a story of which Petrarch said none had been able to read it without tears. "The poetical treatment of the story" says Professor Morley, "is so individual that it comes afresh out of the mind of Chaucer. Its pathos is heightened by the humanising touch with which the English poet reconciles the most matter-of-fact reader to its questionable aspects. He feels that the incidents of the myth are against Nature, and at every difficult turn in the story he disarms the realist with a light passage of fence, and wins to his own side the host of readers who have the common English turn for ridicule of an ideal which conflicts with reason."

"The story of Griselda," says Cowden Clarke, in his introduction to his "*Riches of Chaucer*," is an embodying of the principles of Christianity; it is an example of the leading doctrines, an

illustration of the key-stone that alone can bind together the arch of that religion! The whole conduct of the heroine is a fervid hymn in praise of patience, forbearance, and long suffering. Not only does she not "resist evil," but she murmurs not: she is "smitten on the one cheek, and she turns the other." "The children of this world, who are wiser than the children of light," are wont to read this history in the spirit of fair traders; they look at it as they would at their ledgers; and not being a regularly kept account of debtor and creditor, with a just balance struck in favour of the party to whom it is due, they pronounce it naught. She is called mean-spirited, and one whom her husband is almost justified in putting to these sharp trials, as he might a coral plant or an oyster. They appear to have overlooked the three grand points upon which the story is connected, viz:—those of fidelity to her promise; strength of endurance in maintaining it, and stubbornness of principle in loving her husband "through good report and evil report." They who maintain that the character of Griselda is unnatural know little of what woman's love is capable. Griselda loved her husband; it was therefore natural to her, in the true spirit of charity—or love, to "Suffer all things, to believe all things, to hope all things, to sustain all things."

Chaucer himself points out at the conclusion of his story that he has given it not that wives should follow Griselda in her humility, but that every person

should learn to bear adversity with patience:

'For sith a womman was so pacient
Unto a mortal man, wel moore us oghte
Receyven al in gree that God us sent.'

The stanzas entitled "L'envoy de Chaucer," tacked on at the end of the Clerk's tale suggested a subject to the Merchant, and he has given us the story of an unfaithful wife, in his account of old January who wedded young May, thinking she truly loved him, while all the time she loved another.

By the time the Merchant's tale was done the pilgrims would have ridden the six miles from Sittingbourne to Ospringe where they would alight to pass the night at the old Pilgrim's House.

On the host, next morning, calling upon the young Squire for his contribution, he gave the story of Cambuscan, King of Tartary, referred to in the travels of Marco Polo, with the Magic Horse of Brass, and Canacee, the kind-hearted princess, who could interpret the language of birds. But the tale remains half-told, and the franklin, congratulating the youth on his fine effort, is ordered by the Host to tell his tale without more ado. So he gives the company the story of Averagus and his wife Dorigene, their love for each other, and their exaltation of truth, and of the keeping of a promise.

The Second Nun tells the 'Legende of St. Cecilia'—a somewhat free translation of the life of St. Cecilia, as given in the 'Legenda Aurea' of Jacobus de Voragine.

The prologue leads up to an Invocation to the Blessed Virgin Mary, partly adapted from Dante's *Paradiso*, canto 33; while the tale is further introduced by an 'Interpretatio nominis Cecilis,' as having various (tho' impossible) shades of meaning, and then the story tells of Cecilia winning over her husband, by means of an angelic vision, of her constancy when invited to offer incense to the gods, of her trial in a bath of water, heated to boiling point day and night, yet remaining cool to her, of the three sword strokes upon her neck which failed to slay her, of her sufferings through three long days and nights, during which she instructed her fellow-Christians in the faith, and disposed of her worldly goods, and lastly of her burial by Pope Urban and his deacons among the bodies of the saints.

Thus pleasantly the pilgrims provided for themselves entertainment until they reached Boughton-under-Blean, seven miles from Canterbury, where they were overtaken by a Canon's Yeoman and his Master, the latter a joyless alchemist, who had ridden after them from Faversham, where probably the Canon lived in a thieves' lane of the suburb, so that he could the better watch for travellers, whom he might impose upon by his pretended powers of 'multiplying,' or changing the baser metals into gold.

The Yeoman was very chatty, his master was so clever, he said, that he could pave all the road to Canterbury with silver and gold. "Indeed," said the Host, "then I wonder he is not

more particular about his personal appearance, his 'overslop' is not worth a mite, it is all dirty and torn, why is he so sluttish?" Then, as the Host continues, we see the servant's trust gradually drawn away from his master, until he owns that they lived by borrowing gold under pretence.

"That of a pound we koude make tweye;
Yet is it fals;

The Canon, overhearing his man's words, would fain have cut him short; but the Host interferences, bidding the Yeoman tell on, till the Canon rides away in very shame, leaving the company to listen to the Canon's Yeoman's story, prefaced by his experiences of alchemy, and deals with the trickery of another 'Chanoun of Religioun,' how he deceived a fellow priest, an 'annueker,'—or priest employed in saying anniversary masses for the dead, under the pretense of 'multiplying' gold by means of his alleged discoveries.

The pilgrims had now arrived at a little village called by Chaucer 'Bobbe-up-and-down,' probably Harbledown, under Blean forest, when the Cook heavy with sleep or drink, is roughly brought to his senses by the Host and is called upon for a tale. The Cook excuses himself on account of his drowsiness, and so the Manciple gives the pretty little tale of the Crow, derived from Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, and its change of colour from white to black, for telling Phoebus Apollo of the falseness of his wife Coronis; and then we come to the Prologue of the Parson's tale and his story—or rather Sermon,

which, from its subject is intended to stand last.

It is a long homily on penitence, from the text Jer. VI. 16. "State super vias, et videte, et interrogate de semitis antiquis, quae sit via bona, et ambulate in ea; et invenietis refrigerium animabus vestris."

The 'tale' is a treatise on the Seven Deadly Sins and their remedies, taken from the *Somme de Vices et de Vertus* of Frere Lorens, a 13th century writer. "The Sermon, as we have it," says Polard, "is ill-arranged, and contains enough illogicalities and contradictions to make the theory of interpolation plausible. It is possible that Chaucer showed his first draft to a friendly monk, who pronounced it very incomplete, and was good-naturedly bidden to set it right. It is even possible, as has been contended, that the sermon was rewritten after Chaucer's death, in the interests of Catholic orthodoxy, or, as we may prefer to say, of completeness. But this need not make us believe either that the poet himself was a Wycliffite, or that he meant his poor Parson to be a Wycliffite, or that his supposed first draft was intended to be a Wycliffite sermon.

As has been before mentioned, there are no real grounds for thinking that Chaucer can in any way be looked upon as a follower of Wycliffe; although both the theologian and the poet were glad to take a common shelter under the august patronage of John of Gaunt. The whole tone and tenour of Chaucer's work is entirely against such a theory.

The Retraction at the end of the Parson's tale where 'the makere of this Book' taketh 'his Leve,' is especially interesting as giving us valuable information as to the genuineness of certain works, ascribed to Chaucer, and serves as a key to the sobered condition of the poet's mind at the close of his life.

"Wherfor I biseke yow mekely, for the mercy of God, that ye preye for me that Crist have mercy on me and forgeve me my giltes and namely of my translaciouns and editynges of worldly vanitees the whiche I revoke in my Retracciouns; as is the book of Troylus the book also of Fame; the book of the Duchesse, the book of Seint Valentynes day, of the Parlement of Briddes; the Tales of Canterbury,—thilke that sownen in to synne; the book of the Leoun; and many another book, if they were in my remembrance; and many a leccerous lay, that Crist, for his grete mercy, forgeve me the synne. But of the translacioun of Boece De Consolacione and othere bookes of Legendes of Seintes, and omelies and moralitee, and devocioun, that thanke I our Lord Jhesu Crist, and his blisful mooder, and alle the Saintes of hevne, bisekyng hem that they from hennes forth unto my lyves ende sende me grace to biwayle my giltes and to studie to the salvacioun of my soule; and graunte me grace of verray penitence, confessioun and satisfaccioun, to doon in this present lyf, thurgh the benigne grace of hym that is Kyng of Kynges, and Preeste over alle Preestes, that boghte us with the precious blood of his herte, so that I

may been oon of hem at the day of doome that shulle be saved. Qui cum Patre et Spiritu Sancto vivis et regnas Deus per omnia secula. Amen."

CHAPT. VI

EPILOGUE

The God of Shepherds, Tityrus, is dead—

"And all hys passing skil with him is fledde,
The fame whereof doth dayly greater growe;
But if on me some little drops would flowe
Of that the spring was in his learned hedde—"

With these words, Spenser, "the poet's poet," "writing two centuries after, hails his great predecessor, Chaucer, in his "Shepherd's Calendar;" they form the noble aspiration of one who was to make for himself a name almost equal to that of Chaucer, and who, taking Chaucer as his model, to Chaucer's freshness has added a harmony of versification unsurpassed, and a wealth of imagination fed by all the stories which mediaeval chivalry, poetry, and mythology could supply. It is almost impossible to over-estimate the value of the work which Chaucer has done in the cause of English literature. The variety and smoothness of his verse, his fine sense of harmony, and the nicety and exactness of his rhymes contrast well with the looseness and ineptitude of his predecessors. This fact has supplied us with a ready means of testing the genuineness of much of the work ascribed to Chaucer; for a poet who, throughout some 35,000 lines of genuine work, has shown the most careful

discrimination of even slight differences of rhyme can not be credited with the authorship of poems where these differences are ignored. In this way the mediaeval works "The Complaint of the Black Knight," "The Cuckoo and the Nightingale," "The Court of Love," "Chaucer's Dream," and "The Flower and the Leaf," must be rejected—all of them containing turns of language later than can be ascribed to Chaucer, and all transgressing the Chaucerian rules as to rhyme; while Chaucer's authorship of the extant version of the "Romaunt of the Rose" still remains a vexed question.

Contemporary with Chaucer lived Gower, the Churchman and moralist, author of "Vox Clamantis" and "Confessio Amantis." When Chaucer was at work upon his *Canterbury Tales*, Gower, an elderly man, was at work upon his *Confessio*, so that Gower owes less to Chaucer than do many of their successors. But the *Confessio* is not a book for all time like the *Canterbury Tales*, and even Gower readily owns Chaucer as his superior in the poetic art, concerning whose fame, says Gower:

"The land fulfilled is over all:
Whereof to him in special,
Above all others I am most hold;"

Thomas Occleve, who has left us his notable portrait of Chaucer, and John Lydgate, the vivacious monk of Bury, both look up to Chaucer as to a great master and teacher; but the fifteenth century added not one single masterpiece to English Literature.

Personal interests overclouded the

scene; at times gathering into tempests when the light of learning seemed to be altogether excluded, as if forever. But among the unconsidered people of England, amid the turmoil of opposing factions and parties, lay a strength to which the mists and storms gave energy, as over all broke forth the light from Him whose strength is in the clouds, and there arose the dawning day of the Elizabethan era followed by the English Augustan age.

In the Northern Kingdom, however, during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, Chaucer had more worthy followers and disciples. First and chief among whom was James I., King of Scotland, 'the best poet among kings, and the best king among poets,' who consoled himself, during his long captivity in England, with the 'hymns' of his dear masters, Chaucer and Gower: for the happiness of whose souls he prays at the end of his love-poem, the "King's Quair." Next comes William Dunbar, that "darling of the Scottish Muses," whom Sir Walter Scott has highly praised, acclaiming him as "justly raised to a level with Chaucer by every judge of poetry, to whom his obsolete language has not rendered him unintelligible."

"In brilliancy of fancy," again says Scott, "in force of description, in the power of conveying moral precepts with terseness, and marking lessons of life with conciseness and energy, in quickness of satire, and in poignancy of humour, the Northern Maker may bold-

y aspire to rival the Bard of Woodstock.

Sir David Lyndsay, too, regarded Chaucer as his great exemplar in poetry, and in his work, "The Dreme," is directly inspired by the Chaucerian model, while Gawin Douglas in his "Palace of Honour," and Henryson in his "Festament of Cressid" are followers of the same master.

"Chaucer," says Dr. Hume Brown, "may with even greater truth be called the father of Scottish than of English poetry. In England he had predecessors who can not altogether be disregarded: in Scotland, with the exception of Barbour, who was not great enough to be a source of inspiration, he had none.

Moreover, the Scottish poets who looked to him as their master made a far more distinguished succession than his imitators in England. Inspired by the form and the themes of Chaucer, his followers in Scotland often surpassed their model, and even suggest the question whether they would not have done better to trust more to their own natural impulse. To the close of the sixteenth century, however, it was on Chaucer that the poets of Scotland had ever their eyes fixed, and it was by their approximation to his models that they measured their success in their art."

In England, after Spenser's time down to the time of Milton, the drama became the recognised mode of expression for the highest poetic gifts, and it is likely that had Chaucer lived at a

later epoch much of his own verse would have been cast in dramatic form. Though when we remember that Chaucer was a great narrative poet—one of our greatest—and that the qualities which are to be looked for in such a poet are by no means those that make for success in dramatic poetry, since in the case of narrative poetry the personal feelings of the author himself, though unobtrusive, pervade the whole, and the characters are marshalled as in a picture for the eyes to gaze upon; in the case of dramatic poetry the entire personality of the poet is merged in the personalities of his characters—he thinks their thoughts and lives their life, we may well hesitate in enquiring whether Chaucer's poems, as cast in his own mould, would have been a success if they had been cast in the mould of Shakespeare.

Sir Philip Sidney, writing midway between Chaucer's and our own times, says of Chaucer, "I know not whether to marvel more, either that he in that misty time could see so clearly, or that we, in this clear age, walk so stumblingly after him. Yet had he great wants, fit to be forgiven in so reverent an antiquity.

One of these 'wants' Dr. Ward, in referring to 'that dramatic element which is so Chaucerian a characteristic,' is inclined to lament in Chaucer, as 'the want of poetic form most in harmony with his most characteristic gifts.'

But between the Chaucerian stanza and blank verse, and between the narrative and the dramatic forms, there is a

considerable difference, and the writer highly successful in one form might not be successful in the other. J. R. Lowell's opinion is that 'it is a great mistake to attribute to him (Chaucer) any properly dramatic power as some have done.' "The deepest pathos of the drama," says Lowell, "like the quiet 'no more but so?' with which Shakespeare tells us that Ophelia's heart is bursting, is sudden as a stab, while in narrative it is more or less suffused with pity—a feeling capable of prolonged sustentation. This presence of the author's own sympathy is noticeable in all Chaucer's pathetic passages, as, for instance, in the lamentation of Constance over her child in the "Man of Law's Tale."

This quality Lowell is careful to point out would be "fatal to all dramatic force." Doubtless also what appeared a 'want' in Chaucer to writers of Tudor and later times was the obscurity of the diction used in Chaucer's day. He wrote in the spoken language of his time; but within two centuries of his death that diction had become archaic owing to the transitional state of our language. At the time in which Chaucer wrote, English was undergoing considerable change. This was largely due to the passing away of inflections. In Chaucer's day these had been practically reduced to three, *e*, *es*, *en*, of which Chaucer makes considerable use. At the time of his death the flectional *e* was dead as a separate syllable and the use of *en* was nearly so. This disinflection of the language was only one form of the transition of English from

the mediaeval to the modern form, which accompanied the passing of the feudal system, the rise of the common people to power, and the growth of English trade.

In order to obviate the difficulties of Chaucer's diction several subsequent writers attempted to render portions of the poet's works into modern English. Dryden's 'Fables' contain the substance of Chaucer's Knight's Tale, his Nun's priest's tale (with the fox a Puritan), and the Wife of Bath's tale. Pope, in 1715, published his "Temple of Fame" on the lines of Chaucer's "House of Fame," describing the temple of the Goddess. Like Dryden, Pope makes use of the favorite metre of the time—iambic pentameter couplets. Wordsworth was the last great poet to attempt a similar task, and he has given us renderings of "The Prioress' Tale," the "Cuckoo and the Nightingale" (wrongly ascribed to Chaucer), and a portion of "Troilus and Cressida."

In the first named version of Wordsworth he endeavoured to make 'no further deviation from the original than was necessary for the fluent reading and instant understanding of the author.'

Cowden Clarke, a Victorian writer, also published his "Riches of Chaucer" with the poet's orthography modernised, the accentuations noted, and the obsolete words and phrases elucidated with various explanatory foot-notes.

What can we say of these attempts at modernising an ancient writer? At the best their authors are but refining

refined gold and painting the lily. Let the student attack Chaucer in the original. The little trouble taken in mastering his obsolete diction and archaic phraseology will be well repaid, and then, having tasted the old wine, the reader will not desire the new. He will find that the poetic fire of our first great poet can kindle in him sentiments akin to those strong emotions which stirred Tennyson, our last great laureate:

"I read, before my eyelids dropt their shade,
'The Legend of Good Women,' long ago
Sung by the morning star of song, who made
His music heard below

Dan Chaucer, the first warbler, whose sweet
breath

Preluded those melodious bursts that fill
The spacious times of great Elizabeth
With sounds that echo still.

And for a while, the knowledge of his art

Held me above the subject, as strong gales
Hold swollen clouds from raining, tho' my
heart

Brimful of those wild tales,

Charged both mine eyes with tears. In every
land

I saw, wherever light illumineth,
Beauty and anguish walking hand in hand
The downward slope to death.

The modern Chaucerian revival is for the most part due to the indefatigable labours of the Chaucer Society, founded in 1868, "to do honour to Chaucer and to let the lovers and students of him see how far the best unprinted Manuscripts differed from the printed texts," and of its revered founder, Dr. F. J. Furnival. The Society has published a large number of incomparable volumes, giving the original texts from the chief MSS.,

together with a large mass of interesting essays and illustrative treatises, with various Supplementary Tales by ancient writers; Dr. Furnival's Six-Text Print of the leading MSS. of the "Canterbury Tales" being especially valuable to the student of Chaucer; while Professor Skeat and others in England, and Professor Ten-Brink on the Continent of Europe, and many others in America have rendered most valuable services in spreading the knowledge of Chaucer and increasing his popularity among the present-day readers.

He who wrote these wondrous tales has reared his high monument, and needs no panegyric from persons of to-day. His works will endure long after the present generation, which, five centuries after the poet's death, has done much to restore his writings to their due place in the nation's literature, has passed to its rest; and wherever the English language is spoken Chaucer will find a secure place in the esteem and affection of his fellow men. True 'poet of the dawn'! Noble author of the "Canterbury Tales"!

O strong soul, by what shore
Tarriest thou now? For that force,
Surely, has not been left vain!
Somewhere, surely, afar,
In the sounding labour-house vast
Of being, is practiced that strength,
Zealous, beneficent, firm!

Alas! who in this world can tell? This much is certain—this volume of noble poetry. Let us reverently replace it among the immortals. Homer, Virgil, Dante, Spencer, Shakespeare, Milton; but—in the midst of them—Chaucer.

• The End.

PERCY PANKHURST, Litt. D., '08.

BY THE SAME DOOR

*"Myself when young did eagerly frequent
 Doctor and Saint, and heard great argument
 About it and about; but evermore
 Came out by the same door wherein I went."*

—*Rubaiyat.*

I

OLD Omar was right. For all his ragged philosophy, no one can make a shrewder observation than the pagan Persian poet who gave Fitzgerald such an excellent excuse to write English verse. It takes two to make an argument but almost any two will do. And once the argument is under way you can never make the other fellow admit that he is wrong; of course you never give in yourself because you are always right. So it goes. The only possible way to bring a fellow around is to side with him. Then he will generally switch for the sake of argument.

I am no saint but my friend is a Doctor and we have arguments enough to gladden even Omar's pagan heart. So it happened that after telling him—the Doctor, not Omar!—one of my most interesting personal experiences the other night I fancied I detected a look of incredulity on his face.

"Believe me or not," I said, nettled, "just as you please!"

"But my dear boy," he retorted gravely, "it would strain any gnat to swallow that camel."

"Truth is stranger than fiction," I quoted.

"Hum!" he said and laughed rudely. That was on Friday night.

II

Saturday morning I took the train for Oakland; not that I like to go to Oakland, but because I get paid for it. On the train I met Willie Bacon. Willie is the kind of fellow that will buttonhole you, give you a poor cigar, and then try to talk you out of smoking it. He saw me first and so we sat together. But I even forgot the flavor of Willie's cigar when he opened his mouth and let the first batch of words fall out. Divested of quotation marks, and divided into sentences, Willie's story was substantially as follows:

Say, I haven't seen you for a year, have I? Lots of things can happen in a year. Yes, sir. Since I saw you I've come in for a bunch of rocks, and say! I've landed the keenest little wife ever. Come over to dinner some night, won't you, and I'll introduce you to the wife and my new bungalo. Class? Well, say!

It happened this way. You remem-

ber my Uncle Jabez. He made a pile of money in 'Frisco in the early fifties and then set about to keep it. Did he do it? Well, he was just like the fable says: "You might as well try to stick a needle through a camel's eye as to get money out of a rich man before he goes to heaven." But a year ago, you remember, Uncle Jabez died and I hope he went to heaven. Any way I was the fellow with the needle. Uncle Jabez left all his money to me. But there was just one condition. Uncle Jabez was a woman hater. I must sign a written agreement before a notary never to marry as long as I lived, and give it to my uncle's lawyer. Then the money was mine. If I didn't sign? Well, that was a funny one. It seemed that the woman hater, like the women he hated, was inconsistent. If I failed to sign the agreement or ever broke it the fortune was to go to Miss Mary Campbell. I wondered who Miss Mary Campbell could be. Nice name, Mary, don't you think? It was my mother's name. I think it's the most beautiful in the world.

Did I sign? Well, I wonder! I think I'd have signed my death warrant for that much money. Besides, I had no prospect of marrying, didn't see how I could support a wife without Uncle Jabez' fortune, and knew I could sport the fortune, without a wife. Did I sign! I went to the first notary I could find in Oakland and did the thing up proper. Then I caught the first boat for 'Frisco, I reckoned I'd see Uncle Jabez' lawyer before they found another will.

But when I got on the boat—well, say! something happened to me. I went up near the front rail where I could smoke and I hadn't taken three puffs on my cigar when I saw *her*. Have you ever read any of those sticky novels the women write? I used to when I was a kid and had no better sense. Well, they're always talking about love at first sight. I used to think it was a joke. It isn't, though; for it was just like that when I saw *her*. A slap in the face, a jerk of the heart, and I knew.

I was standing a little behind her as she leaned upon the rail and I could only see the side of her face at first, but I knew at once that her eyes must be blue. That was the color of my mother's eyes, a beautiful dark blue. Just then she turned around and looked right at me for a minute and her eyes *were* blue, just the color of my mother's. It was only the fraction of a second that her eyes rested on me, but I think I flushed a little and then without thinking I reached for my hat.

Say, you should have seen her when I tipped my hat. She frowned quickly and then turned abruptly and looked off across the bay. But I could see the red flush crimson even her neck and I knew what she must think of me,—how she must hate me! Say, then I knew how the hole feels when the doughnut has been eaten away from it. I felt so small you could have lost a couple of dozen of me in my own vest pocket, and so cheap that you could have bought me for a plugged nickel and

then I'd have thrown in a plug of tobacco to see you take me home. A cat can look at a king, but I found out a cad can't look at a queen and I had just proved myself a cad all right, and A No. 1, 18-carat, warranted pure brass, at that. Say, did I feel cheap! I wonder! I just slunk away like a whipped cur and leaned against the cabin, and a great big tear splashed down and sputtered on the coal of my cigar. I didn't care, either. I felt that bad!

I must have been leaning there like that for two or three minutes when I heard a scream and somebody shouted, "Girl overboard!" I looked up quickly and she wasn't there; and say, I knew it was *she*! I don't know how I did it; I always was lucky, I guess, but I got to the rail and over into the water before the rest of them had caught their breath. I was treading water with her in my arms when the life-boat reached us and—well, in six months I married her.

Eh? Oh, the fortune! Didn't I tell you about that? Well, that's the funniest part of it all. When we reached 'Frisco I got her in a cab and drove to the address she gave me. When

we got out, all wet, she thanked me and started to go inside. Then she turned:

"Won't you come in?" she asked, smiling. "I think my brother could let you have some clothes."

"Thank you," I stammered. Then I thought of the agreement I had signed that morning, and I took it out of my pocket and tore it carefully into little bits and threw them into the street.

"What in the world are you doing?" she asked me.

"I am doing Miss Mary Campbell a favor," I answered lightly.

She smiled and bit her lip. "That's funny!" she said, "because I'm Mary Campbell!"

III

Saturday night I got back in San Jose and the Doctor and I ate our dinner together. I told him Willie's story just as I have written it for you.

"Truth is stranger than fiction," I ended solemnly.

The Doctor looked up just as solemnly.

"Yes, that's a strange story all right," he said. "I wonder if it's true."

MAURICE T. DOOLING, JR., '09.

VALEDICTORY



The fair ship sails to the pleasant sea,
And the fair breeze blows behind.
Our hearts beat high to the arching sky
And the tune of the friendly wind.
The fair ship crosses the harbor bar;
She takes to the open sea—
And we yearn afar to our guiding star,
The Star of our destiny.

*The sea that we sail is the sea of Life,
And the port that we leave is Youth.
Lord, make us strong that our voyage long
We may cling to the Pole-star, Truth!*

The fair ship takes to the open sea
Under a smiling sky.
Do we hear the roar of the storm before,
And the curses of those that die?
Do we reck the shocks of the jagged rocks,
Do we mark the treacherous shoal.
As we yearn afar to the distant star
That leads to the distant goal?

*The sea that we sail is the sea of Life
And the port that we leave is Youth.
Lord make us strong that our voyage long
We may cling to the Pole-star, Truth!*

**The fair ship sails to the open sea,
And the harbor lights are gone;
But what care we when our Destiny
Beckons us on and on?
The course that we sail is hid in mist
And weary the way we wend—
But we yearn afar to the smiling star;
We must struggle to the end!**

*The sea that we sail is the sea of Life
And the port that we leave is Youth.
Lord, make us strong that our voyage long
We may cling to the Pole-star, Truth!*

Maurice T. Dooling, Jr., '09.

KID LEWIS

IT was the last night of the fall round-up and the cowboys of the Bar-Y range were gathered in the little town of Devil's Gulch to celebrate the occasion. Quickly enough they had all drifted over to the log-cabin, which contained the hotel, grocery-store, post-office, and what made it popular with the cowboys, the saloon and gambling den.

In the anti-room, the clashing of glasses mingled with the clink of coins as an irregular accompaniment to the snatches of rude song and ancient joke. Above all could be heard the boistrous conversation of those who had succeeded in parting with their little stakes over the faro board, and were drowning their sorrow in the bar-keeper's "Home Distilled."

"Well, boys," said Sandy Smyth, the jolliest of the crowd, "if we didn't lose our—hic—money, we'd a—hic—spent it hic—anyhow, but what—yer say—hic—about havin a-drink?"

His last proposal was not carried out, however, for he ended his speech by dropping recumbent across the table, and in a few minutes was snoring loudly, oblivious of all around him.

"Kid" Lewis, the youngest on the range, sat on a box in the corner, unnoticed by all, watching the proceedings. He took a letter from his pocket, read it, re-read it, and carefully folding it, put it back in his coat. Although he knew each word by heart, it seemed to

him part of the day's duty to go over the line again and again. As he sat thoughtfully watching the faro-board, he was roused from his reverie by a slight tap on the shoulder.

"Hello, Art," he said, rising to his feet. "Tried your hand yet?"

"Not yet, Kid, just thinkin' about it. Come on in, let's get in the next run," replied the new comer.

"Can't do it, Art, I'm going home tomorrow and I need all I got now, and more too."

"Come on, come on, old boy, you've had too much, that's all. To think of you quitin' the range after all these years. Why they'd run you in back there in civilization," laughed Stevens.

"Straight goods, Art, got a letter last week, and was just waitin' for pay-day to turn up. You see I didn't want to go back broke," replied Lewis in such a tone that even Art Stevens could not help but understand his seriousness.

"Goin' back to Dakota, eh? What will May do? Why, if it wasn't for you she'd quit her job long ago. Got another back there, eh?"

"Nope, May's goin' too," smilingly replied Lewis. "Don't tell the bunch though, Art. I wouldn't tell you, only we were pards on the range."

"All right, I won't tell, but gosh, Kid, before you go, come and try your hand in a farewell game. It's your last night. You can double stakes easy,

boy. You know you always were a freak for luck."

"All right, to be sociable I'll go, but only for three deals mind," at last consented the Kid, and he slowly took his place at the board.

"How much?" asked the dealer.

"Fifty on the ace."

Pretty lucky, old man," remarked the counter as the ace turned up, and he placed the money in front of the Kid, who slowly pocketed it and bet again on the ten. With trembling hands he paid out his cash as a king came up in the slot. The fever was upon him. Recklessly he played the stakes, now losing, now winning, until at length his last dollar crossed the board, and cursing the luck he rose to go.

He staggered out of the room, not with the intoxication common that evening, but the despairing thought of the letter and his empty pocket book.

With unsteady steps he crossed the road and went into the bunk-house. There he sat on an old stool and blankly watched the logs burning in the open fire. Every coal seemed to mock him. Every ember took on some diabolic shape. The dim light made by the fire, but partially lit up the large room and Lewis did not notice the man lying on a bed in a far corner. Unconsciously he took the letter from his pocket and read it once more. As he replaced it, a sigh escaped his lips, and he was startled when Hedges rose and stretched himself.

"What's up, Lewis?" he asked from

his bunk. "May hasn't gone back on you, has she?"

"Oh! shut up, will you, Hedges," answered the Kid impatiently, "I'm not in the humor to josh. Just lost my stake, and am dead broke."

"Say, Kid, I'm in the same boat. Threw mine over the faro-board in half an hour. We were cheated though, Kid."

"Cheated!" exclaimed Lewis, becoming excited.

"O, keep cool, old boy," calmly returned Hedges. "Wait till I tell you about it. You see, old Johnson's too old a hand to be caught at his own game. He turned cards, that's what he did."

"He did! By heavens, I'll nail him!" yelled Lewis in a frenzy. "I'll show him how to play me," he muttered reaching for his six-shooter.

"Leave that smoke-wagon there and listen to me, Kid," persisted Hedges. "Don't do anything rash, boy. I'll tell you how to get even and no shootin', either,"

"What's the trend, Hedges?" queried Lewis interestedly.

"Listen, then. You know where Johnson keeps his safe in the hotel. I'll tell you how to find a way into that strong box too, Kid."

"What!" and Lewis sprang up and seized the stool on which he was sitting. "You want me to steal, do you? I've a notion to break your head in right here. If a man does me wrong, it's my policy to nail him in broad daylight, but I never stoop to thieving."

"Oh, say, Kid, wait, will you? I don't want you to steal from anybody, but keep cool, and I'll tell you my plan. If a man steals your gun, and you know where he puts it, you naturally go and take it back, and don't think it's wrong. Now Johnson cheated us out of our little sacks, and we ought to try to get it back when it's so dead easy. We can clean out the whole safe, for that matter. Turn about is fair play, you know. What we get above our pile, we can send back some other time. Now ain't that square, Kid?"

"Well, I guess that's right," hesitatingly assented Lewis after a few moments, "but what if we get caught, Hedges? The sheriff won't look at it that way."

"Oh, we can't get caught. Wait till Johnson closes up, and it's dead easy," assured Hedges. "Come on over here and we'll fix it up."

Together they went to the corner of the room and arranged their plans.

"You see, Kid," began Hedges, "that joint of his is built pretty high off the ground on account of the creek. Now, while he is busy with the boys, is the time to get started. Get the tools from the blacksmith wagon, and crawl under the floor. There is a crack in there so you can see when Johnson leaves. Be pretty quiet though. I'll tie my horse to that cotton-wood stump at the bend of the creek. I'll also place enough grub there to last you a couple of days. When you get the coin, duck along by the willow-brush, and put half the money under that flat rock by the stump,

take the horse and ride like fire for the mountains. Nobody will suspect me and you will be on the train before they get on the trail."

"Well, I want to get home pretty bad, and he cheated me, so I guess I'll try it. Half seems like a good deal, though, don't it, Hedges, when I run all the risk, and get all the blame," objected Lewis.

"Well, you'll have my horse, and I wouldn't part with him for all the gold this side of the mountain, but just for your sake, I'll let you have him," returned Hedges. All right then, so long."

"So long, Kid, good luck."

* * * * *

The cow-boys had all left the saloon, and now and then a loud laugh could be heard on the still night air, as they slowly went to the bunk-house. Bill Johnson securely barred the doors and windows, then carefully hanging the curtains, he counted his earnings, coin by coin.

"Three hundred," he chuckled, not so bad a rake-off for one night. If the next bunch comes my way, I'll be ready to quit this job. Three hundred, whew!"

"Last look you'll get of it, though, old boy," muttered the Kid, to himself, as he lay beneath the floor. "It's a good thing they built this shop off the ground, or I'd feel a little cramped," he added, almost aloud. Johnson gave a start, as if he heard. The Kid's blood ran cold, and cautiously he

slunk from the knot hole through which he had been watching the faro-dealer, and with trembling hands, grasped the stock of his revolver. But having assured himself that everything was all right, Johnson slowly ascended the stairs to his bed-room. As his last step sounded on the landing, the Kid started his task. Cutting a small opening in the floor, he began on the bottom of the safe with a coal-chisel. The work was tedious at first, but after an hour a shining gold piece dropped through to the ground. Thus encouraged, he worked harder, and soon the whole bottom was cut through, and again he grasped his own gold, and as much interest with it as happened to come through. Feverishly he gathered the scattered money, and crawled out into the night. Quickly he dodged among the willow bushes to where Hedges' horse was tied, and putting half the money under the flat rock, mounted the horse and dashed for the hills and the Hite's Cave Trail.

* * * * *

The long slanting shadows of a late afternoon's sun stretched across the Merced canyon, and far below, the river ran like a long silvery thread winding among brown hills and over the grassy meadows, while above them all, Devil's Peak shone like a golden dome far up the canyon.

The sheriff and his posse gazed in admiration at the scene, as they halted on the turn of Devil's Elbow to rest their tired horses.

"That must be our man down there!"

suddenly exclaimed the sheriff, pointing to a figure in the gulch below. "That looks like your horse there, too, Hedges."

"Sure enough," assented Hedges, one of the foremost of the posse. "He don't get away this time, or I'll be blowed."

On the level below, Kid Lewis had kindled a fire, staked his horse, and stretched himself out on a saddle-blanket to rest. Thoughtlessly he pulled the letter out of his pocket, and was about to read it, when his wandering eye fell upon a cloud of dust on the ziz-zag trail half way up the mountain.

"I wonder if they're after me," he thought. "Guess I'd better—no, I guess there's no use hiding, they saw me already so the only thing to do is stan' them off." Quickly he ran to his saddle and got his revolver, then resolutely going to the trail, sat on a stump and awaited the posse.

"Far enough, fellows," said Lewis. "Better stop there, I ain't a very bad shot, and it ain't healthy past that tree."

"Better put that gun up, and come over peaceably," said Hedges. You know we're six against you alone."

"That's all right, Hedges, I can tear them off pretty fast, and even if I got only one, I'd be satisfied to cash in, if I picked you off, you lying, cheating dog."

"Come on fellows, what's the use of fighting?" broke in the sheriff. "You'd better come along, Kid. The odds are too big. We'd get you in the end any-

how, so what's the use of any shootin'?"

"Well, they'll hear about it anyhow, so I guess I'll say quits. Here's my gun, Bob, I'd like to get a shot at that cur, Hedges, before I go."

"That's the boy, now take your boots off, we don't run any chances you know. That's right; now I guess you're safe." "Well, boys," he continued, "I guess we'd better camp here to-night, and bring him back in the morning."

"Bring him back!" objected Hedges. "You know the penalty for horse-thieving. There's a good tree over there. Might as well have the ceremony over now, fellows. Say, Lewis, you thought you'd get away with my horse, didn't you?"

"Yes, you lying thief. I didn't think you'd turn like that, especially when you have half the gold in your own sack, I didn't think you'd have brass enough to even show your face among the bunch. Come on, fellows, look in his saddle bags, and see if he ain't got a pile of gold," spoke Lewis, indignantly.

"That's mine, there," broke in Hedges, "I won it last night."

"I thought you told me you lost yours last night," said Sandy Smyth.

"I—he—he—lies," returned Hedges.

"You all heard him say it last night," said Sandy, and if he's got gold there, he must be in on it too.

"Well, Hedges," said the sheriff, "I guess we'll have to take you on suspicion. Better hand over your weapons. If you're innocent you'll get off to-

morrow. But say, fellows, let's have some supper now."

All assented, and soon the air was filled with the aroma of boiling coffee. After the evening meal, they sat around the fire, smoking and telling stories. Each face shone red by the glowing flames, and their shadows danced in grotesque forms all around. Now and then the silence of the forest was broken by the long mournful cry of a coyote, or far on the mountain side the scream of a lion floated out on the still night air. Here and there the glistening eyes of a timber wolf, which had ventured close, could be seen peering through the trees, and high in a pine, the regular hooting of an owl lent to the scene a certain wierdness peculiar to the mountain forests.

"Well, boys, this reminds me of the time I was after that stage-robber, over there at Big Meadows," began the sheriff.

"I remember that time," said Sandy. "You didn't get him, did you?"

"No, I had him once, but he was too wise for me. I took him in the evening, and we camped by a little creek, that night, but in the morning we started back. About noon, we stopped to water our horses, and when we started to mount again, he reached in his boot and pulled out a little gun, and before I knew what he was doing, he had me covered. He'd a shot me if I moved, so I didn't move, and he took my gun and beat it. That's why I make these fellows take their boots off, you see. That's one thing I learned by experience."

Each one, in turn told some story of his life, or thrilling adventure. When it came to Lewis' turn, he began:

"Well, boys, maybe you think it's odd to see me in this fix, but I thought I was right. Been away from home for three years and wanted to get back pretty bad. That cur, Hedges, said we were cheated, so I didn't think there was any harm in takin' the money back. Got a letter from my people a week ago. How they found me, I don't know. Here's the letter. It is kind of short, but it says more to me, than a book could say."

The sheriff took the paper and read aloud by the flickering firelight:

"DEAR FRED:

Won't you come home now? It is frightfully hard to get along since your father has left. You may not have to stay for long, Fred, for if matters do not soon change, I may go to meet him before long, my son. I know you will come and see me before I go, Fred.

Your loving MOTHER-

Greenville, South Dakota.

All eyes turned towards the Kid, excepting Hedges' which were blankly gazing into the fire.

"Say, Kid," said the sheriff motioning him aside, "How long have you lived in Greenville?"

"All my life," replied Lewis. "I was born there."

"Any relation to Ed Lewis?"

"He was my father. How did you know him?"

"I used to live in Greenville, Kid, long before you were born."

"You!" exclaimed Lewis in surprise. I never knew you were from that part of the country. You knew my mother, too?"

"Yes, Kid, we went to school together. When we grew up, Ed Lewis and I were both striving to win her favor, but he won out. It grieved me very much, Kid, and I came out west here to forget it all."

Turning to his deputies, the Sheriff told the story:

"Say, fellows," he concluded "we don't want this man, what'd you say to lettin' him go?"

"Sure," assented the crowd, "but what about Hedges?"

"Well, we can't take one back, and let the others go; so, Hedges, you had better hit the trail."

"I will not," objected Hedges. "I'll go back and go to court, I will."

"Come now, Hedges, you know the evidence is too strong. You couldn't win out, so what's the use of that? Might as well go now, free, instead of getting the Kid and yourself hauled in," replied the Sheriff.

"Well, it's gettin' late, fellows, let's turn in," said Sandy and the bunch were soon lost to the trials of the day.

* * * * *

Long before the sun rose over Devil's Peak, breakfast in the canyon was over, horses saddled, and were all busy packing up.

"Where's Hedges?" queried the Sheriff, "haven't seen him this morning."

"Must have taken your advice and beat it last night," answered Sandy.

"Good job, small loss if he falls over a bluff and breaks his worthless neck," replied the man of the law.

"Well, Kid," he continued, "you had better sneak before my sense of duty becomes too strong."

"I hate to go, Bob, without doing something to show my gratitude, but it

can't be helped. So long. Tell May—."

"Never mind about May, I'll fix it up so she'll follow on the next train. Now go home to your mother, and tell her I sent you to her. So long." And the sun rose to find the Kid, high on the mountain, in a cloud of dust, riding for the Hite Cave Trail.

C. A. DEGNAN, '11

TO A BUTTERFLY

"What charm is it that thou dost hold

To brighten all the earth?

Tell me the secret in thy heart

That gives such gladdening mirth."

"I do not pine for greater things

My duty I fulfill.

I envy none his power or might,

I do my Master's will.

Albert Quevedo, '12.

The Redwood.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE STUDENTS OF THE SANTA CLARA COLLEGE

The object of the Redwood is to record our College Doings, to give proof of College Industry and to knit closer together the hearts of the Boys of the Present and of the Past.

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EDITORIAL COMMENT

Once more we extend the joyous hand of welcome to greet the Knights of Columbus. We are glad to have them with us again. For the Knights are no strangers to Santa Clara, nor Santa Clara to them. Among us there are many who wear the symbol of

this noble order, and many, too, who hope in the future to possess the same privilege. And we—every one of us—feel the liveliest sympathy in the success and advancement of the ideals professed by this organization.

To us, indeed, there seems to be something ennobling in the ranks of Colum-

bus. The very title of Knight has something in it that elevates and exalts. Every high thinking man feels a reverence and respect for such a title. But apart from this there is a peculiar fitness in the students of a Jesuit college welcoming the Knights of Columbus.

There is a certain kinship, we might say, between the Jesuit priest and the Knight. Ignatius, the founder of the Jesuits, was a Knight, and the great aim of his life was the founding of an order of Knights to work for the greater glory of God. The order which we of Santa Clara are welcoming this week, is likewise an order of Knights, working, too, for the highest and noblest in Catholic Manhood.

However, outside of these considerations, we welcome the Knights of Columbus for what they are. We need not eulogize their virtues;—these are too well known already—so we will content ourselves with once more bidding our noble visitors welcome, and of assuring them that at all times they will be royally greeted and entertained at Santa Clara.

To-day, the 4th of May, the House celebrates its Golden Jubilee. Those of us who have the happiness of being

The House

enrolled amongst its members,—nay, all of us, for upon that day all are Philhistorians, at least in spirit,—are filled with emotions of exultation and pride. As a parent rejoices when a child attains its majority, and looks back with pride upon its achievements of the past, so to-day Santa Clara brushes aside the portals that obscure the past, and gazes with satisfaction on the glorious record of the House for the last fifty years.

We belong to a society that has produced men, who have adorned every rank in life, who have been an honor to the Judicial Bench, a glory to the Senate, and a praise to the integrity of the legal profession. 'Tis no wonder then that to-day we rejoice and make holiday. For no other Society has a more glorious record than our own; none certainly has produced more celebrated men.

There but remains to say a word about the future. We feel assured that the present House, and all coming ones, will follow in the footsteps of the past, and continue to send forth men who will be an honor to mankind, and a credit to their Alma Mater.

W. I. O'SHAUGHNESSY, 'II.



The Harvard Monthly is a purely literary magazine. In this one feature is it different from other college magazines.

**The
Harvard
Monthly**

While most college papers support departments for Athletics, Alumni, College Notes, etc., this magazine reserves itself entirely for literary matter. And good matter it is. From cover to cover we find verse and stories of a very entertaining character. Especially is this so in regard to the short stories. In the March number we like to listen to the realistic drawl of the old carpenter Capron as he narrates the remarkable history of Scroggys. In the little sketch entitled: "The Slacks," a real picture of life is drawn. The naturalness and reality especially strike us here. There is also a fine pathos sustained all the way through to a natural yet vivid ending. Another picture that appeals to us strongly is "The Otter's Foot." It is a thoughtful little story and in it is displayed an accurate care for detail.

"A fine high-class college magazine," is the thought that always occurs to us when we lay down this paper. It is

**William
and
Mary
Literary**

well edited. Its plain but rich cover design always attracts us. Upon inspecting its contents we find that it is as equally attractive inside as out. The most interesting article in this number is "The Honor System." To use the wording of the article: "The honor system is a system of discipline, if one may call it such, which is now in vogue in many of our colleges and universities, and which owes its existence to all that is true and noble in man. The institutions which have this system have their rules and regulations just as any others, but the enforcement of them is different. Under the honor system a student pledges himself on his honor as a gentleman to obey the laws of the institution which he is attending, and when he finds this impossible to do, he must either at once resign or be expelled." Certainly no objection can be raised to this system in theory. But will it hold good in practice? It is a hard question to answer decisively. We for one think that the system is grand, ideal, and will fight for it at any time. For should the system ever become popular and suc-

cessful, it will turn out a race of *men*,—in the true sense of the word,—honorable, loyal and noble, men who can handle the destinies of our country and make it unquestionably the greatest nation of the world. But to us it seems rather poetic and ideal than practical in this rough and tumble race of life to-day. However this is mere supposition. If William and Mary's and others have successfully experimented with this system, we see no reason why they should not continue. We offer our heartiest encouragement and in a few years may we see it an established fact. We strongly advocate the system and we feel certain that if it could be once established, it would be honestly welcomed both by the faculties and the students.

The short stories in this number are fairly good. The two poems which are both of a sentimental nature are quite pretty.

THE PEARL

A sunbeam danced on ocean's floor
And lost its way 'mid rocks and shells;
Now far beneath the wild waves roar,
A shining pearl the captive dwells.

J. G. Choveny, in Fordham Monthly.

MINIATURES

Across the dew-drop's crystal sphere
Full mirrored glide the skies:
Upon the surface of a tear
A soul's whole image lies.

J. G. Choveny, in Fordham Monthly

HUNTER'S SPRING SONG

My heart's in the mountains
A-trailing the deer
My spirit's in the fountains,

So bright and so clear,
So clearly reflecting,
Each reed and curved form,
Seems not recollecting
The snows and the storm.
Oh, my heart's in the mountains,
And not with me here,—
My heart's in the mountains
A-trailing the deer.

My heart's in the mountains,
A-tripping away.
My spirit's in the shadows,
And sunlight of day,
The shadows and sunlight
So dear after rain,
Or flashes of moonlight
Regilding the plain.
O, my heart's in the meadows,
But here I must stay,—
My heart's in the meadows,
A-tripping away!

Ed. I. Tor, '09, in Boston College Stylus.

THE HANDS OF AGE

The hands of youth are smooth and beautiful.
And round, and finely formed, and white, and
cool.

But I have known two old and twisted hands,
With knotted veins, and fingers bent with
work,
No grace of form is left to those worn frames
Wherein the hidden grace of life doth lurk.

But thin, and cramped, and old, they on them
bear
The scars of those who toil and struggle much.
The patient strength of all the earth is theirs,
And tenderness untold is in their touch.

The hands of youth are white and soft with
ease,
But God hath clasped such twisted hands as
these.

Henrietta Sperry, in Smith College Monthly.

GEO. S. de LORIMIER, '11.



SEGUR'S SHORT ANSWERS TO COMMON OBJECTIONS AGAINST RELIGION

There are certain cut and dried objections against religion in general, and Catholicity in particular, which, like the proverbial "bad penny," always return with a kind of a strong insistence. Like the "bad penny" they are not accepted by those who are on the lookout, but are often palmed off on the unwary. The refutation of such objections is the purpose of the little book we have before us, and we think that it accomplishes its purpose most admirably. It is just what its title says—short, giving only one or two arguments, but they are decisive, clean cut, and to the point. Numerous anecdotes and examples are interspersed, thus adding life to what might otherwise be rather dry. In all fifty-seven objections are refuted.

It is a book, which, in our judgment,

should have a wide circulation: amongst the perplexed that their difficulties may be solved; amongst the faithful that they may become better instructed in their religion. The work is edited by Rev. L. A. Lambert. The International Catholic Truth Society, 407 Bergen St., Brooklyn, 15 cts. a copy, \$7.50 a hundred.

CUPA REVISITED—MARY E. MANNIX

Those who are familiar with the story, "The Children of Cupa," by the same author, will recognize the characters of that story in the present book.

It is an interesting little book, the scenes of which are laid in Southern California, and is written in a simple style adapted to young folks for whom it is intended. A very good juvenile book. Price, 45 cents. Benziger Bros.

BETWEEN FRIENDS—RICHARD AU-MERLE

This is a very readable story of col-

lege life, written in an interesting style, and brimful of adventure.

Joe Gavin, the hero, runs away from school, is arrested as a burglar, sent to the House of Correction, defies the Superintendent, escapes, returns to school, relates his adventures to the President of the college, and is soon after elected to the coveted captaincy of the football team. It is a book that will hold your attention throughout. Price, 85 cents. Benziger Bros.

THE BOY-SAVER'S GUIDE—REV. G. E.

QUIN, S. J.

A new book, written by G. E. Quin, S. J., and entitled "The Boy-Saver's Guide", cannot but appeal to those who are interested in the training of good, solid Catholic young men. For besides containing many practical points for or-

ganizers of Boys' Clubs, the volume gets additional value from the fact that the author has given a long trial to what he proposes; he has been engaged for many years past in this kind of work, and can justly claim a fair knowledge of boy character. In the introduction, he states his reasons why he deals only with boys in their teens. Next he shows how a boy-organizer will succeed where other agencies have failed, pointing out at the same time, a few requisites for one engaged in this field of labor. Every chapter contains useful, practical and interesting information from beginning to end. The author has added an appendix, called "First Communion Chat"—concise, clear, practical. The style throughout is vivacious, at times humorous, never tedious.

Benziger Bros. Price, \$1.35, net.

EUGENE F. MORRIS '10.



We noticed in the Los Angeles *Tid-*
ings the name of Hon. Joseph Scott,
 Ph. D., '07, as a possible future gover-
 '86 nor of California. We
 '07 also noticed in the San
 Francisco papers Hon.
 Frank J. Sullivan, '86, mentioned as
 the Union Labor candidate for Mayor
 at the next election.

We heard with pleasure, or more fit-
 tingly with pride, that the citizens of
 Oakland intend to erect a monument to
 the memory of our late
 '91 beloved alumnus, John
 E. McElroy, S. B., '90, A. B. '91, as a
 public testimonial to one who in all
 conjunctures remained ever faithful to
 himself, his country, and his God. The
 inonument is to be erected, we under-
 stand, in one of the new public parks,
 the acquisition of which he so materi-
 ally aided.

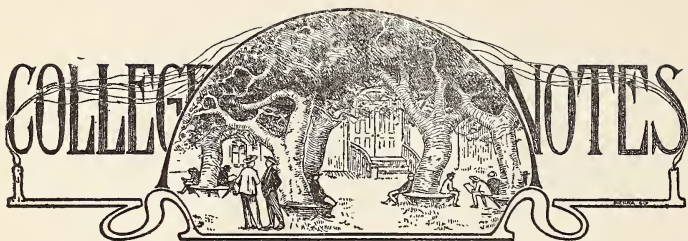
Again it is our sad duty to record the
 untimely death of one of Santa Clara's
 most respected sons, Dr. John L. Za-
 bala, S. B., '91. Dr.
 '91 Zabala was a gentleman

in the true sense of the word, resolute,
 moderate, clear of envy, yet not want-
 ing in that finer ambition which makes
 men great and pure. After leaving the
 hallowed walls of his Alma Mater he
 studied medicine at Columbia Univer-
 sity and later engaged in the practice of
 his chosen profession, in San Francisco,
 where he was honored with many pub-
 lic offices and found faithful in all. To
 his bereaved relatives we extend our
 heartfelt sympathy, in the loss of one,
 to use the words of the poet,—

In his honor—impregnable,
 In his simplicity—sublime.

We regret deeply the death of Charles
 Warren Stoddard, California's most fa-
 mous author, an alumnus of Santa Clara,
 and a loyal friend of
 '01 REDWOOD and an occa-
 sional contributor to its columns. Mr.
 Stoddard died at his home in Monterey,
 by Monterey Bay that he loved so well,
 on April 23. May he rest in peace.

ALEX. T. LEONARD, '11.



The Literary Congress

Preparations are in full swing for the big Annual Ryland Debate, between the Philalethic Senate and the House of Philhistorians, to be held during the latter part of May.

The teams which are to represent the respective bodies have been carefully chosen, and each team is out to win the coveted honor.

The worthy Senators, although defeated in last year's forensic battle, are in high hopes of regaining the title of supremacy, while the Congressmen of the House are just as confident of retaining it, and a mighty struggle will surely be the outcome of such enthusiastic determination on both sides.

The question to be debated reads as follows: Resolved, "That the United States should permanently retain the Philippine Islands." The affirmative side of the question will be upheld by the House of Philhistorians and is in the hands of Representatives H. N. Barry, '11, S. T. Heney, '11, and B. A. Budde, '10. The alternates will be Rep-

resentatives J. P. Lindley, '12, E. D. White, '11 and R. F. Goetter, '10. The Philalethic Senate upholding the negative will be taken care of by Senators M. T. Dooling, '09, P. A. McHenry, '10, and J. W. Maltman, '09; the alternates are Senators E. S. Lowe, '10, M. S. Shafer, '09, and R. E. McCabe, '10.

Junior Dramatic Society

Though the J. D. S. can not boast of the mature years of the Senate or the House, still it is a healthy younger brother, and guarantees to make a noise when the occasion demands. Since J. D. S. notes last appeared in the columns of THE REDWOOD the forum up in the old chapel building has resounded again and again with the eloquent voices of the young debaters.

Two intensely interesting mock trials, and a peppery debate, passed the evening hours of the Society during the month of March. Those that distinguished themselves in the trials were Messrs. Warren, Walterstein, McCarthy, Buck, McGowan, Scherzer, and Talbot.

In the first of these two trials Mr. Harry McGowan of Paraiso was acquitted, and his reputation saved, after a long struggle to free himself from a charge of libel.

In the trial that followed, Mr. Frank Walterstein, with his lawyers, gained a victory over his accusers who sought to convict him of malfeasance in office. The great interest on both sides was chiefly due to the fact that if convicted our honorable Secretary would be subject to a fine of one dollar.

At the next meeting the question, "Whether or not another debating society should be formed in the second division" was discussed at some length. The object was to establish a Literary Congress modeled after that of the First Division, making the J. D. S. the Senate, and the other society the House. This question was more thoroughly threshed out at a subsequent meeting, but as there were many in the J. D. S. who objected to the idea, and an equal number in favor of it, it has not yet been fully decided.

Another interesting debate was, "Resolved, that the benefits derived from attending a boarding college are greater than those derived from attending a day college." This was discussed in a somewhat short time on account of the amount of business that was gone through beforehand, such as the selecting of a new pin for the Society, etc. In the end, however, and much to the chagrin of the majority, the victory was awarded to the affirmative.

It may be well to add here that our

roll call has gradually increased, as in the past few weeks we have admitted quite a few new members, namely Messrs. Thomas B. Dozier, E. Boland, Harry Curry, W. Shipsey, Bradley Sargent, and M. Mallen, all of whom give promise of good material for debaters in the future.

Recently the members of the Junior Dramatic Society were invited to the public debate in the House of Philhistrorians, where they passed a very pleasant evening listening to the skilled and witty arguing of those who represented the House on that occasion. The debate was very interesting, and during our visit we had time to compare our methods with theirs, and to broaden our knowledge of parliamentary rules and tactics.

"Constantine"

"Constantine" in all its grandeur and magnificence was produced for the first time on any stage yesterday afternoon, May 3, in the College Theatre.

The matinee was given specially for Catholic Colleges and Convents of the Bay Cities as well as those of Santa Clara Valley, and the vast audience composed chiefly of members of the fair sex were highly enthusiastic and generous in applauding.

Chas. D. South's great religious and military drama in yesterday's presentation realized every expectation and upheld every promise by surpassing in excellence and popularity any play hitherto staged by the College students

with the exception perhaps of the great Santa Clara Passion Play.

"Constantine" has received so much notice at the hands of the press, that further words on the subject, especially at this late date, would be a trifle superfluous. Suffice it to say, however, that the same high standard of enthusiasm still exists and seems to pervade the very College. Everyone is working with such earnestness for the furthering and betterment of the play that success, as far as the remaining performances are concerned, is a forgone conclusion.

The faithfulness displayed by the Thespians in regard to rehearsals, etc., has been remarkable. This was especially most creditable in the members of the alumni who are taking part in the play, for in spite of the many inconveniences naturally arising, their absence at a rehearsal has been a thing unheard of.

Among the cast the following "old boys" of Santa Clara are seen in important roles. William R. Johnson, '04., Gerald P. Beaumont, '07, Chas. D. South, '01, Peter J. Dunne, '84, Michael E. Griffith, '98, and Henry E. Wilcox, '80.

Special mention should be made of the magnificent scenery painted by Michael O'Sullivan of San Francisco; of the superb music furnished by the College Orchestra under the leadership of Professor Pogson, and of the beautiful electrical effects which are under the supervision of Rev. Richard H. Bell, S. J.

The honors of the first performance

went decidedly to William R. Johnson as Constantine the Great. His interpretation of the part was perfect and the vast amount of applause he received was exceedingly well-merited.

The chanting of the St. Joseph's choir of San Jose, under the leadership of Father Bennett during "the catacombs scene" lent an air of reverence and sanctity to the act, greatly improving an almost perfect setting.

The entire production is under the direction of Mr. George G. Fox, S. J., whose connection with the plays of the past has made him famous as an able director. There will be a repetition of the play to-day, Tuesday, May 4. The occasion will be the Golden Jubilee of the House of Philhistorians in conjunction with the annual Alumni Reunion, and a magnificent crowd is expected.

On Saturday, May 8, a matinee and an evening performance will be given for the benefit of the Grand Charities Fund of the Knights of Columbus.

Special trains will run to and from San Francisco for all performances, and judging from the advance sale of seats, the "Standing-Room Only" sign will be very much in evidence.

Following is the cast of characters: Sylvester—Sovereign Pontiff,

William I. O'Shaughnessy, '11.
Maxentius, the last pagan Emperor of Rome } Michael E. Griffith, '98.
Horatius, a nobleman of the Court of Maxentius, Gerald P. Beaumont, '07.
Flavius } Twin Brothers; the first a Verrus } Christian, the other a pagan
Peter J. Dunne, '84,
Henry E. Wilcox, '80.

Claudius, arch-plotter against the Christians
Edmund S. Lowe, '10.

Orontes, a tool of Claudius
A. Cecil Posey, '11.

Sophistus, a pagan philosopher
Desmond B. Gallagher, '12.

Patriarchus, an aged Christian abiding in Rome
Chas. D. South, '01.

Marius } Sons of Patriarchus, in the
Paulus } army of Constantine

Lucilius } James R. Daly, '09,
Leo. Lynch, '15,

Robert P. Wickersham, '14.

Sestertius, a spy and informer,
Geo. J. Mayerle, '13.

Thyreus, a captain under Constantine
Bernard A. Budde, '10.

Severus, a guide of the Catacombs,
William I. Barry, '10.

Junius, a venerable follower of the gods
Henry J. Howard, '12.

Julius } Sons of Junius
Petrus } Eugene J. McCahill, '18,
Frederick L. O'Dea, '14,

Tullus, a Roman officer
Joseph J. Hartmann, '12.

Vicinius, a Maxentian Courtier
Albert J. Newlin, '11.

Vitellus, a Roman dandy
Francis M. Dwyer, '14.

Galbritus, a Gallic Chieftan
Seth. T. Heney, '11.

Germanus, leader of the Goths
George J. Zorb, '12.

Antonius } Roman Soldiers.
Sextus } Raphael J. Scherzer, '13.

Curtius } Roy L. Bronson, '11.
Raine F. Bennett, '12.

Agiles } Roman messengers
Alacer } Lawrence A. Fernsworth, '12
John P. Deguan, '10.

Dacian, Captain
Rudolph A. Swall, '12.

Sentinel
William B. Hirst, '04.

CONSTANTINE THE GREAT
William R. Johnson, '04.

Soldiers, senators, courtiers, heralds, pages, gladiators, barbarian prisoners, standard bearers, Christian and pagan populace.

Desmond B. Gallagher's Play

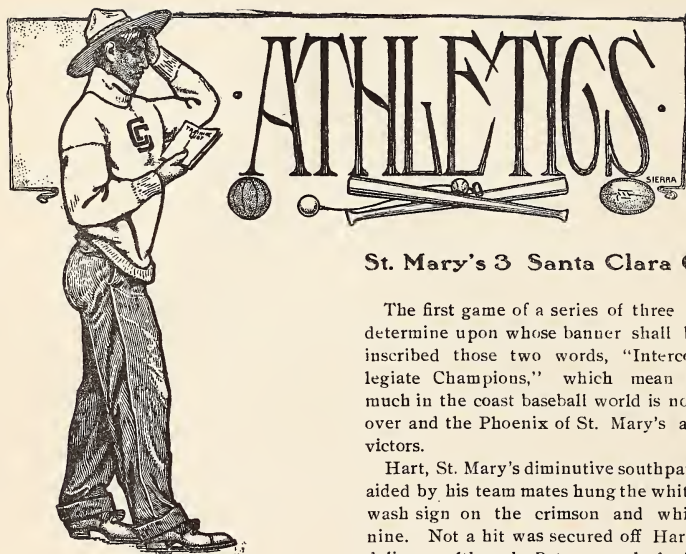
On Tuesday evening, April 13, several organizations of the College, including the Faculty, Senate, House of Philhistorians, REDWOOD staff and the Junior Dramatics were guests at a grand benefit entertainment held in the Sodality Hall.

Although the performance was, in a way, alien to the College, and therefore not falling directly under the chronologist's eye as a College affair, still, in view of the fact that the principal number on the program was an original sketch by Desmond B. Gallagher, '12 we deem it no more than proper that this young playwright should receive a well-earned recognition from the Student Body in general and THE REDWOOD columns in particular.

The skit, entitled "Another Chance," dealt somewhat with College life and the trials and triumphs of a man late out of College. The playlet was very well received, and Mr. Gallagher, in the principal role, made a big hit.

The cast of "Another Chance" was as follows: Mr. Sterling, Sr., Desmond B. Gallagher, '12; Mr. Sterling, Jr., Edmund S. Lowe, '10; Priest, William I. O'Shaughnessy, '11; Servant, William I. Barry, '10.

ROBERT E. MCCABE, '10.



St. Mary's 3 Santa Clara 0

The first game of a series of three to determine upon whose banner shall be inscribed those two words, "Intercollegiate Champions," which mean so much in the coast baseball world is now over and the Phoenix of St. Mary's are victors.

Hart, St. Mary's diminutive southpaw, aided by his team mates hung the white-wash sign on the crimson and white nine. Not a hit was secured off Hart's delivery, although Peters reached the initial sack once on a doubtful circumstance.

The battle was waged in Oakland at Freeman's Park and the drizzling weather was far more fit for a Rugby contest than for a baseball game. St. Vincent's Band of San Rafael and the Santa Clara College Band dispensed sweet music throughout the afternoon and the spirited rooting of the rival college adherents was a feature.

Father McQuaide of Sacred Heart Church, San Francisco, an old time student of Santa Clara, twirled the first ball that set the nines in action.

Intercollegiate

Champions

SANTA CLARA

Takes

ST. MARY'S SERIES

and

WINS

COAST CHAMPIONSHIP

Santa Clara had their first turn at bat. Peters walloped one of Hart's choicest to deep right field. It looked like a two bagger for "Coon," but Wilcox by a mighty effort speared the horsehide in his gloved hand. Donovan was thrown out at first by Wilkinson and McGovern fouled to Simpson ending Santa Clara's half of the first canto.

The Phoenix scored their first run in the opening frame. Friene struck Wilkinson out, Simpson drove a hit through second and moved to the middle station when Salberg held Wallaces' smash. Leonhardt fell a victim to Friene's curves, making two down. Fitzsimmons lined out a hit which brought Simpson home and the St. Mary's supporters were happy.

In the seventh inning St. Mary's worked two runs over the register. A brilliant piece of fielding occurred when Reams picked Hart's bunt out of the dirt and by a clever peg to Shafer, nailed Wilcox as he tried for the rubber. On Peters' muff of McGovern's throw, Correia and Hart scored.

The twirling of Hart and Friene, the hitting and pegging of Simpson and the fielding of Fitzsimmons, McGovern and Reams were gilt edge.

The report from the field of action follows:

ST. MARY'S

	AB	R	H	SB	PO	A	E
Wilkinson, 2b.....	3	0	0	1	2	4	1
Simpson, c.....	4	1	2	1	7	2	1
Wallace, 3b.....	4	0	0	0	0	0	0
Leonhardt, cf.....	3	0	0	1	1	0	0
Fitzsimmons, ss.....	4	0	1	0	3	1	0
Wilcox, rf.....	3	0	1	1	1	0	0
Correia, lf.....	4	1	0	0	0	0	0
Leonard, rb.....	2	0	0	0	12	0	1
Hart, p.....	3	1	0	1	1	3	0
Totals.....	30	3	4	5	27	10	3

SANTA CLARA

	AB	R	H	SB	PO	A	E
Peters, 1b.....	3	0	0	1	8	0	1
Donovan, lf.....	3	0	0	0	0	1	0
McGovern, ss.....	3	0	0	0	0	6	1
Friene, p.....	2	0	0	0	1	0	0
Jacobs, cf.....	3	0	0	0	1	0	0
Reams, 3b.....	3	0	0	0	1	4	0
Shafer, c.....	3	0	0	0	12	2	0
Dooling, rf.....	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
Salberg, 2b.....	3	0	0	0	1	1	1
*H. Lyng, rf.....	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
Totals.....	25	0	0	1	24	14	3

* Relieved C. Dooling.

RUNS AND HITS BY INNINGS

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
St. Mary's.....	1	0	0	0	0	2	0	+	—3
Base Hits.....	2	0	0	0	0	2	0	+	—4
Santa Clara.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—0
Base Hits.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—0

SUMMARY

Sacrifice hits—Leonard, Donovan. Bases on balls—Off Hart, 4; off Friene, 3. Struck out—By Hart, 6; by Friene, 10. Double play—Wilkinson to Fitzsimmons to Leonard. Wild pitches—Hart. Passed Balls—Simpson. Time of game—one hour and forty minutes. Umpire—Nealon.

Santa Clara 4 St. Mary's 1

When the white clad diamond heroes of Santa Clara triumphantly wended their way out of St. Ignatius College Field, and when the happy strains of victory and the mad cheering and yelling of the crimson and white followers were no longer heard issuing from the scene of conquest, then a gala afternoon in Santa Clara's baseball memoirs had passed away—but not the sensations of that great game, for they will echo and re-echo through College Fandom for many months to come.

Who of the dyed-in-the-wool fans that gazed with contentment upon the struggling eighteen will forget Santa Clara's mighty spurt in the third inning

when three tallies were rushed over home plate, turning what seemed defeat into what proved to be victory, and who of all those three thousand devotees of the fine old National pastime, that were present, will ever forget St. Mary's continual fight, the crack box-work of Friene and Hart, the swatfest indulged in by McGovern, Friene, Peters, Hart and Fitzsimmons, the superb fielding of Reams, Salberg, Jacobs and Wilcox, and lastly but not least the gingery rooting of the adherents of both colleges?

The game began with Santa Clara in the field and St. Mary's at the bat. The phenomenal stops made by Reams at the difficult corner worked Santa Clara out of a bad hole and the Phoenix took the field.

The first scoring in the matinee was made in St. Mary's half of the second. Correia reached the initial station on a fielder's choice, moved to the middle bag on Leonard's drive and registered when Captain Hart walloped one of Friene's nice ones for two bases. That was the end of St. Mary's run-getting, although throughout the remaining eight innings they were at all times dangerous.

The seventh was Friene's strongest inning. He struck out Wallace, Leonhardt, and Wilcox.

Santa Clara's big pow-wow was called in the third session. After Captain Shafer had been put in the cooler, Hart passed C. Dooling and Salberg. Peters stepped to the plate and slammed out a two bagger, bringing C. Dooling home and leaving Salberg on third. Dono-

van dumped one to Hart and Salberg sprinted over the pan with run No. 2. McGovern drove a hot one through the short field and Peters crossed the rubber with run No. 3.

Santa Clara added another run to their sum in the eighth. Donovan walked, took second on a wild pitch and tallied on McGovern's second hit.

In St. Mary's last turn at bat they could do nothing, and after Wilkinson had fanned, ending the battle, the Santa Clara rooters, led by the College Band, serpentine over the field of victory.

The conquerors, when they arrived at Santa Clara, were greeted by the band, cheering students and fireworks. The tallyho, containing the players and an illuminated score of the game, was taken along the principal streets of Santa Clara, followed by the serpentine students. Arriving at the College a bonfire was lit, refreshments served, and at a late hour all, tired and happy, went to Dreamland.

Santa Clara 4, St. Mary's 1—that's the score, and the tabulated account is:

SANTA CLARA

	AB	R	H	SB	PO	A	E
Peters, 1b.....	4	1	1	0	12	2	0
Donovan, lf.....	2	1	0	0	0	0	0
McGovern, ss.....	4	0	2	0	3	3	2
Friene, p.....	4	0	2	0	0	2	1
Jacobs, cf.....	4	0	0	0	2	0	0
Reams, 3b.....	2	0	0	0	1	3	0
Shafer, c.....	3	0	0	0	7	0	0
Dooling, rf.....	2	1	0	0	0	0	0
Salberg, 2b.....	2	1	0	0	2	4	0
Totals	27	4	5	0	27	14	3



SANTA CLARA VARSITY BASEBALL TEAM

(CHAMPIONS OF THE WEST)

Reading from left to right: Freyre, p.; Jacobs, c. f.; Michael Brown, manager; Dozing, r. f.; Hartman, p.; Peters, 1st b.; Donovan, l. f.; Slater, captain, c.; Thomas Kelly, coach; McGovern, s. s.; Walterslein, p. (utility); Salberg, 2nd b.

ST. MARY'S

	AB	R	H	SB	PO	A	E
Wilkinson, 2b.....	4	0	0	0	0	3	1
Simpson, c.....	4	0	1	0	8	1	0
Wallace, 3b.....	4	0	1	0	1	3	0
Leonhardt, cf.....	4	0	1	0	1	0	0
Fitzsimmons, ss.....	4	0	2	0	1	0	0
Wilcox, rf.....	3	0	0	0	1	0	0
Correia, lf.....	4	1	0	0	0	0	0
Leonard, 1b.....	3	0	0	0	11	1	0
Hart, p.....	3	0	2	0	1	3	0
*Miller.....	1	0	0	0	0	0	0

Totals.....34 1 7 0 24 11 1

* Batted for Leonard in the ninth.

RUNS AND HITS BY INNINGS

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Santa Clara.....	0	0	3	0	0	0	0	1	+4
Base Hits.....	0	0	2	0	0	1	0	2	+5
St. Mary's.....	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	-1
Base Hits.....	2	1	1	0	0	1	0	1	-7

SUMMARY

Two base hits—Wallace, Hart, Fitzsimmons, Peters. Sacrifice hit—Donovan. Bases on balls—Off Friene, 3; off Hart, 3. Struck out—By Friene, 6; by Hart, 7. Double plays—Wallace to Leonard; McGovern to Salberg to Peters. Hit by pitcher—Reams. Wild pitches—Friene, 1; Hart, 1. First base on errors—Santa Clara, 4; St. Mary's 9. Time of game—one hour and thirty-five minutes. Umpire—Nealon. Scorer—A. J. Mullen.

Santa Clara 3, St. Mary's 1

The following account of the game appeared in the *San Francisco Call*:

The sturdy little ball tossers from Santa Clara College carried the colors of that historic institution to a glorious victory over St. Mary's yesterday afternoon on the San Jose field, and won the intercollegiate championship of California, by a score of 3 to 1. It was as clean and as spirited a diamond triumph as to the history of the game in California ever boasted. The better team won, and there was no argument as to this at the finish. The victors outgeneraled their opponents and showed the class necessary to lift them upon the championship pedestal. There is no nine left to dispute their supremacy now. They rank by themselves.

The great fighting spirit which the lads from St. Mary's have always displayed was evident yesterday up to the final moment. They were in the game to win, and they overlooked no opportunity. But the lucky start which had won them so many games failed to materialize. The tossers from Oakland could not hit when a hit would have meant the championship to them.

The great triumph of the Jesuit nine was due more to the magnificent pitching of Charley Friene than any other factor. Inning after inning the darling slabster bucked the best stickers on the opposing team, and mowed them down like so many blades of grass. They were absolutely helpless before his great delivery, save in the fourth inning, when they gathered the tally that saved a white coating.

In the field both teams played a brand of baseball that can be compared to none other save the big league article. The errors were so few that the anxious rooters overlooked them entirely. The startling plays overshadowed the slow ones to such a degree that the crowd saw nothing save the spectacular end of the combat. They could not help it.

Besides the championship of the coast the Santa Clara victory carries with it the handsome Kennedy cup, donated by John A. Kennedy of this city, a veteran of the class of 1881 and a great admirer of college baseball. Kennedy hoped for a victory for his old college up to the last minute, but he had grave fears until the game was over.

The vanquished team scored its lone tally in the fourth inning. Wallace was hit by one of Friene's shoots and Wilkinson sacrificed him along. After Fitzsimmons had fanned, Wilcox listed a fine two bagger into the right garden and Wallace arrived with the run.

But Santa Clara more than made up for this, and took another one besides in

its half of the same inning. Donovan hit to third and was safe on Leonard's muff of the throw. McGovern bunted and Hart's peg to second was too late to catch Donovan, so both men were safe. Friene fanned, but Jacobs scored Donovan with a drive to right. Reams' single filled up the sacks again, and here Hart lost his control, passing Shafer and forcing McGovern home when he should have retired the side.

Neither team stood a chance to register again till Santa Clara put the final run across in the lucky seventh. With one down, Dooling walked and Salberg bunted him along. Friene fanned, but Peters repounded with the necessary hit to center and the third run was a reality.

Try as they might, the St. Mary's stars could not assail the offerings of Friene to effect when an assault meant a victory. He pitched a grand game of ball, and he was well supported by his teammates. Hart was unfortunate in bunching all his wildness and bad judgment in the fourth, and also in having his fielders fall down on him at that critical stage. Outside of that inning he pitched magnificent baseball.

The game was well umpired by big Bill Lange, once the king of all the outfielders of America, and Bobby Eager, the San Jose catcher. Both gave satisfaction throughout, and their decisions were never questioned.

The old mission town of Santa Clara never knew such a time as the joyous students gave it after the game. From evening until far into the night the place resounded with the cheers of the jubilant students. Fireworks were exploded, and the true college spirit prevailed. It was one of the happiest nights that Santa Clara has ever known, and everybody seemed to join in the spirit of the occasion. The victory was the most important one that the great college ever won. Score:

ST. MARY'S

	AB	R	H	SB	PO	A	E
Simpson, c.....	4	0	1	1	5	0	0
Hart, p.....	4	0	0	0	0	2	0
Wallace, 3b.....	3	1	0	0	2	2	0
Wilkinson, 2b.....	2	0	0	0	1	1	0
Fitzsimmons, ss.....	3	0	0	0	1	1	0
Wilcox, rf.....	3	0	1	0	2	0	0
Miller, lf.....	4	0	0	0	2	0	0
Leonhardt, cf.....	2	0	0	1	1	0	0
Leonard, 1b.....	2	0	1	0	10	0	1
*Smith.....	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
Total.....	28	1	3	2	24	6	1

SANTA CLARA

	AB	R	H	SB	PO	A	E
Peters, 1b.....	4	0	1	0	13	0	0
Donovan, lf.....	4	1	0	0	2	0	1
McGovern, ss.....	4	1	0	0	2	1	0
Friene, p.....	4	0	0	0	1	4	1
Jacobs, cf.....	4	0	2	0	2	1	0
Reams, 3b.....	3	0	1	0	0	1	0
Shafer, c.....	3	0	0	0	6	1	0
Dooling, rf.....	3	1	0	0	0	0	1
Salberg, 2b.....	3	0	0	0	1	3	0
Totals.....	32	3	4	0	27	11	3

*Batted for Miller in the ninth.

RUNS AND HITS BY INNINGS

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
St. Mary's.....	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	1
Base Hits.....	0	0	1	1	0	0	0	1	3
Santa Clara.....	0	0	2	0	1	0	1	0	3
Base Hits.....	0	1	2	0	0	1	0	1	4

SUMMARY

Two base hits—Wilcox. Sacrifice hits—Wilkinson, McGovern, Salberg. First base on called balls—Off Hart 2, off Friene 4. Struck out—By Hart 5, by Friene 5. Hit by pitched ball—Wallace, Wilcox. Double play—Jacobs to Salberg. Time of game—1 hour and 30 minutes. Umpires—Lange and Eager.

Since the last issue of THE REDWOOD the following games have been played by the varsity ball nine, but owing to lack of space a detailed account of the contests cannot be given. The scores were:

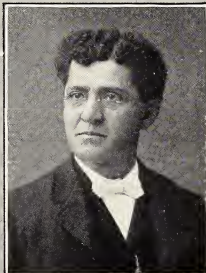
Santa Clara 9	St. Ignatius 3.
Santa Clara 4	Stanford 0.
Santa Clara 5	St. Vincents 0.
Santa Clara 4	St. Vincents 9.
*Santa Clara 3	Stanford 7.

* Practice game after Santa Clara had won the series from Stanford.

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No. 9

CONSTANTINE'S SOLILOQUY

(FROM THE DRAMA "CONSTANTINE")

If stars that fleck the ebon dome of night,
Out of your golden eyes a lesson shines
From Heaven, soothing my unquiet soul.
Ye speak of power beyond my feeble scope
Of mind to compass or conceive. Ye speak
Of worlds flung out amid the trackless void.
Of other suns and other moons than ours
Controlled and guided by the hand of one
Who sways supreme o'er all the universe.
Ye teach my soul to shun the pagan gods
That are but mockeries of the ruling Lord
In whose all-seeing eye Olympus' heights
Are but a grain of dust and all the Nine
But senseless atoms of the Olympic speck.

Chas. D. South, A. M., '01.

CHARLES WARREN STODDARD, Ph. D.

THERE is a familiar old adage which reads: "He who has friends must show himself friendly." Never did an old saw find a truer "modern instance" than did this as manifested in the life of the poet-philosopher, Charles Warren Stoddard. He was affectionately termed by thousands of people, "Charlie Stoddard," even by those who had never personally met him, because those who did know him generally gave him this sign of near comradeship and affection. He had a great big heart that was moved to love the Holy Father upon his papal throne, or the poor waif in the streets, and every grade and type between. Aye, he went further, he had love and sympathy to spare for the abused dog or mule whose master did not know enough to appreciate the faithfulness and devotion of these so-called lower animals.

And yet, with all this wealth of affection, he was a poor judge of human nature who imagined that Stoddard was incapable of seeing the failings of men. He was keenly alive to the evil and weak as well as the good and strong, but his soul was so attuned to the sympathy that we call Divine, that he was able to love in spite of the unlovable elements in those with whom he came in contact.

I thus emphasize this feature of the life of Stoddard for I feel that it was one of the chief—if not *the* chief—element in his wonderfully cosmopolite

nature. It explains so many things that the critical cannot understand—as, for instance, his devoted friendship and life with the Sandwich Islands; his close association with the Bohemian members of the dramatic profession; his intimacy with ascetic priests and the most refined, pure and cultivated women; his "at homeness" with men of world-renown as statesmen, men-of-letters, artists and the like. He was the intimate friend and bosom companion of Mark Twain, and Kipling, Stevenson, and Bret Hart, and scores of other geniuses felt honored as well as charmed by his friendship and association. For there was not only this great and prime element of loveableness in his make-up, but there were other qualities of mind and some that appealed strongly to all these differing types of humanity.

One of these was his frank ingenuousness. He was always "as simple as a child." Anyone who knew him could see his inner heart reflected in every thing he said and wrote, and could well believe the statement he inscribed on the fly-leaf of the copy of his "For the Pleasure of His Company" which he sent to me: "Here you have my confessions. This is one of the *truest* stories ever told. Do not think me egotistical: I am merely painfully ingenuous." And he signed this, not only with his own name, but also with that of the "hero" of the book, Paul Clitheros. All of his books, from the

first to the last, possess this rare quality. Let us look at them for a moment with this thought mainly in view, for it will be seen to have actually dominated his whole literary life. "South Sea Idyls" were originally letters of his personal experiences, written to a friend in California, with the expectation that they would be published in one of the San Francisco newspapers. In his own naive and delightfully simple fashion, he tells what he saw, felt and experienced, and it is this fresh, unspoiled, child-heart revealing its inner thought in choice, poetic, epigrammatic, rippling English that gives the main charm to the book. "Hawaiian Life, or Lazy Letters from Low Latitudes," and "The Island of Tranquil Delights" are similar heart out-pourings of personal experiences in the dear tropic Islands he loved so well, as is also "The Lepers of Molo-kai" the record of the especial work of Father Damien among the poor outcasts on the lonely shores of that sad island. Few other men could have written such books as his "Exits and Entrances," "In the Footprints of the Padres," and "Over the Rocky Mountains to Alaska," for they are so brim-full of personal matter that with anyone else the reader would feel that the author was a bundle of conceit and egotism. Yet you not only do not feel anything of the kind in reading these books, but, on the contrary, you feel honored and flattered that this keen brained and poetic man has taken you into his intimate confidence and given you to know how he saw and felt about the things described.

And equally so is it with the two semi-religious books he wrote: "The Wonder Worker of Padua," and "A Troubled Heart." In the former, with the combination of the twentieth century man of culture and the simple, unquestioning faith of the peasant of the ninth century he tells of the Saint he loved—Saint Anthony, and the miracles he performed. No unbeliever he! Out of the largeness of his own soul and its child-like simplicity he poured his belief: God is great, God is loving, God is tender, God is Our Father, and to bless His children He will allow his devoted servants to do any wonderful thing they will. When I read the latter book, "A Troubled Heart and How It Was Comforted at Last," I loved the man, for it was such a childlike out-pouring of the soul before God and man that its very simplicity brought tears to the eyes. Let it not be forgotten that I am not writing as one of his accepted faith, but as an alien, and yet one to whom the sweet and tender confidences came with vividness and power.

In this one-sided glance at Mr. Stoddard's work I have mentioned eight books—all of them prose and all possessed of this personal charm. Yet, strange to say, he began his literary life as a poet, and as a poet he was always known. This is the more remarkable when it is recalled that for many, many years he scarce wrote a line of poetry. Just once or twice between the years of, say, 1876 and 1905 he tempted the muse, otherwise all he wrote and published was prose. But what kind of

prose? Oh, that I had a dozen, or a score pages of this magazine to call the attention of its readers to the richness of his prose! I have been, in my half century of life, not a lazy reader of the best our language affords of poetry and prose, yet it has been seldom that I have found such thrilling satisfaction as has often been given to me in reading what Stoddard has written. Take, for instance, his description of a nightingale's singing, heard as he walked from Stratford on Avon to Shottery, and given on pages 80, 81 and 82 of "Exits and Entrances." I have read Shelley's "Ode to a Nightingale" both in solitude and to many and varied audiences, and every student knows its rich and exuberant poesy. Its play of fancy sets it apart as one of the purest and richest of England's many fine poems. Yet here comes Stoddard, a stranger to England, a Californian, and in prose as rich, florid, eloquent, and pure as is Shelley's poetry, he gives a literally true *description*—not a poetic fancy—of the bird whose singing rivaled that of the mocking-bird he knew so well.

But it is not alone to its poetic quality that his prose owes its charm, nor to that rich personal touch to which I have given such prominence. Another quality, almost equally insistent with these is always present, and that is his quaint, unexpected humor. Just as a laughing child likes to peer suddenly out of hidden corners and cry, "Boo!" so does Stoddard thrust his shy wit and subtle humor before you. And it is both shy

and subtle. Yet never meanly shy, or harsh. Never did he say an unkind word, or an impure one. Humor that bordered on the vulgar, or that relied for its interest upon an unclean *double entendre* never found place on Stoddard's pages. He has no objection to giving his chapters titles that *seem* to be most suggestive of strange and awkward situations, but he does it all as simply and unconsciously as a tiny child will come into a crowded guest-room clad only in her night-robe to bid her papa and mamma "Good night!" And if the prurient pick up his books and begin to read these chapters expecting something *risque* they finish every word of them and put the book aside with the fever of impurity quenched and a new refreshment and satisfaction that comes from the chaste, the sweet, the wholesome and the good, given with childlike frankness and ingenuousness.

Of his poetry I might write almost as much as of his prose, especially if I were to present it from the purely Californian standpoint. He was one of the first, as he was one of the keenest, of observers in the new land, with the power of expression to tell in vivid and rich verse that which he saw and felt. His early poems, written in the 'seventies and collected and edited by Bret Harte might well be used as studies of California scenery and climate. Even in those early days he was a coiner of rich phrases. Here are a few taken from his first published poem in the *Overland Monthly* for July, 1860. It is entitled: "In the Sierras."

"The misty girdle of the hills of God"

"My good horse cast the snow-seals from his hoofs."

"We there beheld

The flowerlike track of the coyote near
The fairy tracery where the squirrel skipped
Graceful and shy, and farther on we saw
The smooth divided hollows where the doe
Dropped her light foot and lifted it away,
Anon the print of some designing fox
Or dog's more honest paw; the solid bowls
That held the heavy oxen's spreading hoof;
And suddenly, in awe, the bear's broad palm,
With almost human impress."

I have been led on to quote more than I intended in this poetic description of "tracks." There are only a few similar passages in our literature that display the same keen observation and ability to express as does this.

Here are a few more quotable phrases: "The sky's blue vacancy," "The sunny dream of autumn's plentiful and ever-lingering, everlasting peace," "The happy robin's tender tremulo."

His next poem—in the August, 1868, *Overland*, was on the "Snow Plant," and it can be used as a description, so carefully did he observe and transcribe. In the September issue he gives us "In Clover," and in that occurs this oft-quoted stanza on the bee

"O little hump-back bumble-bee!
O smuggler! breaking my repose;
I'll slyly watch you now and see
Where all the honey grows."

In the November number he gives "Robinson Crusoe—A Dream of Youth," and in that poem unconsciously reveals his love of the peace and freedom from turmoil that afterwards so lured him to

the "Island of Tranquil Delights." Listen:

"O, happy life of simple ways!
O, long recurrence of sweet days!
O, incident of sun and shower,
And great event of opening flower."

And who that loves the robin cannot re-echo two lines of his song in the December *Overland*?

"O, call me with your warble
Away from sin and woe."

Such were Charles Warren Stoddard's earliest lays.

In speaking of the "style" of Stoddard one other most important feature should not be forgotten. I know of no writer of so-called "profane" literature of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries who uses the Bible so much, and so well. The terse, vigorous, condensed power of this well of undefiled English was thoroughly understood by Stoddard, and the draughts he makes upon it are amazing. He unconsciously explains the reason in one of his books where he says: "On leaving home, my mother's last injunction was to read daily some chapters of my Bible, and this I never failed to do. What solemn hours were mine, alone in my cramped state-room, poring over that wonderful volume, and every day become more and more perplexed with its histories and mysteries! This early habit of Bible reading, and, as he calls it, "poring over" it, stored his retentive memory with the most perfect phrases in the English language, which, transferred bodily to his later writings produce a wonderful effect.

There were six distinct epochs in Mr. Stoddard' life. These were: I. His journey to California when a boy. II. His association with Bret Harte and the other literary giants of California's Golden Age of Literature. III. His first trip to the South Seas. IV. His trips to Europe. V. His occupation of the Chairs of English Literature at Notre Dame, Ind., and the Catholic University, Washington, D. C., and VI. His retirement and return to California.

He was born in Rochester, N. Y., August 7, 1843. When twelve years old—his father having already come to California—he and his mother made the journey, across the Nicaraguan Isthmus, from New York to San Francisco. Imagine the twelve-year-old boy, just at the impressionable adolescent period, and with his introspective poetic temperament taking such a trip; the sudden change from gray-skyed New York to the flaming firmament of the near tropics; the excitement of going aboard a vessel in a great city, the good-byes, the sailing down the coast, the life of the sailors, the storms, the calms, the tropic sea, the first sight of palms and oranges and Indians and all the Isthmian wonders, and then the ship-ride up the Pacific Coast and the landing in weird, wild, excitable San Francisco, just beginning to know that it was going to become a city. No intelligent child could take such a journey and not be affected by it so long as he lived, but to such an one as Stoddard it was epoch-forming. It gave him pictures to brood over, to think about, to dream upon, to

describe, and his youthful fancy thus excited into a tremendous activity never again slumbered or slept. It was ever wide awake for scenes new and strange, but this taste of love for the sea and the wild freedom of the life of the Isthmus was never fully satisfied, though he took six or more trips to the Sandwich Islands later on. To this was added the return trip East, taken two years later, with a rich elder brother who was ordered back to the Atlantic Shore. This was in a sailing vessel around Cape Horn and took ninety-one days, on only five of which did they see land.

Now for two years he remained in New England, and, as I re-read one of his books, I think perchance I ought to call these two years another distinct epoch in his life. Certainly they were, in the effect they had upon his later years, for in them was formed the conscious dislike for the harsh and austere ceremonies of the faith of his grandfather that ultimately led him into the bosom of the Catholic Church. The experiences of this time are vividly told in the story of his conversion. On his return to California he went to school and then to business, and, while a clerk in a book store, began to write poetry and anonymously send it to the local papers. This led to his discovery by the Reverend Thomas Starr King, that Unitarian preacher of large heart and discerning mind who did so much in the early days of California to help her struggling literary aspirants. He prevailed upon Stoddard to go back to school, which he did, but the habit of

poetizing continued, and the *Golden Era* and the *Californian* (those early pioneers of California literary magazines) received many of his lines. In those days he made the acquaintance—which to him always meant a permanent friendship—of Bret Harte, Joaquin Miller, Mark Twain, Prentice Mulford, Ina Coolbrith, Robert Louis Stevenson, Ambrose Bierce, and others whose names and places in the literature of the English-speaking peoples none will ever question. Think what this must have meant to all of these gifted minds; all young, all impressionable, all companionable (more or less), all original, all seeking the most perfect expression for thoughts about, and descriptions of, this great new Pacific world, with its marvelous strange scenery, its Spanish, Mexican, Mission, Indian, gold-mining, cow-boy, stage-driving, pioneer life. No wonder they wrote and wrote well. The conditions were enough almost to provoke mediocrity into genius, and this little coterie helped each other to do more perfect work. For Stoddard tells how he criticized Miller, and how Harte and Miss Coolbrith criticized them both. And such criticism meant the eternal betterment of critic and criticised alike.

Then came the founding of the *Overland Monthly*. It was Stoddard who suggested to Anton Roman, the founder, the name of Bret Harte as editor, and he and Miss Coolbrith, (who were always devoted friends), were soon so deep in the plans for the success of the new magazine that they were dubbed "The Golden Gate Trinity," and re-

mained such until Harte, and now Stoddard, passed on.

But the fame of writing poetry did not pay Stoddard's bills, and he was compelled to look about for a means of livelihood, and it was thus early in his career that the dramatic profession was urged upon him. For awhile he went on the stage, in buckskin and tinsel, and his experiences, both outward and inward, are deliciously described in "For the Pleasure of His Company." He tells of his self discussions as to his permanency at such work; his final abandonment of it; his poverty; pawning and losing his watch; engagement in book-keeping; his flights to the South Seas and his determination to stay there. This South Sea visit was the third great epoch in his life, for it led to the writing of his books on the South Seas,—a subject in which he is confessedly the master of the literary world. In vividness of description, wealth of color, rare quaint humor, native appreciation, deep sympathetic insight, they stand unequalled. Turn to any page you will in one of these three volumes and begin to read and I defy you to lay the book down until the chapter or incident is concluded. Everything is so natural, so spontaneous, so vivid, so naive, that you are charmed, lured, absorbed; and if that is not the secret of a writer's power I should like to know what is.

These books were all written originally as newspaper letters, and their success was so unbounded, that they opened up a new field of endeavor, because they

afforded an abundant living, and he was sent to Europe to travel and write for the *San Francisco Chronicle* and other papers. In this work he saw the Old World and all its leading lights,—political, social, literary, scientific, dramatic, editorial—and thus gained that mental *aplomb* that comes only with such knowledge and personal contact. Yet his plunge into the civilizations of the Old World had such an effect upon him that he was compelled to return to his first love,—the South Seas—in order to regain the simple content his soul pined for.

Then came a wonderful change. He had already embraced Catholicism, and, to his great surprise, was offered the professorship of English Literature at the College of Notre Dame, Indiana. He accepted it, and thus entered upon the next distinct epoch of his life. This position he honored and adorned for two years and then he was called to the higher and more responsible post at the Catholic University, Washington, D. C. This was in 1889, and here he remained, doing his work faithfully and well, beloved of students and faculty, visitors and Washington residents, until about six years ago, when he resigned, went to live in Cambridge, Mass., and finally yielded to the "call of the West," and returned to his beloved California.

This was his last change, his final epoch. He did not know this, though he always expressed the hope that he would die in California, but the day and the hour were mercifully kept from his knowledge and that of his friends. One

of the last times I saw him he was seriously contemplating a return to the East. His experiences during the great 1906 earthquake had so shattered his nervous system that he felt himself in a state of continuous fear lest another earthquake should come.

It was during this final period that some of his poorest, and also, some of his strongest, work was done. He himself felt keenly his inability to make what he wished to make out of his articles on the Romance of the Missions, and both in our conversation and correspondence he referred to it with gloom. And yet I venture to affirm that nothing he ever wrote, either in prose or poetry, will live longer than his poem on the Bells of San Gabriel. With all the sweep of his oldtime, youthful vigor, he describes the Mission in its palmy day, and then demands to know where its power has gone. With a stern "Answer me now, I pray!" he stands before the despoilers of the Indians and the Missions established for them, and then with the power of an Elijah or Jeremiah, he empties the vials of his wrath as an avenging angel upon them for their vile, degrading theft. But the sad, insistent refrain, rings ever in one's ears, with an onomatopoeic power that is seldom found in any verse.

"And every note of every bell
Sang Gabriel! rang Gabriel!
In the tower that's left the tale to tell,
Of Gabriel, the Archangel!"

In November of last year he wrote me:

"Dear *Seaceless* Wanderer,

"I have crept into a small box of a Bungalow to *hyburnate*. There are *for* little rooms packed together. A widow, her daughter, a dog and a cat and myself fill the place to repletion. I eat and sleep here and here I shall be glad to see you if you will come. * * *

"I'd be all right but for my rheumatism, which often troubles me. Aloha!

I have italicized three words in this little letter purposely. How we used to laugh over his phonetic spelling! He vowed he never could learn to spell. This proves he was right. Dear old Charlie! Who cared whether you spelled dictionary-wise or not, so long

as he might be privileged to receive your letters? In them were condensed the poetry, wisdom, humor, insight, passion, love of your sweet and beautiful soul. Now we shall receive them no more, but often, in spirit, shall we sit down and wait, feeling out towards your own beautiful spirit until we are filled with its richness and love. For, in this little bungalow, on the sixth of April, 1909, the call for the higher and newer life came to him,—the call that all must obey—and the earth lost all but the mortal part of Charles Warren Stoddard.

GEORGE WHARTON JAMES, Litt. D., '07

ALMA MATER

(JUBILEE ODE)



*HE healers of hearts, the teachers of truth,
 The warders of welfare, the guards of ruth,
 Their ancient tasks renew
 With every heart that beareth a part
 In the drama of Me and You!
 The drama of You and Me, my friend,
 Is a story of love and strife,
 Where the work of the single will
 Wins merit of good or ill
 In the strenuous lists of life!
 It first began
 With the primal man,
 Is told in each baby breath;
 And maketh an end
 Not ever until,
 Like the weary child
 Asleep on the breast of the mother mild,
 The soul goes out through the gates of Death.*

The word we voice
 To music of the heart's first love, was choice
 Of God, to bear His Mercy to the earth.
 The Virgin-Mothered Birth
 Of Bethlehem ensaints the sacred name
 By which we claim,
 Endowed with well-remembered joys and fears,
 This brotherhood of half a hundred years!
 Thou, gentle mother of our grateful hearts,
 Who wert the first to give the learned arts

Unto the children of the utter West!
Thou nurturer of the immortal mind,
Not less revered than she of nature's kind,
We hail thee, Lady Clare the Blest!
From thy serene
And olive-shaded gardens thou hast seen
The last years of the wild and tragic age,
The passing of the frenzied throng
That followed Vanity and Rage
Along the murky paths of greed,
That scarred the elder world of blood and wrong!
Peaceful thy past, joyful thy future meed!

When mild and patient Junipero came,
Inspired by zeal, to fire with holy flame
The desert-bred and world-neglected souls
Who made their homes about this Eden vale,
The world was smiling at the curious tale:
That a new State was stretching forth its arm
To shield the poor from the oppressor's harm.
Th' incredulous smile to awesome wonder grew,
When round the globe the helpful tidings flew:
"The tale is true!"

And from the coasts
Where Want and Rapine were the only hosts
Our humble and unsordid fathers knew,
There fled to this, the virgin-Regent's land,
An ever-moving and resistless band
Of free and willing toilers, who have made,
In one short century of mutual aid,
In calm despite of prejudice and clime,
America the cynosure of time.
And, though but little noted, there has been,
Somewhere amongst the outer vanguard, in

This march of truth-compelling pioneers,
The anointed head
And steady tread
Of one of thine Ignatian compeers,
Or through Wisconsin's snows with Pere Marquette,
Or o'er the Plains and Rockies with De Smet!

When sloth of mind,
The Tempter's slyest cozenage, made blind
The intellects of men, a teacher knight
Rode from Manresa to defend the right
Of well-directed and assiduous thought
'Gainst snares the cunning Enemy had wrought.
For clamorous proclaim,
In reason's outraged name,
Of new and royal roads to wisdom's fame,
Declared the rules of Aristotle vain.
Well knew the Captain wise
The worth of his emprise!
To feed the hungry hearts of age and youth
With the imperishable food of truth,
To honor Aquin's heaven-inspired seer,
To keep the founts of Christian learning clear;
And give clear-eyed Philosophy a home
In watch and ward of apostolic Rome.
How well that soldier care,
Unweaponed save with prayer,
Has been discharged, let history declare!
The history which England yet must write
In expiation of the false and bitter plight
Wherein the primal error of her rule
Involves the student of her earth-bound school.
Bear witness those
Who rather chose,

On Ireland's barren hills and England's leas,
To die in torture upon felon trees
Than live apostate, in self-tortured ease!
The English lads who cast Religion's sword,
Right Conscience, on their sovereign's council board,
In challenge of Elizabeth's demand
Christ's Church should be o'erswayed by her command.
How oft the gentle bard of Avon saw
The ruthless headsman pitilessly draw
A martyr's throbbing heart from out the breast
Of friend or neighbor, he himself expressed
In lines that tell the practice of the good,
"To dip their napkins in the sacred blood!"
His English speech
Cements the reach
Of bonds fraternal, strengthened by the bland,
Yet matchless power of this, our native land,
Upon the limits of the troubled East
The banners of th' embattled world have ceased
To sweep o'er bloody fields;
And despotism yields
To Japheth's Children, side by side arrayed
In watchful armies of a new crusade.
The nation-maker halts his Sun-led host
Upon this last and furtherest coast
And looks with eager and prophetic eyes
Across that ocean on whose outward verge
The Patriarch saw his restless rule arise
And master, age by age,
By might of warrior and wit of sage,
Th' indomitable powers of land and surge.
Still yearning towards the majesty of light,
He stands confessed a servant-vassal to the might
Of man's connascent right

To that rule, greater still
Than this: "Peace unto those who bear good will!"

*The healers of hearts, the teachers of truth,
The warders of welfare, the guards of ruth,
Their Ancient tasks renew
With every heart that beareth a part
In the drama of Me and You!*

A land of gentle folk!
Until a mad cry woke.
The rage for gold!
When from the farthest lands
Unto these quiet strands
A human torrent rolled!
Then thou, our Alma Mater, from the mates
Of him who raised the cross upon the gates
Of Oregon's yet unexplored domain,
Led here thy learned and devoted train!
We do them homage! brave and saintly men!
Some silver heads, now here, were raven then;
And some were crowned with childhood's sunny hair,
Who bowed beside the founder's empty chair
And laid the tribute of a loving tear
Upon his sorrowed and untimely bier.
So short the span of life's novitiate,
The children of his tutelage await,
In silent recollection, the recall
God sends unheralded to one and all!
So, in a shadowy yet proud review,
Our missing comrades' forms we here renew
And those old rooms are gay once more with crowds
Of boys and men long silent in their shrouds!
God rest them! may they think of us as well,

In God's dear solace where, with peace, they dwell
And, from the living who are gathered here
From Bench and Bar and Mart, from far and near,
To honor these dear walks, these fostering walls,
This song goes up wherever duty calls:

*The drama of You and Me, my friend,
Is a story of love and strife,
Where the work of the single will
Wins merit of good or ill
In the strenuous lists of life!
It first began
With the primal man,
Is told in each baby breath;
And maketh an end
Not ever until,
Like the weary child
Asleep on the breast of a mother mild,
The soul goes out through the gates of Death.*

JOHN T. MALONE, A. M., '72.

THE PHILHISTORIANS, THE LITERARY CONGRESS, FATHER EDMUND YOUNG

TOAST RESPONDED TO BY JOHN W. RYLAND, B. S. 77, ON THE OCCASION OF THE GOLDEN JUBILEE CELEBRATION OF THE HOUSE OF PHILHISTORIANS

MR. Toastmaster, Rev. Fathers, and Invited Guests: For many years the Philhistorian Debating Society of this College had no debating hall *proper*. In 1869 one was established for such use in the California Hotel Building which stood where the Literary Congress now is. This hall was at the north end, on the ground floor, of that building. Its length was east and west, and it was similar in size and general appearance to a writing room in a commercial hotel; the last presiding officer therein was an ex-President of the College, Father John Pinasco.

In 1875 the Philhistorians moved up stairs in that same building, and what was once a dormitory was turned into a fine hall. Most all of you remember that hall with its extreme arched ceiling, ending on the east and west side in low dormer windows. Adjacent on the south was the Philaethic Debating Hall, which can be similarly described, with the addition that it had two large windows on the south. While the Philaethics had the brighter hall, the Philhistorians most always had the brighter debaters. This assertion recalls the first debate for a Gold Medal that

took place between these rival societies. The debate was held in the Philaethic Hall one beautiful afternoon like this, in the Spring of 1876. The subject of the debate was "Resolved, that Napoleon Bonaparte Was the Greatest Military Genius that Ever Lived." The next morning in class, Professor Dance, who was then President of the Philaethics, was asked, "What do you think of the debate?" "I think that the Philaethics were the *bonyparte* of that debate," he replied.

I now ask some one of you to go back with me in spirit and in fancy to the year 1876, and attend with me one night a meeting of the Philhistorian Society.

We seat ourselves along the center aisle just before the proceedings commence. Presently we hear the sound of a heavier footstep and turning around to see who is about to approach, we behold there a large man, about six feet tall and weighing about 200 pounds. He is clothed in the habit of a priest. As he walks along the center aisle, he looks (as is his wont) neither to the left nor to the right. We can then better observe the regularity of his profile and the symmetry of his figure. We see there a body well constituted and prom-

ising a long and useful life. When he is seated in the President's Chair we look up to a face well proportioned to its body. While his features are regular we cannot say they are classical. While there is but little animation in his manner, but little play of expression over his features, this lack is partly offset by his extremely fine eyes, denoting humour, benevolence and intelligence. On account of the artificial light of the hall we cannot discern the color of these eyes. While he is but 54 years of age, his hair is white. When he calls the meeting to order we hear a voice, strong and vibrant. We need not ask, "Is he an American?" for "fifty centuries" of New England "look down upon us." This priest *is* Father Edmund Young!"

He was born in Saco, Maine, in 1822; When a young man he became a convert to the Roman Catholic religion. Shortly after he joined the Society of Jesus, and in 1858 was ordained a priest. He came for the first time to this College in 1861. From that time until 1875 he was, as it were, in a state of vibration, between *this* College and Georgetown College. It was while he was at Georgetown College that he had so many opportunities of attending the Debates in the National Congress, and of acquiring a knowledge of Parliamentary and Constitutional Law. Returning to Santa Clara in 1875, from that time until his death in 1892 he was President of the Philhistorian Debating Society of Santa Clara College.

What was his method that gave him

such success in "teaching the young idea how to shoot," in teaching the young idea how to debate? It was not that he endeavored to show *how* to debate, or that he criticized and instructed, it was that he used all the powers of his unusual personality in inducing the student to *try* to debate. He would constantly re-iterate in encouragement, "Get up and make a fool of yourself!"

Occasionally he would join in a debate. He was an ardent Republican in National Politics, and during the Presidential Campaign of 1877, goaded and baited by many misrepresentations of the Democratic members, he took the floor and spoke for about an hour and a half. His eloquent effort was not altogether "wasted upon the desert air," for since that time many of us Democratic members have gone through life with more respect for the opinions of our Republican Citizens. "We had heard from Maine!"

An opportunity of making an unusual Parliamentary ruling was never lost by him. Once there was a knock on the Philhistorians' door and the sergeant-at-arms announced, "The President of the Philalectic Senate, and the Senate as a body, desire admittance." While the Senators were taking their seats a Member of the House who was speaking as they entered stopped in his speech. Father Young roared out, "The Member will proceed with his remarks, this House of Philhistorians will not be interrupted in its proceedings, not even by the august Philalectic Senate?"

Speaking of "this House" and Philalethic Senate recalls the Literary Congress and its Constitution. As indicated, the names of the two societies were changed thereby; but I have no intention of dwelling upon that constitution. It is known throughout college-dom from Santa Clara to Yale! Perhaps Yale might also learn something from Santa Clara about baseball. This Constitution can speak for itself. It is destined to be one of the most precious records in the archives of this College, and its provisions will be appealed to in the grander halls at Loyola, by countless students "yet unborn, in accents yet unsung." Who was the author of that constitution? Father Young was its originator. He gave it initiation. He laid down its broad general provisions, its defines and confines. He called into conference Father Natini, President of the Philalethics. Now Father Natini was an accomplished man, among his accomplishments was that he was a short-hand writer. Father Young dictated to him along the lines heretofore indicated, and Father Natini worked out and elaborated the instrument in detail, and made it homogeneous. Was there any impediment in adopting that constitution? None whatever! There was but one question that required explanation, and that was whether a member of the "lower body," so called, was obliged to accept promotion to the Senate. Later on many members of the lower body refused promotion principally because they did not want to leave Father Young and herein

we have evidence of the affection he incited, and also his great pre-eminence over all matters debational, so much so, that in the year 1877 it became necessary to retain Father Young as Speaker of the House, and to place him in the incongruous position of being also at the same time President of the Philalethic Senate, contrary to the Constitution of the Literary Congress.

Father Young was blunt, humorous, witty and sometimes sarcastic. All this is illustrated by one short story told to me by the author of "Constantine". There was a student who had received a present of a gold watch; he was very proud of that watch. It was a big, old fashioned gold watch that you might win at a Catholic fair. (Laughter as the Speaker looked at two pastors in front of him who lately had held fairs.) One day in the elocution class after this student had flashed his watch for about the fifth time and before he could get it back into his pocket again, Father Young arrested his attention, and pointing to the watch called out, "Williams, you get up on the stand and tell the boys how to make that speech, you have plenty of TIME and you have plenty of BRASS.

Now I have not the time nor the brass to describe all of Father Young's characteristics; nor to follow him through his curriculum of work; not even to dwell upon his eloquence as a pulpit orator. But let me ask, What gave him his pre-eminent ascendancy over the hearts of the students? It is a hard question to answer! He was not

pre-eminent, in charm of manner or grace of lineament. Perchance "there was something in his eye that won your love, you knew not why." It was not that he had a greater measure of affection for the students than did the other Fathers. Perhaps on account of his undemonstrative nature there was the added charm of discovery about his affection. His was the affection that was rather felt than seen. Moreover he was a thorough-bred American, a chip off Plymouth Rock, and he had a most abiding confidence in the honor of the American youth! Indicative of this he was wont to exclaim, "*When* I am President of Santa Clara College the first thing I will do will be to order down every fence from around these College grounds." (Loud applause from Students, laughter from general audience, the Speaker *sub voce* and smiling, "Fellow Students, had you heard *him* say 'twould move your hearts to mutiny.'") Perhaps there will be no fences around the University at Loyola.)

In the broad, general cause of humanity and religion "large was his bounty and his soul SINCERE!" As he worked in his classes and his ministry up to within one week of his death; and as he lived to be seventy years of age, he can well be described as an old servant of God's who labored in the vineyard until the "night cometh when no man can work"—and as the night grew deeper he laid down to his last sleep, calmly as to a nights' repose, like flowers at set of sun. While "honour's voice and animated bust" are an example and incentive to us *all*, while they may be necessary to perpetuate his name and fame with *SOME*, in the hearts of the old Philhistorians who knew him so well, the memories of his lineaments, his kindliness, and his virtues, are so deeply *engraved* they cannot be erased even by Time's effacing fingers. "Time will the impression deeper make as streams their channels deeper wear."

JOHN W. RYLAND, B. S. '77.

THE HOUSE AND THE PROFESSIONS

TOAST RESPONDED TO BY MR. C. P. RENDON, '78 ON THE OCCASION OF THE GOLDEN JUBILEE
CELEBRATION OF THE HOUSE OF PHILHISTORIANS

WE are assembled to celebrate the Golden Jubilee of the House of Philhistorians of Santa Clara College, our Alma Mater. Many of us are strangers to one another, some comparatively so, while other faces—time and age prevent their recognition. But, notwithstanding these unconventional circumstances, the inspiration born of the occasion and of this moment, and the knowledge that we have all enjoyed the pastimes and sports of youth on the same playgrounds, received the same strict moral training, and have drunk of the same fountain of knowledge, aid us in readily banishing these conventional formalities, and in releasing the mainsprings of our hearts to the enthusiasm of college fellowship, and to the tightening of the cords of an implied friendship that crystalizes itself this day in making us one family assembled in a happy reunion to commemorate the golden epoch in the being of the society with which we have been so closely identified. Fifty long years have been loyally devoted by noble, self-sacrificing fathers and professors in intellectual instruction, guiding youthful minds in search of knowledge, imparting their rhetoric, infusing their emotions, breathing into souls persuasive speech and fluent diction; transmitting the effective power of

expressing sentiment or passion, and of emphasizing assertion or argument; perfecting inflections, correcting enunciations, cultivating the voice to accurate intonation, and rounding off its periods and ragged edges; all of which accomplishments have adequately equipped the ambitious student for any logical erudition! So that the scholar armed with a helmet of learning, and a breastplate of eloquence, has entered the arena of human conflict to wage a battle for fame, fortune and honor.

One-half a century has passed into time and witnessed many a callow youth with a timidity akin to his tender years, enter this temple of learning, and with the suppliant assistance of a kind professor, acquire a confidence and gain a knowledge that enabled him to enter the eager strife of college life, enroll himself as a member of the House of Philhistorians, don his armor and measure his steel in forensic debate or eloquence with his worthy competitors.

There, within those historic adobe walls, he wailed the hope of a Demosthenes. There, within that pantheon he envied the versatile Greek, and sang his eloquent masterpieces. There, in that chamber sanctified ever by the living presence of dear old Father Young, or of his beloved spirit,

the lot of many a youth was cast. There he sat in silent judgement on his own ability. There he determined his future course in life. Some chose one profession, others another, while many chose none. Hundreds have realized their ambitions. Many have gained a prominence in their selected professions, others marked distinction, while many have become famous. All of whom, however, have ever sung the praises of our society, and the boon it has ever been to them. And as we call the roll to-day, we pause over many a name and pay a fitting tribute to him who wrote it there, and as we pass in judgment and

gaze upon it, it beams forth in effulgent honor and in radiant golden splendor. To them we point with pride, for they are the living witnesses or the dead examples of the honor, glory and fame they have achieved; and who in the past have, or are now reflecting credit upon themselves and their revered tutors whose seat of learning or teaching was and is this great educational institution.

Long may it ever continue to be a mighty factor in the progress of the West, and in the modeling of an ideal enlightened American citizenship!

C. P. RENDON, '78.

JUNE BY THE SEA

WRITTEN FOR REDWOOD BY THE LATE CHARLES

WARREN STODDARD, PH. D., '01

A silver surf frosting a golden shore—

List to the muffled music of its roar !

The sea-birds circling o'er the sparkling bay

The mist that hovers in the far away,

The half-awakened silence brooding o'er

The city of siesta—Monterey.

THE HOUSE OF PHILHISTORIANS AND THE COLLEGE

TOAST RESPONDED TO BY REV. THOMAS J. O'CONNELL, A. B. '92, ON THE OCCASION OF
THE GOLDEN JUBILEE CELEBRATION OF THE HOUSE OF PHILHISTORIANS

WHILE we recognize the House of Philhistorians as one of the successful organizations of our Alma Mater; while we honor the memory of its founder, and glory in the achievements of many of its members, may it not be that we do not consider sufficiently, the relation that exists between the House of Philhistorians and the College?

The College concerns itself with the student, with the development of his mind, the training of his heart, the cultivation and rounding out of his character. Classes, lectures, discipline, contact with the Fathers and professors are the instruments the College uses, and the House of Philhistorians is a powerful aid.

As young students in the College we learn from our professors, precepts and rules; in the House we put the precepts in practice, we apply the rules. As young men our ambition leads us to the portal of the House. Our names are enrolled, we are assigned a position on the team for our first debate. We study, we write, we memorize. Our arguments are arranged and well in hand. We rise to our maiden effort.

How easy it has been to declaim in

elocution class! What ease and control were ours when we delivered an essay at a College entertainment! What inspiration there was when, in a College play, we were greeted with the applause of a splendid audience!

But oh! what happens now! How hard it is to say, "Mr. Speaker!" Our heart beats fast and with its terrific pounding drowns the ticking of the house clock. Our throat is dry, our tongue refuses to speak and the words that we would utter we can not find. Bitter, trying moments those; no friendly audience here, but sharp critics and enemies for the while. These are the conditions in and about us, till practice brings confidence, composure and skill.

The young Philhistorian is both the raw material from the class and the intelligent machine. When new, the machine may be rough here and there, but the roughness is soon worn smooth, and greater power is developed. This intelligent machine realizes that with better fuel more power can be had and superior products will result. He secures the fuel in study. He improves himself in debate, in clear, concise, logical reasoning, in clash of wit, in meeting and overcoming force of argu-

ment. The class room gains the finished product which becomes more and more perfect as the Philhistorian's skill increases. Those not in the House are compelled to work that they may measure up to the standard set by the Philhistorian.

The College spirit possesses the House; that spirit which has made Alma Mater's sons great; that spirit which binds all the old boys to Santa Clara; that spirit which brings the crown of glory to our athletes. Our professors endeavor to give us abundant intellectuality, they impart a goodly amount of spirituality—of religion. They seek and would have us strive for perfection. This is the secret of our College spirit—this aiming at the perfection of the whole man.

Defeated in debate, the Philhistorian prepares to renew the battle and to win. Victorious, he fortifies himself by zealous work to retain the mastery and to gain new laurels.

He sees the necessity for hard, honest, constant work; he sees the dishonesty, the absurdity and failure of sham. He acquires the habit of work, he learns to love work.

He came into the House a laborer, he soon ranked with the artisan, he at length became like the artist, and like the lover, happy only in the presence of his beloved, he works the more because he is happiest when at his work. Once

such employment seemed hard, but the task was self-imposed; 'tis now a work of love and is its own reward.

Read the roll of Santa Clara's sons, mark those who do her honor by their achievements—they are many—you will find that the greatest number of them were Philhistorians. In other words they are the ones who while at College did the largest amount of hard work.

The House of Philhistorians is the College assistant; a spur to the aspiring young man, a source of new ambitions to the earnest student; the finishing room of the makers of college men. It teaches that opposition must and will be encountered in all walks of life, it teaches how to distinguish the right from the wrong, good from evil, justice from injustice, truth from dishonesty. It trains one to hold the place of an honorable, upright man under all conditions.

The House gives Santa Clara's students the advantages of College Fraternities, but not their evils and abuses; and he is welcome who possesses the qualifications of desire to succeed, and determination to work honestly for success.

The Philhistorian standard has thus far been high. Members of the House, keep it high, and by your work prove to all that membership in it is an honor worth winning.

REV. J. O'CONNELL, A. B. '92.

THE HOUSE OF PHILHISTORIANS AND PUBLIC LIFE

TOAST RESPONDED TO BY JOHN J. O'TOOLE, B. S., '90, ON THE OCCASION OF THE GOLDEN
JUBILEE CELEBRATION OF PHILHISTORIANS

M R. Toastmaster, Right Reverend Fathers, and Friends of the College: When Father Gleeson requested me to respond to the toast "The House of Philhistorians and Public Life," I hesitated before accepting, for realizing that there are so many who in their school-days were members of both the House and the Senate, and who have by their eloquence won high places in public life, I felt that it would be more fitting that some one of them should respond to this toast. But as in *our* days in the "House" we were taught that when called upon we must say something, I am here to say that something.

I feel that we commemorate to-day an event that is an important one not only in the history of our Alma Mater, but also an important one in the history of public life within our State, for when we look over the roster of the student body of the college for bygone days, we find the names of many who by their eloquence, their success in debate and their ability to grasp and grapple with the questions of the day, as they arise, have forged far ahead in life's race, and occupy high places in public life; and we who know the college and its work, know that all these were, in their school-

days actively interested in the House of Philhistorians.

It has been said, and I think, truly said, that the man who has been educated at either of the two great Jesuit Colleges of California can, in any gathering arise and express clearly his views on any of the questions of the day; he has views and is not afraid to express them. And if this gift belongs to the sons of Santa Clara and of St. Ignatius, those sons can thank the debating and literary societies of those Colleges for it, for it is in those societies that they have been trained for the test which has come to them in after life. While eloquence is not given to all, while every man no matter how learned he may be, no matter how studiously he may apply himself, will not become an orator, and by his words sway the minds of the crowd, and ring the cheers and plaudits from the multitude, still there is scarcely one, who may not by application and practice acquire the gift of expressing his views clearly and concisely when called upon to do so. This my friends, is what our House has done for its members, and while it has not made all of them orators, it has given to them the qualifications to take their

place in public life. He who sways the crowd by the magic flow of his words is thrice blest, he who can say intelligently, what he would say, is blest indeed. And not only has the House done this for the members. It has also taught them to lead rather than to follow, it has brought out in them gifts and qualifications that were latent, it has developed those gifts and qualifications, so that when it has sent them forth into the world of public life, they have been men who lead, men who are looked up to, and have taken their places accordingly.

It is the House of Philhistorians my friends, that has given to the public life of our country, the eloquence of a White, a Delmas and a Barrett; it is the House of Philhistorians, my friends, that has qualified and equipped a McClatchy and a McElroy; it is the House of Philhistorians, my friends, that has made the sons of Santa Clara stand forth pre-eminent in the public life of our State.

And how was all this accomplished? To those of you who know the college, the answer is simple. By making our work our play, by teaching the young man to think quietly, to express those thoughts clearly, and if he had any views on the subject not to be afraid to make them known. Those of you who were members of the House can remember how timidly we proceeded when we first entered its portals, how faltering we first arose to claim the attention of the Mr. Speaker, how mum we at first sat during the discussion of subjects on

which we had not toiled and prepared, but how quickly we became more at ease in debate, and vociferously demanded recognition of the chair, and could only be restrained from expressing our views (right or wrong) on any subject by the combined efforts of our fellow members. This was the way, my friends, that the sons of Santa Clara were trained for their work in after years, and as the years go on and those sons take their places in the public life of our country, they bless the day that they were permitted to become members of the House of Philhistorians, and they bless the kind old man who founded that society.

Therefore it is only proper that we should attach an importance to this organization of our Alma Mater, and that we should fittingly celebrate its each anniversary, but on these anniversaries, especially on this one that marks the half century of the foundation of our beloved society, we should for a moment dwell in memory with its founder. We all knew him, that kind old man who met us as we were emerging from boyhood into manhood. Although twenty years have gone since he was my professor, I see him yet, as you who knew him in the latter days of his life, all see him, with his white hair, his shoulders once so erect, slightly stooped, his clear eye, his keen wit, and his cheery smile, laboring hard to the end that his boys might be well fitted for their places in after life. And while years have gone, since sorrowing we followed him to the grave yonder, his

memory is fresh and dear to us; and as we journey onward and pause in that journey and look back over the way we have come, even though that journey has not always led through pleasant places, even though we have reached its summit and victory has not yet been attained, we see the bright spot of our schooldays, and their memories crowd

around us; and we trust, we hope and we pray that when our sons have left their boyhood days behind them and have not yet reached man's estate, that there will be one to meet them and guide them on, so kind, so true and faithful to his task as was Father Edmund Young.

JOHN J. O'TOOLE, B. S. '90.

IN MEMORIAM

Angelic nursling of maternal care
 Beneath God's seraph-painting pencil born !
 So mildly sweet—so innocently fair,
 Thou wert beloved of Heaven thus to be torn
 From thy parental stem in this, the morn
 Of thy existence; doubly art thou blest,
 Whom never Love nor Virtue dared to scorn,
 And thou hast with thee in thy blissful rest
 "The heart which loved thee so that none could love thee
 best !"

Chris Jessen, '90.

BASEBALL IN THE DAYS OF '69

ONE would think that a person writing of events of that ancient era was altogether an old man, but let me assure my readers that such is not really the case. When it comes to baseball all men are boys and the writer, being no exception, would resent the imputation that he is now any older than when he played backstop for the redoubtable Eurekas in that time. Now I surely do not mean backstop, for that is a modern term, and, as I am not a modernist in things theological, I can truly say that I am not one in things baseball—at least to the extent that I believe that the old game and the old players were in all things inferior to those of today. No, I will not subscribe to the modern doctrine that the new game is in all particulars better or more interesting than the old one, but I will be loyal to my college day and generation, and will even stick to the old nomenclature of the game. I therefore mean catcher and not backstop.

It is true that Santa Clara College now holds the intercollegiate championship of the State and is justly famous for her achievements on the diamond, but her glory is not of today, nor yet of yesterday. It is not a thing of mushroom growth—it did not spring up in a night. Long ago her sons showed their superiority as ball players and by their valorous deeds won the championship belt. *Belt*, mind you, and not *pen-*

nant. They had not yet invented this modern emblem to be awarded as the prize and to flutter as the symbol of victory. But a belt—a real belt and not a mere figure of speech—was the guerdon to be striven for and to be worn in triumph by those whose prowess with the ball and bat made them masters of the field.

Now, not only were the Santa Clara boys of forty years ago intercollegiate champions, but they were also champions of the whole State, not barring even professional clubs. And to achieve and maintain that proud position in those days certainly meant living the strenuous life. Supremacy was not a matter of a few games, but was only won after a long, trying and most arduous season of baseball, which commenced as early and lasted as long as the weather-making *sun spots* of Father Ricard would graciously permit. There was, as a rule, no prearranged series of games between the various clubs, ambitious of securing the belt, but each aspirant was obliged to be ever ready to meet any rival who saw fit to challenge it to a contest. No club could properly decline such a contest because it had already played one or more games with its competitor and had been victorious over it. Each club stood, so to speak, like a Knight of old, armed *cap-a pie*, and waiting for some other *errant* Knight to enter the lists and throw down the gauntlet of battle.

Under such difficult conditions championships were won and lost—won by the old Originals of the College and lost by every other nine that ever had the temerity to measure strength with them. They were champions of the State in 1869 and in succeeding years. And most worthy indeed were they of that proud distinction, for they were a band of classic, or as the moderns say, classy athletes. Far be it from me to detract from the merits of the later ball-players of the College, whose deeds have added lustre to our common Alma Mater, but I am certainly justified in asserting that "there were giants in those days." Look at the roster of the Originals—Wolter, Malarin, Inge, Arguello, Vallejo, Wiley, Sutherland, Dufficy, and Winters.

It seems to me now, though I confess that the perspective changes with years and objects loom larger as they recede into the past, that the stature of these players was greater and that in battling skill and power they were not only unexcelled, but unequalled. I know that it was more easy to strike the ball under the old system of underhand pitching, but nevertheless that fact does not wholly account for the relatively much greater number of home runs and long hits made in those old days. It might furnish a reason for the greater number of hits, but not for the greater length of the hits for it is a scientific fact that a swift ball, struck with the same force as a slow ball and in the same way, will go much further than the latter. I believe that the batters

were as a rule more powerful and therefore put more force into their strokes. But I am not trying to make any comparisons for they are odorous. There are many other qualities that the perfect ball-player must possess and the eminence of the college boys of more recent years in those qualities goes without saying. The game and its rules have been radically changed and a different order of skill and ability seems to be required. Whether the sport has been made more interesting will always remain a question of warm contention between the advocates of the old and the new.

But to return to the historical from this digression, the Originals were supposed to be and were usually composed of the best players of the College. There was the other club I mentioned, the Eureka, which were next in rank and a splendid team, with perhaps one exception for I want to be modest. But sometimes a star would arise in the Eureka firmament and then he would be claimed by the greater constellation—the Originals. Usually he would go over to the greater club, but there was a period in the history of the College when the Eureka stars refused to go and the clubs became nearly equal in excellence. However it must be said the Originals were *the* club, and won the first baseball glory for the College.

There was great rivalry between the University of the Pacific and Santa Clara College at that time, and the former institution prided itself upon a club of stalwart players called the

Nemeans. The rivalry was especially keen upon the diamond and sometimes the games between the Originals and Nemeans engendered a good deal of feeling and occasionally resulted in a scrap. The clubs usually played on the public square of Santa Clara, then an open common, but now a park filled with tall trees of many years' growth. The University boys had plenty of brawn and muscle but the College lads had a plenty, too, and besides were the better trained, and so the scalp of the Nemeans generally dangled from the belt of the Originals.

There was also a club in San Jose, called the Altas, that never knew that discretion was the better part of valor, and would persist in pitting its men against the Originals. Their games were played on St. James square in San Jose, when that square was devoid of tree or shrub, and the whole town would assemble to see them. Fine players though the Altas were, they were no match for the invincible athletes of the College and therefore the humiliation of defeat was always their portion. St. James Park is 550 feet square and in those days it made an ideal ball field, not only because of its great area but also because it was as bare and level as a billiard table. There were no barriers to intercept the natural course of the ball and so it went where it listed. No rules therefore were needed to put an arbitrary limit to a hit on account of fences or other intervening or interfering objects and the batter got full credit for the entire distance of

his hit as it naturally fell out. I have seen the mighty Wolter and the doughy Malarin strike the ball with such terrific force that it would sail over the center-fielder's head and eventually land in the extreme southeast corner of the square. You, that are mathematically inclined, can figure the distance it traveled by computing the hypotenuse of the given square.

The Altas were recruited mostly from Gates' College, a co-educational school on North First street in San Jose. When a game was to be played between them and the Originals the fair sex from the school would assemble in force on the square and grace the occasion with their presence. With the bright eyes of these young ladies upon them I need not assure my readers that both nines played their very best, and I greatly fear that it added no little to the confusion and chagrin of the Altas to know that these eyes beheld them go down to utter and invariable defeat. But they did not reach the very lowest depths of humiliation until the Eureka's, coming over from Santa Clara the next day, would give them another and perhaps equally decisive drubbing. However, considering the character of the College clubs, they could truly say with the poet, "O victorious defeat!"

There was another club that had the championship bee buzzing in its Merry Widow, and this was a San Francisco club called the Stars, if I remember well. It was a great aggregation of ball players and had swept through the State like a besom of destruction, and

had come back to the metropolis flushed with its many triumphs. It had met and defeated every club in the State of any importance except the Originals, and it was late in the season when these two redoubtable teams came together in a death struggle. The game was played somewhere out on Mission street in San Francisco and lasted from about 1 o'clock in the afternoon until darkness put an end to it. Seven innings of terrific ball were waged between these elemental giants of the diamond, and when the game was called the score was 96 for the Stars and 107 for the Originals. It was a contest that will never fade from the memory of those who were present and had the good fortune to witness it. As an exhibition of the game, as it was played in the medieval days of the College, it surely had no equal in the annals of baseball. Never was there such slugging, such fielding, such base running. For brilliancy of playing, the scene of this great contest should be regarded as another Field of the Cloth of Gold. It deserved to have been recorded in imperishable type, but as there were no historians of the game in that day it will gradually pass into oblivion. *Sic transit gloria mundi.*

There is, I am sorry to say, a disposition on the part of some to scoff at the old game—to decry it as something that was not worthy to engage the serious efforts of a *real* athlete. Those who feel that way I am sure do not speak from actual observation or experience.

The sport, as played in the time of which I write, was at least just as strenuous as today and just as well calculated to call into action the very best qualities of the players. It was a fast and protracted game—the ball was in constant play and the men were never allowed to rest. The game now is practically confined to pitcher and catcher, but then every player had a large share of work to do, and it required his undivided attention. The exigencies of the play demanded constant alertness, great endurance, quickness of decision and promptness of action. The duration of the games and the scores indicate in a measure the character of the physical ordeal through which the old players were forced to go. And moreover, they were compelled to meet the dangers of the game with only such means of defense as nature had provided them with. They did not have all those artificial aids, such as gloves, masks and breast-plates, which are so much in evidence in the modern game. Not only does this equipment protect the players from injury and make the sport less dangerous, but it gives them an adventitious advantage in handling the ball, which is not theirs by natural right. The athletes of my day played with nature's weapons only and did not seek the assistance of art to evade the natural risks of the game. So in conclusion I ask—are the college stars of today less glorious because their predecessors of old deserved glory?

HON. WM. P. VEUVE, A. B., '74.

THE VOICE OF HER OLD GUITAR

(The following poem was communicated by Gerald P. Beaumont, '07. It is a hitherto unpublished poem of De Lewis A. Birdsall, his great grandfather, who was well-known to pioneer life as the first superintendent of the U. S. Mint in San Francisco.

The guitar referred to was that of Sophie Birdsall, De Lewis' daughter, who earned the sobriquet of "Belle of the Prairies" by crossing the plains in 1849, on horseback and with a military escort. She died while still in her girlhood—hence "the lamenting voice of her old guitar.")

Let no unhallowed fingers touch the strings !
Within, my soul divinely sings,
Still throbs the echo of her matchless songs !
To her life and to mine their melody belongs !
Our tones are voiceless here, our songs unsung
Silent let me rest, my face against the wall
Till Heaven's harps shall reunite us all;
Then o'er my strings her fingers soft will sweep,
To thrill my soul and wake me from my sleep !

SOMETHING REMINISCENT

THE lamentable demise of poor John McElroy, three months ago in Oakland, put many a student of Santa Clara of '88 and '89 in a reminiscent mood. McElroy filled a large part of the life of the College in those days. He is, and always will be, easily remembered. His was a jovial nature. He was always there with the josh; and he was really unhappy if not in on anything good going the rounds. We could cite many funny incidents in which he was the central figure both in and out of class-room, or in debate; but it was really on the ball-field he was funniest and most interesting. He never knew how funny he was because he was ever in thorough earnest. But there was one game in which poor Jack had all the fun taken out of him. It may be of passing interest to state that the best, if not the first baseball league of the College was organized in '88 by Father Kenna, then the President. It was a three-club affair, comprising the Browns, the Blues and the Whites. All were uniformed. The prize hung up was a gold medal for each member of the winning team. The personnel was as follows:

Father Foote was president of the Browns, and on the team, among others, were Dan Wheeler, "Devil" Soto, Jim Nealon, Joe Enright, Bob Benjamin and Doc Fowler. The Blues had as president Father Bell, and numbered in their ranks such notables as Charlie

Jones, "Chops" Ennis, "Con" McGowan, Billy Gard, Guy Tresevant, and others. The Whites' president was the lately and deeply lamented Father Landry, and under him were Martinelli as manager, Charlie Cassin as captain, and McElroy, Joe Trabucco, Joe Cullman, Aleck O'Grady, "Prof" Hagan, Jack Martin, and others. The Whites had fewer "stars" but they made this up by ambition and by playing as a unit, two features not very conspicuous in their competitors.

McElroy was assistant-captain of the Whites. How those Whites tried for the medals! The beginning was rather disastrous for them. Having lost the first three games played they barred Joe Enright of the Browns from pitching, causing him to play in the outfield, and they purloined Jack O'Neil, the short-stop of the same team, and if my memory serves me right they got something from the Blues. Of course they won the medals, and nobody contributed more to their success than our beloved Jack. The Whites were naturally elated, and they took particular pains in rubbing it in to the Browns, who came in second. The medals were given them by Father Kenna and McElroy and the team wore them for a time on the outside of their coats.

Somehow Jack made the writer, who was of the Browns, a target for his exultation. It was not so much what he said, but what he did that irritated.

His favorite stunt was, when passing, to stick out his chest and simply point to the medal. The thing could not go on forever. It culminated in a challenge game between the Browns and the Whites.

The difference in the percentage of games won and lost by both teams in the league series was not large, and there were many in the yard who were willing to wager on the Browns. The word "wager" is used with a sense of shame; and even now the blush is upon our cheek as we write. The writer paid dearly for the part he had in getting up the purse to back the Browns;—but that is another story, as is many another incident of that memorable game. It was a terrific struggle. Everybody saw it. Work about the College that day was suspended. Sweet was the revenge of the Browns for the loss of Jack O'Neil and the pitching of Joe Enright; 8 to 7 was the score.

The Browns didn't do a thing to poor McElroy. Towards the end of the game, when it looked irretrievably lost to the Whites, Jack came rushing towards the writer with Charlie Cassin, the Whites' captain. Things looked bad. For once Jack McElroy looked dangerous. It was a short jump to a near-by bat-pile for the writer—a bluff of a threat, and it was all over in a second, like a flash in the pan. After the game we were joshing as much as ever—better friends, and better every day afterwards.

He was a wholesome character, was John E. McElroy. He was bound to succeed. And he did succeed. In the throng that surrounded his bier were seen many moistened eyes of manly men, but outside of the immediate family none showed more sincere-felt grief than old Santa Clara boys of '88 and '89, of whom there were not a few present.

REV. JOSEPH P. MCQUAIDE, A. B., '88.

The Redwood

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE STUDENTS OF THE SANTA CLARA COLLEGE

The object of the Redwood is to record our College Doings, to give proof of College Industry and to knit closer together the hearts of the Boys of the Present and of the Past.

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EDITORIAL COMMENT

There is no doubt but that young American Catholics who take a little more than ordinary interest in literature, and by literature we here mean the novel, Catholic Fiction have felt the lamentable lack of interesting American Catholic stories. The explanation is not far to

seek. Few good writers have given their time and attention to this subject, and as a result the youth of today is placed in grave danger. He peruses the popular novels of the time, novels imbued with pernicious and infidel doctrines, often written by freethinking and socialistic authors who take this infernal

method of spreading under a seemingly harmless guise, their false principles and beliefs. Too often they attain their end, the youthful reader becomes lax in his religious duties, he begins to doubt and finally loses his faith.

We, as Catholics, owe a great debt of gratitude to those few gifted writers who realizing this peril have nobly done their part to avert it. Of this number is Father Finn, S. J., who was the pioneer, we believe in this line of literary work. He himself has written in the interest of the young Catholic, Tom Playfair, Percy Wynn, Harry Dee, and many other enjoyable novels—classics of their kind—which are known, read and appreciated by every Catholic boy.

But the field is still large, the demand still greater by far than the supply. To encourage talent then in this matter of providing good Catholic fiction, *College fiction*, an alumnus of Santa Clara College, Mr. Aloysius J. Welch has offered three prizes of one hundred dollars, fifty dollars, and twentyfive dollars, to the three best novels of College life. Any member of the four Jesuit colleges of the Pacific Coast will be eligible to compete. The length of the story will be about that of Fr. Finn's "Tom Playfair."

We feel assured that the students of Santa Clara will enter into the spirit of this contest, and we hope that the more prominent writers will strive with earnestness and sincerity to obtain the rewards.

This work of Catholic College Fiction is a noble one—the noblest to which a man of talent can devote himself. Let

us show by our response to the offer of Mr. Welch that we thoroughly appreciate his generosity.

It was not only because California lost in the death of Charles Warren Stoddard, its most gifted and its most famous author, that we grieved so deeply over his death, but also, because Santa Clara and THE REDWOOD lost in him a very intimate and dear friend.

His cordial friendship for the College and Faculty and all connected with Santa Clara was ever manifest. And his interest in THE REDWOOD was marked and helpful. Hardly more than six months ago when THE REDWOOD Staff made known to him its desire to dedicate the seventh volume of THE REDWOOD to him, Mr. Stoddard replied in part: "It will give me the greatest possible pleasure to receive the dedication of the seventh volume of REDWOOD. It is a beautiful magazine, full of good things and I have always been deeply interested in it. I wish I might have done more for it—and something better than I have done. I like to feel in touch with you. Good luck to you."

We are fortunate enough in this number of THE REDWOOD, to present to our readers a worthy appreciation of Mr. Stoddard from one who knew him well, who was linked to him by the golden chains of friendship for many and many a year, Dr. Geo. Wharton James. His noble words speak more eloquently than ours of the noble character of Califor-

nia's greatest poet. In fact this paper of Dr. James is we think the kindest and most appreciative article on Mr. Stoddard that has appeared anywhere since the lamented poet's death.

As we gaze back over the last year we can not but feel a certain amount of pride and satisfaction over the accomplishments of the College. In every branch of student endeavor they have been successful. They have gained new laurels; new glory has been bestowed upon them in every line, in the dramatic, the athletic and the literary.

The Dramatic Club in staging Mr. Chas. D. South's new play "Constantine" has shown to the community that the thespians of Santa Clara are as talented as ever. Although it was a gigantic undertaking still the actors and all concerned proved equal to the task. Their reward is the encomiums that have been

heaped upon them not only by the press of San Francisco but even by the severest critics.

The baseball team has once more annexed the amateur championship of the Pacific Coast. With equal ease and dexterity it has met and vanquished all comers. The members of '09 team have thus proved worthy of their predecessors. They have earned their right to their jerseys, and to the respect and commendation of all.

THE REDWOOD has added its part to this list of triumphs. It has been placed by competent critics among the ten highest classed University magazines of the United States.

All in all then, the term ending '09, has been a very successful one, and we may be pardoned if we feel a little bit proud of its achievements. May next term and all succeeding ones be as glorious!

WM. I. O'SHAUGHNESSY, '11.



We sit for the last time this term to spend the evening with our worthy contemporaries. It has always been a rare treat to us and now that we are to leave for a time those friends who have afforded us so much entertainment, it is not without feelings of deep regret. But the pleasures and cares of the scholastic year run together and if the summer vacation is to relieve us of its cares we must necessarily abandon its pleasures and assume all those which the summer will bring. We hope, however, that the pleasures of the summer may all prove as real and enjoyable as the one we are now parting with. Still the parting is only for a time and as we bid farewell to a friend we are soon again to see, so to our worthy contemporaries we wish a happy and enjoyable vacation till we meet again next term.

The *Xavier* is an all around college paper of fine standing. It is a plain, clean-cut magazine and always steady in its quality of reading matter. In the May number "The Shakespearean Theater" is an article on the birth and history of the English Drama and very interesting. "A meeting of the Elysian Fields Lit-

erary Club II." and "The Contents of the Ebony Box" are both flights of the imagination but still amusing. The former is a meeting of the shades of the past poets and poetesses and besides the dignified humor displayed in it, it might also tend to instruct. The latter is the extravagant biography of an all-around college hero and suggests to us a bold knight of old in modern guise. "The Vindication of Tony" is an agreeable story, but the plot is rather strained. The verse is good.

A new paper has come to our table. We refer to the *America*. It is not a college paper, but a public periodical and as such we think it worthy of special notice. It is known as "A Catholic review of the Week" and therefore is of special interest to Catholics. It is a new publication and in its line fills a high and valuable position. From cover to cover it contains facts of present interest. It deals with current events, questions of the day, literature, art, and things educational and scientific. It contains also editorials of special value. In fact it is a truthful review of everything of interest that has taken place during the week. We feel sure a paper of the kind and of such high standard will undoubtedly grow and soon become one of our leading and most reliable weeklies.

GEO. S. DE LORIMIER, '11.



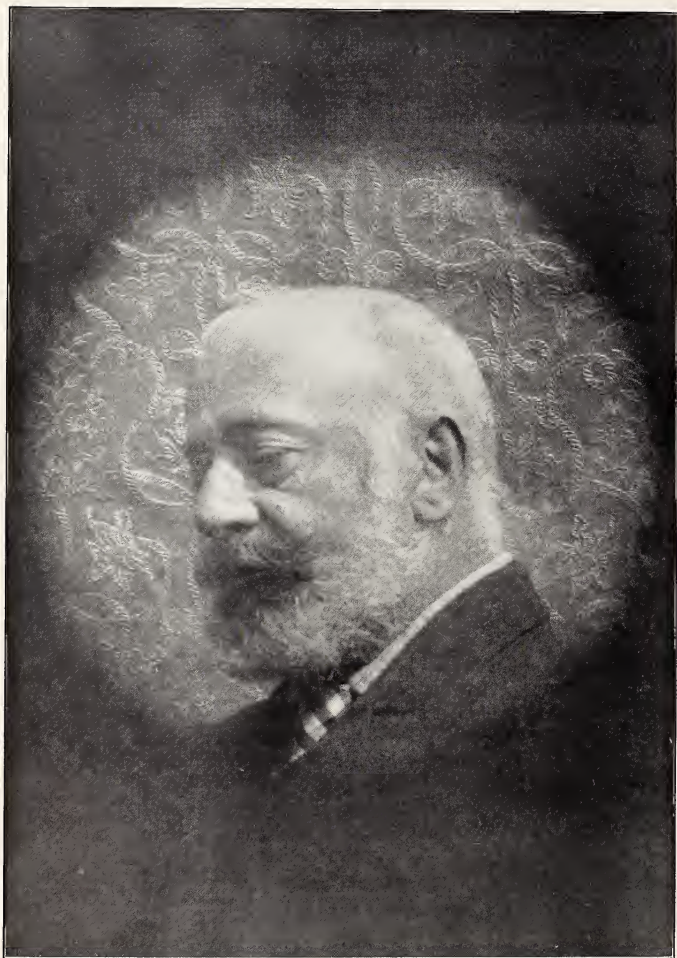
**AIMS AND IDEALS OF REPRESENT-
ATIVE AMERICAN PAINTERS.**

JOHN RUMMEL—MRS. E. M. BERLIN

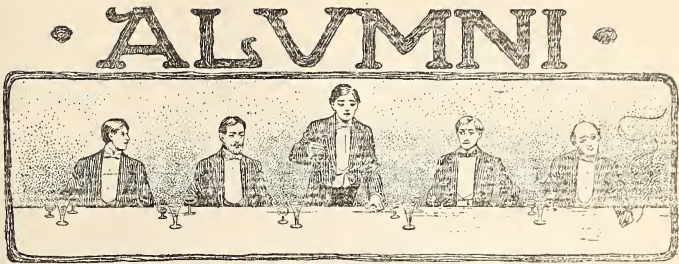
This book on American painting, might well serve as a model for others on similar matters. It gives in compact form just what a busy student would like to know about the subject treated. Anyone leaving college without at least a bowing acquaintance with the names of those whose glowing achievements are here so appreciatively set forth cannot excuse the failure on the plea of lack of time. A leisurely perusal of an hour or two, will be abundantly repaid in the instruction and pleasure afforded.

The three first chapters are devoted to explaining briefly the relation of art to human life, education, nature. Twelve sketches follow of leading American painters, not so much to give a dry chronicle of their lives and works, as rather to reveal their inner mind and soul in the realization of their aims and ideals, enabling the reader the more easily to form a fairly correct appreciation of the success that has crowned their efforts to give artistic expression to the laws and principles of beauty. The final chapter contains an estimate of America's place in the world of art to-day and its prospective rank in the future.

E. M. BERLIN, Buffalo, New York.



THE LATE CHARLES WARREN STODDARD PH. D., '01



On May 4, in the College dining hall there assembled, as in the days gone by, almost 200 of Santa Clara's sons, come from far and near to renew the scenes and friendships of the days once spent within our hallowed walls. Hon. Bradley V. Sargent, S. B. '84, acted as toastmaster and among the after dinner speakers were Mr. John W. Ryland, S. B. '77, who spoke on "Father Young and the Literary Congress;" Mr. C. P. Rendon, who responded to the toast, "The House and the Profession;" John J. O'Toole, who spoke on "The House and Public Life;" Rev. T. J. O'Connell, whose theme was "The Philhistorians and the College;" Right Rev. Bishop O'Connell of San Francisco, who gave his impressions of Santa Clara Thirty Years Ago and To-day" and Charles D. South, A. M. '01, who read a poem on Father Young. Among the prominent alumni seated at the table were, Hon. M. T. Dooling, Ph. D. '03, Judge James V. Coffey, Ph. D. '01, Judge Frank J. Muraskey, Hon. James H. Campbell, A. B. '71, A. M. '82, Ph. D. '03, Rev. Father Joseph F. Byrne A. B. '88, Dr.

Charles E. Jones, S. B. '88, A. B. '89, George Hall, A. B. '08, Wm. J. McCormick, A. B. '01, Rev. Father Bernard J. McKinnon, A. B. '88, John A. Kennedy, Hon. '97, Dr. John A. Clark, A. B. '01 and Daniel J. Flannery.

At the Annual Ryland Debate which took place on the 21st a number of alumni were present.

Ryland Debate

Hon. Wm. P. Veuve, A. B. '74, presided as chairman of the evening, while Joseph R. Ryland, S. B. '84, Michael E. Griffith, A. B. '98, Peter J. Dunne, S. B. '84 and James P. Sex passed judgment on the merits of the speakers.

A rare visitor to the College was Mr. Joseph McCarthy, '79, who, accompanied by his daughter, paid us a short but pleasant visit. Mr. McCarthy, whose home is in Carson City, has been elected to the office of State Printer of Nevada. Among the old timers whom he found to greet him were Father Ricard, Mr. Geo. Sedgley, Mr. John Waddell and Mr. Chas. D. South, the last named being a classmate.

Once again we are to welcome among us, after an absence of almost a dozen years, one who has ever held a fond

place in our hearts,
 '77

Governor General James F. Smith, S. B. '77, A. B. '78, A. M. '79, Ph. D. '03. He has left Manila, the land of his triumphs, for California, the land of his birth, and from all present aspects, General "Jim" will not only find a royal welcome awaiting him on his arrival, but will also find himself a full fledged candidate for the office of Mayor or Governor, positions that would see him devoting to his old city or state, the administrative talents which hesothoroughly displayed among our island possessions. As a member of the Bar, he was extremely popular and his service in the Philippines, beginning with his departure as Colonel of the gallant First California Volunteers, has materially added to his already brilliant reputation among Californians. In fact once he accepts the nomination we consider his election a sure thing.

As we mentioned in the last number of the REDWOOD, the death of Dr. Charles Warren Stoddard, Ph. D. '01,

took place on the 23rd
 '01 of April, amid the historic and literary surroundings of quaint old Monterey. His career, in many respects was remarkable, a success from the start. We with the poet say:

"Fame bowed to him her crested head
 And with her laurels bound him;
 While Honors, bright and fadeless wreath
 Of gems immortelle crowned him."

Of his prose and poetry little may be said, that is not already known, but if

proof were needed to emphasize his fine spirit and beautiful spiritual perceptions, it is surely to be found in his sweet and reverent book, "A Troubled Heart, and How It Was Comforted at Last," in which he told how and why he became a Catholic. His book, "South Sea Idyls," has been a classic ever since its first appearance, and the reader is carried away to the charm of far distant lands. Among his other works, including a volume of poetry, we find "Mesaallah: A Flight Into Egypt," "The Lepers of Molokai," "Lazy Letters from Low Latitudes," "The Wonder Worker of Padua," "A Life of St. Anthony of Padua," "A Cruise Under the Crescent from Suez to San Marco," "Over the Rocky Mountains to Alaska," "In the Footprints of the Padres," in which he tells the story of the Catholic missionary priests in the development of the great West; "Exits and Entrances," "For the Pleasure of His Company," "Father Damien: A Sketch," and "The Island of Tranquil Delights,"

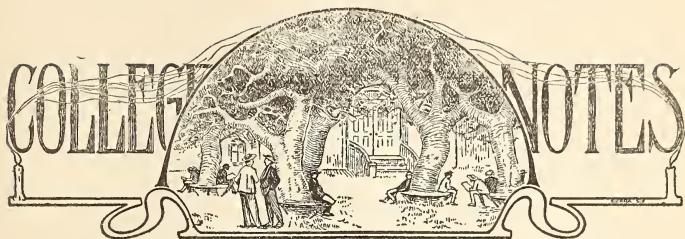
Dr. Stoddard was also a contributor to many Catholic magazines, THE REDWOOD included. His death is a distinct loss not only to the literature of California, but to that of America also.

The latest of the alumni to join the ever increasing ranks of the Benedicts

is Martin G. Carter, A.
 '06

B. '06, and the lucky bride is Miss E. Redmond of San Francisco. The ceremony which took place on the 12th of May, at the prettily decorated Star of the Sea church, was performed by Rev. Father Ricard. To the bride and groom we tend our hearty congratulations.

ALEX. T. LEONARD, '10.



Philhistorian Golden Jubilee

One of the most eventful days ever recorded in the College history was the grand celebration held on May fourth, which marked the occasion of the regular annual Alumni reunion and banquet, the grand Golden Jubilee of the House of Philhistorians, Rector's Day and the first public presentation of "Constantine," the Roman military drama from the pen of Professor Chas. D. South, '01.

The day was, in every sense of the word a gala one, and will go down in the annals of Santa Clara as one not easily to be forgotten.

Every building on the campus was gorgeously bedecked with streamers of the red and white colors of the College, with an interspersing of the national emblem. In all the scene presented a beautiful spectacle.

To the tune of the College Band the celebration opened early in the morning with a long athletic program which was witnessed by the College faculty and the guests.

At one o'clock in the afternoon, the Alumni banquet was held in the dining room where Philhistorians, past and present in conjunction with the "Old Boys," feasted and made merry. Three hundred plates were set and the College Orchestra, under the direction of Professor Pogson furnished the music.

Hon. Bradley V. Sargent M. S., '85, as toast-master opened the speech-making with a few remarks concerning "Doings Philhistorian."

Hon. John W. Ryland of San Jose, the next speaker had for the subject of his speech, "Father Young and the Literary Congress." He deserves special praise for the able manner in which he portrayed the principal events in the life and career of Father Young and also for the manner in which his excellent speech was delivered.

The speeches of the other gentlemen were no less appreciated and attentively listened to. Mr. C. P. Rendon, Assistant District Attorney of Stockton most eloquently spoke on "The House and the Profession." Mr. John J. O'Toole of San Francisco did

justice to his subject—"The House of Philhistorians and Public Life." Rev. T. J. O'Connell elegantly and forcibly responded to the toast: "The House and the College." The Right Rev. Bishop O'Connell of San Francisco gave "Impressions of Santa Clara thirty years ago and to-day."

Mr. Chas. D. South delivered a beautiful poem entitled "The House of Philhistorians," written for the occasion by himself, and which was appreciated even more when the fact was discovered that it was written on the day that it was delivered.

Many of the most prominent men of the State were in attendance at the banquet, and it is an assured fact that the "Old Boys" enjoyed the reunion to the fullest extent.

In the evening "Constantine" was produced in the College Theatre to a capacity house, composed chiefly of members of the Alumni, and this acted as a most fitting climax to what, as a famous scribe once said on another occasion, was—"A great day for Santa Clara."

"Constantine"

"Constantine" in all its success and grandeur is now a thing of the past, but the memory of those days and nights of rehearsing and perfecting the play preceding its presentation and the week of its production, will long live in the minds of the present generation of students; for not since the famous "Passion

Play" has anything been presented to the Public in the College Theatre on such an elaborate scale.

At the five performances of "Constantine" the amateur actors were greeted by vast and enthusiastic audiences without exception, which fact in itself was most encouraging and if nothing else, spoke in glowing terms of not only the financial success of the productions, but also the success of "Constantine" as a play.

The greatest amount of credit is due Mr. South, the author, and Mr. Fox, S. J., the director, and we consider these two gentlemen the chief factors in the success of the play, and without them, one or the other, "Constantine" could never have materialized.

A lengthy encomium concerning the individuals in each department including the stage hands and managers, electricians, actors, musicians, ushers, business managers, scenic artists, press-agents, supernumeraries and ticket-sellers, who all had their small or large finger in the pie of success, would, if entered into in detail overflow the space allotted to "College Notes" and naturally stir up the wrath of the other department writers at such an encroachment. So merely to sustain peace in the family and not on account of lack of any eulogistic ability we shall refrain from any further delving into the matter. Suffice it to say that to the already lengthy list of triumphs of the Dramatic club of Santa Clara, has been added another magnificent success in Charles D. South's "Constantine."

The Ryland Debate

On the evening of May 21, the Annual Ryland Debate was held in the College Theatre before a large and most attentive audience.

The two rival branches of the Literary Congress, the Philalethic Senate and the House of Philhistorians, put forth their best speakers for the occasion and in consequence the battle for supremacy was a mighty one.

Last year the House carried off the honors by capturing not only the debate but the Ryland Medal also. This year, the Senators were out to win and were determined to regain the coveted distinction, but they were up against pretty tough propositions in the worthy House aggregation who were just as determined that victory should once again rest with the House.

The subject debated was, Resolved: "That the United States should retain permanent possession of the Philippine Islands." Previous to the debate, Hon. William P. Veuve, acting as chairman, briefly outlined the subject he characterized as "a live question, a large question and a question of absorbing interest."

The House taking the affirmative, assigned as reasons for retention of the islands: that it was desirable for political and economic reasons; for reasons military and naval; that it would improve domestic politics; that it would improve our foreign relations, and that their retention was morally right. They maintained that even when the Islands should be able to rule themselves, the

United States should exercise some jurisdiction over them.

The Senate maintained that it was inexpedient for us to hold the Islands; that the Islands had a moral right to self-government and that the policy of permanent retention is wholly and undeniably contrary to the liberty-loving spirit of American policy; they asserted also that the Philippine Islands would be the weakest point to hold in war and that they could never attain to a state of close protection.

Another strong argument brought out by the Senators was that the expense of maintaining the Islands would be enormous, and that an immense navy would be required, while a navy twice the size of our present one would be needed to defend the Pacific Coast alone.

The judges of the evening were Hon. W. P. Veuve, Chairman, James P. Sex, Jos. R. Ryland, Peter J. Dunne, Michael E. Griffith.

The Philalethic Senate was represented by Senators Maurice T. Dooling, Jr., '09, John W. Maltman, '09, and P. Arthur McHenry, '10, with Senators Mervyn M. Shafer, '09, Edmund S. Lowe, '10, and Robert E. McCabe, '10, acting as alternates.

The affirmative side of the question was taken care of for the House of Philhistorians by Representatives Bernard A. Budde, '10, Hardin N. Barry, '11 and Seth T. Heney, '11, with Representatives Edward D. White, '11, Joseph M. Lindley, '11, and Ralph C. Goetter, '10, acting as alternates.

The winning side as well as the prize

winners will be announced on Commencement day, June 22nd.

Elocution Contest

The annual elocution contest was held on the evening of May 31st in the College Theatre before a large and appreciative audience.

The usual high standard of speaking was sustained and it is the general opinion that the work of the judges in deciding the winners will by no means be an easy task.

John A. Kennedy of San Francisco the donor of the medal bearing his name, given for the best speaker in the collegiate course was present at the entertainment and expressed himself as highly pleased with the efforts of the different speakers. The judges were: Rev. J. J. Cunningham, S. J., Mr. Jos. T. Brooks, Mr. Walter Trinkler, Mr. Richard P. Doolan.

Following is the program of the evening:

Overture - - College Orchestra
Introductory Maurice T. Dooling, Jr.

ACADEMIC CONTESTANTS

"Richelieu's Vindication"

Louis A. McCahill, '16

"The Irish Drummer Boy"

Leo L. Lynch, '15

"The Vagabonds" Wm. J. Dwyer, '14

"Marco Bozzaris" R. J. Wickersham, '14

"The Dying Monk"

Lawrence A. Fernsworth, '13

"Death of Pancratius"

Harry W. McGowan, '13

"The Knight's Toast"

Frank D. Warren, '13

Intermezzo - College Orchestra

COLLEGIATE CONTESTANTS

"Duty Before Love" G. J. Mayerle, '13

"The Beggar's Prayer"

Desmond B. Gallagher, '12

"An Incident of Ninety Eight"

Joseph J. Hartman, '12

"The Fall of D'Assas"

Seth T. Heney, '11

"Wolsey and Cromwell"

Albert J. Newlin, '11

"Spartacus to the Gladiators"

Edmond S. Lowe, '10

"Winning Cup" James R. Daly, '09

Finale - - College Orchestra

"Constantine" Banquet

On the evening of May 25, an informal banquet was held in the College refectory for all the participants, great and small, of "Constantine."

The following toasts were given during the course of the evening.

Toastmaster - Edmund S. Lowe.

"The Twins" Henry E. Wilcox and Peter J. Dunne.

"I Echo the Sentiment" Jas. R. Daly.

"The Barbs" - William B. Hirst.

"Strike" - - Dan J. Tadich.

"Some Class" Thos. F. McCormick.

"The Villian's Faithful Tool" - A. Cecil Posey.

"Constantine" - Chas. D. South.

Recitations Lawrence A. Fernsworth.

"The Press" Governor F. Crowley.

"A Little Rag" - Rane B. Bennett.

"Rhubarba" - Mr. G. G. Fox, S. J.
Closing Remarks - Rev. Father
Gleeson, S. J.

The Sanctuary Society

The members of the College Sanctuary Society were the guests of Rev. Father Gleeson, S. J., at a banquet given in their honor on the evening of May 27th. The affair took place in the private refectory of the teachers which was very tastily decorated for the occasion. Plates were set for the Society's full membership besides several members of the faculty. The banquet was without doubt the classiest social gathering of the semester. R. Browne Camarillo acted as toastmaster and after the many courses which made up the menu card had been served, he introduced Mr. James R. Daly who responded to the toast, "The Sanctuary Society of the Past." Mr. Daly was followed by several others. Mr. A. T. Leonard dwelt on "The Society of the Present" and Mr. W. I. O'Shaughnessy spoke of "The Society and Its Work." Mr. W. I. Lonergan, S. J., the Director, responded to the toast "The Dignity of the Acolyte." The trend of all the speakers' remarks were in unison with the spirit of such a society, and the toasts were happily interspersed by musical selections. Several of the members also entertained the company with their wit and humor and Mr. W. C. Talbot read a beautiful poem entitled "Lessons of the Sanctuary."

A most impressive feature of the evening was the presentation of a spiritual bouquet to Rev. Father Gleeson as a token of the affection in which he is held by the members and as a slight return for the many favors conferred on them. The presentation speech was made by Mr. James R. Daly and eloquently responded to by Father Gleeson. After several hours passed in feasting and merry-making the company broke up bearing away from the banquet hall impressions which are not apt to fade from their memories with time.

Student Body Election

A general meeting of the Associated Student Body was held on May 16, in the Assembly Hall of the Scientific Building with Mr. Joseph Stack, S. J., presiding.

The object of the meeting was principally to elect Student Body officers for the coming year.

After the ballot-box had made its final round the results as recorded by D. Tadich, '11, Secretary pro tem, were as follows: Vice-President, P. Arthur McHenry, '10; Treasurer, Charles W. Dooling, '10; Secretary, John J. Irilarry, '11; Baseball Manager, P. Arthur McHenry, '10; Football Manager, George C. Boles, '12; Track Manager, Robert E. McCabe, '10; Basketball Manager, A. Cecil Posey, '11.

Following the election of officers, several amendments to the Constitution of the Student Body were proposed. At a

later meeting they were favorably voted upon.

Following are the amendments that were adopted:

(1) The semi-annual assessment shall be \$2.50. Proposed by P. Arthur McHenry, '10.

(2) A legitimate member of the varsity baseball nine or football fifteen is one who has played in a majority of the games, one of which is a St. Mary's game. Proposed by Daniel J. Tadich, '11.

(3) All amendments to the Constitution of the Associated Student Body shall be given at least one week's deliberation. Proposed by Maurice T. Dooling, '09.

(4) No letters, monograms, etc., of any kind will be allowed to be worn on jerseys or sweaters other than those awarded by the Associated Students. Proposed by P. Arthur McHenry, '10.

(5) There shall be monthly meetings of the Associated Student Body in which shall be discussed all college activities appertaining to the interests of the Student Body. Proposed by Maurice T. Dooling, Jr., '09.

At an election held later, Francis R. McGovern was chosen Captain of the Baseball Team, Mannie Reams, Captain of Track, and James Jarret, Captain of Football for next year.

ROBERT E. MCCABE, '10.



WM. HOWARD LYNG



JOHN W. MALTMAN
TREASURER



CYRIL J. SMITH



JAMES R. DALY



MANUEL FERREIRA



MAURICE DOOLING JR.
PRESIDENT



ANDREW J. MULLEN



ARTHUR DELORIMER



CHARLES E. FREINE



REGINALD ARCHBOLD

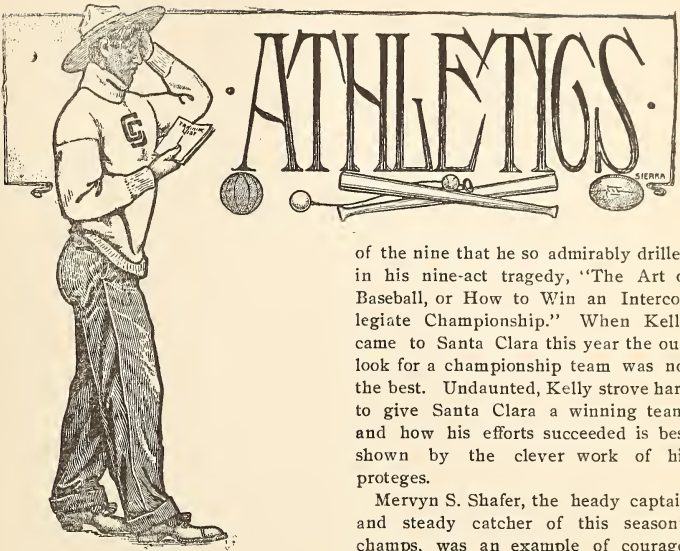


MICHAEL F. BROWN



JULIUS G. TRESCENTY





Baseball

When Wilcox of St. Mary's made the third out in the Phoenix's half of the ninth inning in the deciding diamond battle of the St. Mary's—Santa Clara series, and the intercollegiate championship of California—went to the crimson and white conquerors, the ball team of Santa Clara had played their last contest of the baseball season of 1909.

Thomas E. Kelly, baseball coach at Santa Clara during the past season, can point with pride to the brilliant record

of the nine that he so admirably drilled in his nine-act tragedy, "The Art of Baseball, or How to Win an Intercollegiate Championship." When Kelly came to Santa Clara this year the outlook for a championship team was not the best. Undaunted, Kelly strove hard to give Santa Clara a winning team, and how his efforts succeeded is best shown by the clever work of his proteges.

Mervyn S. Shafer, the heady captain and steady catcher of this season's champs, was an example of courage. Merv was unfortunately sick a good deal of the time this season and his catching at the final trying game of the St. Mary's series was an exhibition of pure grit.

Michael F. Brown, the busy manager of this season's champs, had an extensive schedule of games which satisfied the most fastidious.

The team had a general batting average of .189 and a general fielding average of .929 for the past season.

To Father Stack, S. J., Faculty Director of Athletics, to Thomas Kelly, Mervyn Shafer, Michael Brown, and to the

members' of that championship nine, THE REDWOOD extends its heartiest congratulations.

The individual batting and fielding average for the past season were as follows:

	B. A.	F. A.
Peters,	.323	.947
Donovan,	.138	.886
McGovern,	.188	.892
Friene,	.317	.903
Jacobs,	.177	.955
Reams,	.200	.881
Shafer,	.105	.935
C. Dooling,	.125	.923
Salberg,	.080	.909
Walterstein,	.211	.615

Peters led the team in batting with the splendid average of .323. Friene was second in batting having an average of .311.

Jacobs took the fielding honors. He had the nice mark of .955. Second honors went to Peters who had an average of .947.

Peters had to his credit the largest number of stolen bases. Reams was the next best at base stealing.

Track

ST. MARY'S 72 $\frac{1}{3}$ SANTA CLARA 49 $\frac{2}{3}$

St. Mary's Santa Clara

One mile run.....	8	1
100 yard dash.....	3	6
120 yard high hurdles....	4	5
440 yard dash.....	6	3
Two mile run.....	8	1
Carried For'd.....	29	16

Brought For'd.....	29	16
220 yard low hurdles.....	6	3
220 yard dash.....	4	5
880 yard run.....	3	6
One-half mile relay.....	0	5
Pole vault.....	8	1
16 pound hammer throw..	9	0
Running high jump.....	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	7 $\frac{1}{2}$
16 pound shot put.....	9	0
Running broad jump.....	3	6
Totals.....	72 $\frac{1}{3}$	49 $\frac{2}{3}$

On St. Mary's field, Saturday afternoon, May 29, 1909, athletes from St. Mary's College and Santa Clara College clashed for the first time in track and field events. The Oaklanders were victorious by scoring 72 $\frac{1}{3}$ points. The best Santa Clara did in the scoring line was to annex 49 $\frac{2}{3}$ points. Santa Clara's score would undoubtedly have been greater were it not for the unfortunate illness of Reams, one of the crimson and white stars, who, although having participated in several events, was not at his best.

Captain Dickson of the pink and blue aggregation scored thirteen points, which made him the individual star of the meet. Dickson's winning of the sixteen-pound shotput was a feature of the afternoon. He put the heavy missile 42 feet, 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

Peters, of Santa Clara, gave Dickson a hard tussle for premier individual honors. He made 11 $\frac{1}{4}$ points. Peters was not in the best of condition owing to an ailment, but nevertheless he easily succeeded in capturing the 100 and the 220-yard dashes, and by brilliant sprinting won his, the final lap of the one-half mile relay.

Little Morgan, of Santa Clara, scored $10\frac{3}{4}$ points. In the running broad jump he leaped the remarkable distance of 21 feet, $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches.

Ten points were secured by Burke, St. Mary's long distance man, who brushed the tape first in the one mile and the two-mile runs.

The 120-yard high hurdles event proved a gift to Reams of Santa Clara. At the finish there was plenty of ground between him and his nearest competitor.

The running high jump fell to the lot of Kearney, of Santa Clara, who cleared the bar at 5 feet 5 inches. In an exhibition jump he eclipsed all his former records by clearing the bar at 5 feet $10\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

Santa Clara's four won the one-half mile relay race. They consisted of Bronson, Morgan, Mullen and Peters, and ran in the order given above. When Peters began the last lap of the relay D'Artenay of St. Mary's had a small lead. This lead Peters cut down and he won out in a thrilling finish.

The strength of St. Mary's Track Team lay principally in the fact that it was well balanced, whereas Santa Clara's Track Team was weak in second and third place men.

Much of the credit for Santa Clara's success on the track this year is due to Coach Andrew Glarner. Coach Glarner injected spirit into the yard and with the aid of Captain H. Barry and Manager Tadich, men were urged to get out on the track and try for some event. A track was made in the yard,

a training table was started and the comparatively green squad of aspirants to track honors, under Coach Glarner's skillful handling, improved rapidly. In the short time Glarner coached at Santa Clara his success with his men was remarkable, the St. Ignatius College Meet and the St. Mary's College Meet speaking of his ability. Glarner, by the way, is the present captain of the Olympic Club Track Team of San Francisco, and one of the best distance men that ever donned the spikes.

The records of events was as follows:

100-yard dash—First heat, won by Peters (S. C.); Robinson (S. M.), second. Time, 0:10 4-5. Second heat, won by De Benedetti (S. M.); Reams, (S. C.), second. Time, 0:11 1-5.

Final—Won by Peters (S. C.); De Benedetti (S. M.), second; Reams (S. C.), third. Time, 0:10 2-5.

220-yard dash—First heat, won by Peters (S. C.). Time, 0:24. Second heat won by Leonhardt (S. M.). Time, 0:24 4-5. Third heat, won by Martin (S. M.). Time, 0:24 2-5.

Final—Won by Peters (S. C.); Martin (S. M.), second; Leonhardt (S. M.), third. Time 0:24.

444-yard dash—Won by D'Artenay (S. M.); Bronson (S. C.), second; Arata (S. M.), third. Time, 0:55 4-5.

880-yard run—Won by Scherzer (S. C.); McDonald (S. M.), second; Askham (S. C.), third. Time, 2:15 4-5.

Mile run—Won by Burke (S. M.); Miller (S. M.), second; H. Lyng (S. C.), third. Time, 5:00.

Two-mile run—Won by Burke (S.

THE REDWOOD

M.); King (S. M.), second; Swall (S. C.), third. Time, 11:39 2-5.

120-yard hurdles—Won by Reams (S. C.); Hughes (S. M.), second; O'Connell (S. M.), third. Time, 0:16 4-5.

220-yard hurdles—First heat, won by T. Mullin (S. M.). Time, 0:29 3-5. Second heat, won by Hughes (S. M.). Time, 0:28 4-5. Third heat, won by Morgan (S. C.). Time, 0:28 3-5.

Final—Won by Hughes (S. M.); Morgan (S. C.), second; Mullin (S. M.), third. Time, 0:27 4-5.

High jump—Won by Kearney (S. C.); Askam (S. C.), Dooling (S. C.), and Armstrong (S. M.), tied for second. Height, 5 feet 5 inches.

Pole vault—Won by Dickson (S. M.); Walker (S. M.), second; Morgan (S. C.), third. Height, 10 feet 1 inch.

Shot put—Won by Dickson (S. M.); Walker (S. M.), second; O'Connell (S. M.), third. Distance, 42 feet 5½ inches.

Broad jump—Won by Morgan (S. C.); Dickson (S. M.), second; Reams (S. C.), third. Distance, 21 feet 1¼ inches.

Hammer throw—Won by Bonetti (S. M.); Walker (S. M.), second; Vicchio (S. M.), third. Distance, 119 feet 1 inch.

Relay race—Won by Santa Clara. Time, 1:40 1-5.

INDIVIDUAL SCORES

St. Mary's Santa Clara

Captain Dickson.....	13	
Peters.....	—	11¼
Morgan.....	—	10¼
Burke.....	10	—
Walker.....	9	—
Hughes.....	8	—
Carried For'd.....	40	21½

	St. Mary's	Santa Clara
Brought For'd.....	40	21½
Reams.....	—	7
Kearney.....	—	5
Scherzer.....	—	5
Bonetti.....	5	—
D'Artenay.....	5	—
Bronson.....	—	4¼
DeBendetti.....	3	—
Miller.....	3	—
Martin.....	3	—
McDonald.....	3	—
King.....	3	—
Askam.....	—	2½
O'Connell.....	2	—
C. Dooling.....	—	1½
Armstrong.....	1½	—
Mullen.....	—	1¼
H. Lyng.....	—	1
Swall.....	—	1
Arata.....	1	—
Mullin.....	1	—
Leonhardt.....	1	—
Vicchio.....	1	—
Totals.....	72½	49½

Basketball

Neat red jerseys on which were small white block S. C.'s were presented to the fortunate members of the basketball team who had participated in a majority of the season's games.

Santa Clara had a good basketball team this season considering that interest among the fellows of the yard was at a low ebb and conditions for practice were not the best.

Robert D. Murphy was captain of the basketball team and Daniel J. Tadich had charge of the managing end.

The season's record of games was four victories and five defeats.

The following players received jerseys:

Captain Murphy, Scherzer, Ray, Posey, H. Lyng, Herbring and Goetter.

J. MORRIN McDONNELL, '12.





